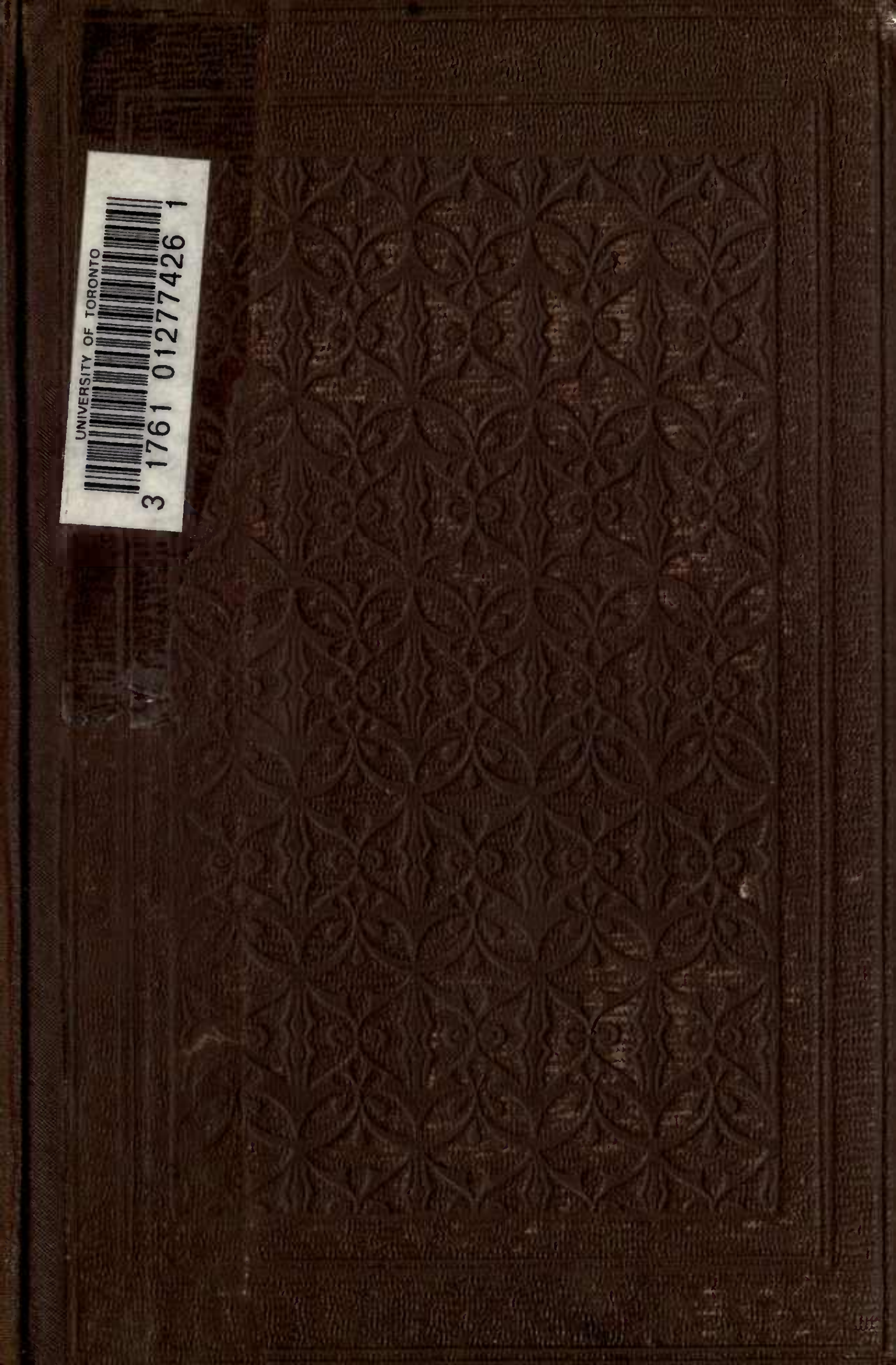

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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I.

J. S. Buckingham

1858

SHAKSPERE'S ENGLAND;

OR,

SKETCHES

OF OUR

SOCIAL HISTORY IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

BY

G. W. THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF

THE "HISTORY OF THE BUCCANEERS," ETC. ETC.

> "This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
> This other Eden, demi-paradise;
> This fortress built by nature for herself,
> Against infection and the hand of war;
> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall.
> *   *   *   *   *
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."
>
> RICHARD II. *Act* 2., *Scene* 1.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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SHAKSPERE'S ENGLAND.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE England to which we wish to introduce our readers is Shakspere's England, the England of the sixteenth century.

We go back to days of gilt rapiers and roses on the shoe, of ruff and fardingale, of peaked starched beards and slashed hose, to days when forks were a novelty, and tobacco-smoking the last caprice of fashion. We want, in fact, to lead our readers a long, rambling, gossiping walk through Ludgate, up Cheap, and into Paul's, then away to the Bear Garden in Southwark, and the Globe, where *As you like it* is acting; anon past the old cross at Charing to the presence-chamber at Greenwich or Richmond, and back to make a night of it at the Devil Tavern, where the players and poets meet, just under the chimes of St. Dunstan. We warrant you safe from all stabbing gamesters and quarrelsome serving-men, as we hurry from the tilt-yard to the pageant,—

from the farmer's dinner to the gipsy's pic-nic. you to forget black coats or silk hats, and peopl streets with crowds of gallants in motley waveri all fluttering with iris colours—matching so well bonnet-feathers and the ribbons or jewels in the e in the mob a sprinkling of leather-jerkined 'p sober clad, flat-capped citizens, players in fade sturdy water-carriers, and noisy shopkeepers "What do you lack?" all day under their pentho at their doors,—and you see the London of the year 1588.

Not that this sixteenth century world is a d buried one like Chaucer's world, with the men wh hoods, and the itinerant showmen with their relics; or Pope's world, with the men who wore carried clouded canes, and sported cocked hats cravats. No: some of our dearest friends, and ne relations, live in Shakspere's London; and if yo us through old streets, we can find them all out any Directory.

Here is the Dagger Tavern in Cheapside,—a well known by the 'prentices for its excellent pies in at the window: there are Sir John Falstaff and Belch discussing a pot of sack; Dame Quickl hostess, and Maria the barmaid. As we pass on u

we see a fat pursy old lady, with a feather fan, and a lubberly page dragging after her to hold up her train of satin. That is the Capulets' nurse, and that page was christened Peter; but we regret to see a band of mad-brained gallants, Romeo, Benedict, Claudio, Lorenzo, and some others, exchanging jokes with each other at the stately waddle of the faithful but corpulent nurse, or rather now housekeeper. Shylock, we hear, is turned scrivener, and lives near St. Paul's. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and his warm-hearted but simple friend Master Slender, have just passed arm in arm with Dogberry and the watch, having been rather overtaken last night with malmsey at the Three Cranes in the Vintry.

If you looked up at the gateway as you passed Ludgate, and observed the prisoners begging alms, you might have remembered one Bardolph, whose nose still shines like a meteor in spite of gaol fare and short commons. Wily Autolychus is shouting ballads at the door of the playhouse in Blackfriars; his companion, who also educates dancing dogs and cuts safe purses, is Master Parolles, now rather out at elbows. That brawny servingman in livery of blue and orange, with a silver badge on his arm, is little Moth, grown up to man's stature, and about to be married to Beatrice's waiting woman, who has jilted Malvolio and refused Balthasar. Sir Topas preaches sour

Puritan discourses at St. Antholins, and Mar
his curate.

But we must beg you to follow us, and view o
as well as old friends. You must come bird
Master Ford, break a blade with Gratiano, conc
caments with Dr. Caius and Romeo's Italian
cary, go to the Bear Garden with Slender, lose a
board with Poins, and see Sir Andrew cozened b
the great traveller. To confound truth and fa
may witness Burbage throned as Richard, at the
Theatre, look at Babbington's head on the spikes o
Bridge, mark the old Mother Pratt, whose gown
borrowed, tried for witchcraft; and in fact, for a fe
forget the nineteenth, and sympathise with the
century.

In these scenes the reader must imagine himse
side by side with Shaksperean characters; at the
with Mercutio, at the ale-house with Pistol, at
change with Antonio, at the fencing school with
at the ordinary with Lorenzo.

As a complete antiquarian social history, w
put this book forward, but confess it to be a
elaborated groups, carefully studied from old p
forgotten pamphlets, and illustrated by nearly

ing contemporary literature. Charters, and MSS. remain untouched for another and more elaborate volume.

Inadequate as these pages may be, no one acquainted with our historians can be ignorant that such a book is wanted. Hume and Smollett do not stop to paint the manners of the men whose actions they trace with philosophic brevity. History is full of abstract persons, shadowy as the figures of an allegory. We cannot learn from their dignified pictures how the men who fought the Armada dressed, or how they amused themselves. This detail has hitherto had to be principally won from rare books or scarce plays, but we trust we may have partly supplied the want.

We lead the reader to the Elizabethan manor-house and palace, to the dining-hall and the ball-room. We guide him through old London, point out to him the oddities in the crowd, and look in at the shops; show him as tenderly as if he were a country cousin, the bear-garden and the theatre, introduce him to the gallants at the ordinary, and jostle him among the jugglers and showmen of the noisy city fairs. We do not forget to give him a peep into the smoky alchemist's laboratory, or the astrologer's study, we show him the murky London prisons, and recite to him all the amusing knaveries of their inmates. He will learn something, too, of every class of society, from the ruler on the throne to the captive in Newgate, from the

farmer to the page, from the merchant to the beggar. In every line he will be reminded of Shakspere, and see how saturated that divine genius was with the thoughts and feelings of his own age; though he could invoke at a word the dreams and visions of all conceivable past and futures; how on a broad basis of experience and reality Shakspere based even his most ethereal idealities.—A lion-hearted woman, and English-souled, sat on the throne. Burleigh was her counsellor, Raleigh her soldier, Frobisher her voyager, Drake her captain, Shakspere her dramatist, Sidney her courtier, Gresham her merchant.

The times are great times, and patriotism is roused. Elizabeth is the acknowledged defender of Protestantism all over the world, and she declares the pope, the devil, and the Spaniard are her sworn enemies. Dying men on the stake turn their glazing eyes towards England. Pale men withering in the dark dungeons of the Inquisition, pray for England. The Dutch, battling beside the sea dykes, or on his low flat sandy downs, uses the name of England as the war-cry that scares the Spaniard. The Huguenot, bending to the axe, whispers "England."

The times are great times, for the Reformation is still at work, and religion is a fervid vital impulse in all thoughtful hearts. There is much danger, for the troops of Alva are at the door, and while there is a Catholic queen

in Scotland, Mary de Medici plots in France. The riches of America have given Spain a power alarming to Protestantism. There are disaffected men in every street, but patriotism and loyalty are now warm passions, not merely cold abstractions. The discovery of printing is still affecting mankind, and the classical spirit is infusing fresh life into literature. Chivalry and feudalism are sinking below the horizon, and their setting only sheds a light on the country they once illumined; classes, though not hostile to each other, are distinct and isolated. There is happiness in the country, and wealth in the city. The people have reached a degree of civilisation, when the drama is their best education, and the stage is now the resort of all literary men, amongst whom the son of a decayed Staffordshire gentleman is not the least celebrated. Dress is splendid, manners stately, and costumes picturesque. A gallant's amusements are not now; fox-hunting, rat-killing, billiards, and the opera, but running at the ring and the glove, — hawking, the ordinary, and the play. There is no West End of London, but more sociality. The gentleman who is in the morning walking with the citizens in Finsbury or Moorfields, is at night to be seen stepping a Canary at Whitehall. Paul's, and not Rotten Row, is the great daily promenade. The Strand the nobleman's

quarter. Venice is the continental place of resort, and not Paris. Italian the fashionable language, and not French. America is still almost an unknown country, Africa untraversed, and Ireland a sort of Algiers, where we wage perpetual war with the cruel and revengeful tribes of a people little better than Bedouins or barbarians.

Small as England is, with no standing army, and but a few vessels, she is respected or feared by all the world. Her colonial empire is founding firmly and surely. We visit Newfoundland, trade with Russia, build forts in India, ravage South America, intimidate France, overthrow Spain, and influence Germany. With a few national weaknesses, Elizabeth proved the greatest queen that ever lived. Brave as Semiramis, undaunted as Catherine, she had neither the cruelty of the Babylonian, nor the evil passions of the Russian.

We hope we do not claim too much for this book in trying to make it a sort of key to Shakspere, every page being indeed a comment on the manners and the people whom he paints. The records of his age are, we know, still existing, but torn in as many pieces as the body of Osiris was, and, hidden in dark and dusty tracts and plays, known to few but the dustmen and scavengers of literature, men who grope in the sewers of the past, in hope of

finding amongst the rubbish and the filth some stray ring or long-forgotten jewel.

In every play of Shakspere there are a thousand allusions to manners unobserved by readers ignorant of the social history of his age. These manners are partially explained in millions of contradictory notes and prefaces, but nowhere in any collective or interesting shape. The noisy, punning, quarrelsome gallants he sketches were not abstractions, but portraits from his daily life; so were the mischievous pages, the witty servingwomen, the merry wives, and the fervent lovers. His Macbeth and Lear, &c., are indeed of no age; but such characters as Cassio and Gratiano, Sir Toby and Malvolio, can only be understood by comparing them with the originals whom the poet meant to ridicule or satirise. The pedant, the bully, the amoroso, the malcontent, the servingman, and the gaoler, of the sixteenth century, are all embalmed, like so many dried flowers, between his immortal and perennial pages.

[illegible] in the [illegible] and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] or longer [illegible].

In every play of Shakespeare there are a thousand allu[illegible] [illegible] unobserved by readers ignorant of the [illegible] history of his age. These manners are partially [illegible] in millions of contradictory notes and prefaces, but [illegible] in any collective or interesting shape. The noisy, [illegible], quarrelsome gallants [illegible] were not [illegible], but portraits from his daily life; so were the [illegible] pages, the witty [illegible], the [illegible], and the fervent lovers. His Macbeth and Lear [illegible] are indeed of no age; but such characters as Cassio and [illegible], Sir Toby and Malvolio, can only be [illegible] by comparing them with the originals whom the [illegible] meant to ridicule or satirise. The pedant, the bully, the [illegible], the malcontent, the serving-man, and the [illegible] of the sixteenth century, are all embalmed, like so many [illegible] flowers, between his immortal and perennial pages.

CHAPTER I.

THE STREETS OF OLD LONDON.

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples."

Tempest, Act iv. Sc. 1.

"Up Fish Street, down St. Magnus Corner."

Henry VI. (Part II.), Act iv. Sc. 8.

Ancient and Modern London. — The black Thames and the white Thames. — Suburbs. — Fashion in Drury Lane. — Noblemen. — The Strand. — Gates and Walls. — Village of St. Giles. — Fleet River. — Moorfields. — Whitehall. — Houses on London Bridge. — Gresham's Exchange. — City Gardens. — Fountains. — City Taverns. — Bedlam. — Thieves' Quarters. — Prisons. — Localities of Trade. — Wells and Springs. — Celebrated Tradesmen of the Day. — Processions. — Marriages. — Funerals. — Thieves going to Tyburn. — Royal Visits. — Ambassadors. — Pageants. —'Prentice Riots. — The old Street Cries. — A Citizen's Amusements.—Shops and Penthouses. — Sketch of the Crowds. — Barber and Apothecary. — Characters of the Day. — Street Rows. — Extinct Trades. — Foreign Shops. — Manners of the 'Prentices. — Apothecary's Shop. — System of Medicine. — Scenes in a Crowd. — Gaoler, Lawyer, and Informer. — The Pawnbroker. — The Barber-Surgeons. — The Tailor's Shop. — Bookseller's Shop. — The Tinker. — Foreign Workmen. — The Goldsmith — Vintner — Their Frauds. — Colliers. — The Thames Watermen. — The Saddler and Butcher. — Prices. — The Tanner and Shoemaker. — The Chirurgeon. — Puritans' Attacks on the Tricks of Trade. — Have we improved?

It is difficult to realise Old London, with its walls and gates; its stainless, shining, and spotless river; its 40,000

watermen; its narrow streets, full of plumed and ponderous coaches; its tide, alive with innumerable boats; the Thames river, not yet a concrete of coal-dust and mud, but a crystal flood, sheltered with palaces, shaded with trees, and perfumed with flowers.

Imagine the Tower, not deserted and forgotten, but busy and frequented, and the citadel of the city; the Borough side a broad tract of green fields and thatched cottages. Whitehall is new and glittering, but one bridge only spans the river, with its lines of houses, its chapel, and its ghastly rows of shrivelled heads. Oxford Street is a muddy country road leading to Tyburn. Hyde Park is bare and open, Islington a village, and Marylebone a suburb. Noblemen are dwelling in Drury Lane and Aldersgate, yes even in the oldest portions of the city, and the West End is unthought of. No distinctive grades of social position are yet known, and the tradesman lives at the very doors of the richest nobles in England. Everywhere there are fields and gardens in the neighbourhood of the most crowded streets. St. Paul's is the gentleman's fashionable promenade, and Moorfields the favourite walk of the citizens. The gabled-ended shops are hung thick with signs; foreign armour and tapestries are in the open stalls, and a perpetual cry of "What do you lack?" resounds at every door and under every penthouse.

We can scarcely imagine London a walled city, having gates like Thebes, and able to stand a siege like Troy. There was a deep, fond feeling of home when Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Moorgate, Aldgate, &c., were shut at a certain hour, when Bow-bell rang, and citizens felt they were barred in for the night, guarded and watched over by men of their own appointing. London is too large now to love as a mother, and too dirty to honour as a father.

At Ludgate was a gaol, where the prisoners clamoured for alms at the barred grate; and it was here that Sir Thomas Wyatt had been repulsed. The city wall that joined this gate to its other fellow gates ran from the Tower through the Minories to Aldgate, Houndsditch, and Bishopsgate, through Cripplegate to Aldersgate, and so past Christ Hospital by Newgate and Ludgate to the Thames.

Pimlico was a country place where citizens used to repair to eat "pudding pies" on a Sunday, as they did to Islington or Hogsden to take tobacco and drink new milk, as Islington was famous for its dairy, where Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have lived in an old house still standing; so Holloway was famous for its cheese cakes; and it is these peculiarities that, after all, confer immortality upon a place. Chelsea was the mere village of Chelsea, known from Sir Thomas More's house, where Henry VIII.

had walked with his arm round that great statesman's doomed neck; as Holborn was then a country road leading to the pleasant village of St. Giles, and trending on to the way that led to Oxford, and to fatal Tyburn, so called from its *burn* or brook, then well known to patient city anglers. The triple tree or gallows stood at the corner of the present Edgware Road. The same Oxford Street led also, if you turned up one side of the Hampstead Road, to the Tottenham Court, which stood there alone far in the country, and Primrose Hill was an untrodden hillock, surrounded by wide paths and ditches, between this Court and Hampstead.

A cheerful little stream, known by the pleasant name of Fleet, rose near Hampstead Hill, and joined by the Old Bourne and recruited by sparkling Clerken Well, emptied itself in the Thames. Though even then merely a sewer, it was open, and had four bridges of its own, while the Thames had but one; and these were known as Holborn Bridge, Fleet-lane Bridge, Fleet Bridge, and Bridewell Bridge.

Spitalfields was a grassy open space, with artillery grounds and a pulpit and cross*, where fairs were held and sermons were preached. There were also Tothill Fields, and Finsbury Fields, and Moorfields, just outside the city

* Cunningham's Guide Book to London.

walls, laid out in walks, and planted, as far as Hoxton. Round these squares there were windmills and everything equally rural. As for Piccadilly, it was everywhere known as a road to Reading, and by many herbalists, as harbouring the small wild foxglove in its dry ditches.

Outside Temple Bar, before the wooden gatehouse was built, lay the Strand, the road leading from the City to the houses of Court. This river bank was the chosen residence of the nobility, whose gardens stretched to the edge of the undefiled river. The sky was then pure and bright, for our ancestors burnt wood fires, and the water was gay with thousands of boats. Each house had its terrace, its water stairs, and garden. The street houses were so scattered that the river could be seen between, and there were three water courses there traversed by bridges, besides two churches and a Maypole. Here stood York House, where Bacon was born, and Durham Place, where Raleigh lived, with his study in a turret overlooking the river; there also was Arundel House and Essex House, where great men pined and plotted.

At Whitehall stood Wolsey's Palace, enlarged by Henry VIII., and Elizabeth's favourite residence when not at Nonsuch in Surrey, Windsor, Greenwich, or Richmond. The tilt-yard stood where the Horse Guards now stands. St. James's Palace, also built by Henry VIII.,

where the Queen's melancholy-bigot sister had died, was seldom inhabited by the Court; but the park was even then existing. As for the old palace of Richard III. (Baynard's Castle), that had been let to the Earl of Pembroke, and the same King's dwelling of Crosby Hall had fallen into the hands of an alderman.*

But the most characteristic erection in Old London was its pride, the bridge. It had a gatehouse and drawbridge at each end, and in the middle a chapel dedicated to that restless A'Beckett, in the crypt of which lay the body of the founder, Peter of Colechurch, who died in 1205. The bridge was lined with stately houses, with spaces here and there for travellers to rest and look at the fair-flowing river over the parapet, for suicides were not yet fashionable; the houses had gable-ends, platform roofs, small gardens, and arbours. Near the drawbridge, and overhanging the water, was the famed Nonesuch House, a carved and gilt building constructed in Holland entirely of timber and put together with wooden pegs.† The sober citizens believed the bridge to be one of the wonders of the world, and rejoiced that on the gate-house

* Edward VI.'s old palace of Bridewell had been turned into a workhouse.

† Cunningham's Handbook for London, vol. ii. p. 496. (Hentzner).

the heads of thirty priests and rebels might sometimes be counted at the same time.*

The narrowness of the arches, and the broad stirlings or coffer-dams protecting the piers, produced a rapid that made it dangerous to shoot the bridge; at high water and at low water the noise was deafening.

The real glory of the city, however, was the Royal Exchange, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, with its quadrangle, arcades, and merchants' walks; with its armourers', goldsmiths', and haberdashers' shops, and its change bell ringing at twelve and six. The rival New Exchange in the Strand was not opened till James I.'s reign. At this time there was a feeling of social pleasure over the whole city; Grocers', Drapers', Ironmongers', Salters', and Merchant Taylors' Halls had all their gardens and bowling alleys. Sir Paul Pindar, Gresham's contemporary, had gardens in Bishopsgate Street. There were gardens in Aldersgate Street and Westminster. There were gardens round Cornhill Market, and gardens in Clerkenwell. Smithfield was planted with trees; trees waved in St. Giles's; and Ely Place was famous for flowers. Leicester Fields and Soho were open tracts; and near Leather Lane the Queen's gardener lived, and lived to plant and sow.

* Lupton's London and the Country (1632), p. 17.

Fountains, with their pleasant and cooling, silver-rippling chime, were more common in Old than New London. Somerset House Palace, where Lord Hunsdon lived, had one; so had Whitehall; and the city merchants' houses and the centre of the companies' quadrangles frequently boasted the same ornament.

The old streets must be imagined, with their gabled timber houses; swinging, ponderous signs to every shop; the streets badly paved; the shops with mere penthoused sheds, beneath which the 'prentices cried unceasingly, "What d'ye lack, gentles? what d'ye lack?" before the goods laid out on bulkheads, just as a fishmonger now lays out his fish. Fleet Street, then a suburb, with its conduit opposite Shoe Lane, was famous for shows, and boasted of the Devil's Tavern, where Ben Jonson and the wits met. The Three Cranes in the Vintry, the Bear at Bridge Foot*, were the most noted inns. There still remain in London a few Elizabethan houses with their open courts and galleries, stuccoed roofs, carved chimney-pieces, rich porches, pannelled wainscoted rooms, and leaded casements. Some of the old hostelries also stand, with their open balconies and paved courtyards, where our earliest plays were acted — the audience crowding in the windows above.

* Cunningham's London, vol. i. p. 67.

The richest families from the country thought it no disgrace, in this simple age, to lodge in Fleet Street or take rooms above some barber's shop. Bedlam in Moorfields was a sight of the day; the Tower lions and the tombs at Westminster were wonders to honest, wide-mouthed, red-cheeked countrymen.

The Middle Temple garden boasted its avenue of limes, and Lincoln's Inn Fields its pleasant walk under the elms. Elizabethan London had its sanctuaries or thieves' quarters — Whitefriars, Whetstone Park, Ram Alley, St. Martin's, and such strange places as the Bermudas, Devil's Gap, and Damnation Alley.*

There was a cross in Cheap and a very old one at Charing. Conduits were numerous in all parts of the city, and were generally surrounded by 'prentices carrying jugs, or water-bearers with their yokes and buckets. St. Paul's was the booksellers' quarter, and Houndsditch was the Frippery for secondhand clothes. The difference between ancient and modern London may be conceived from the fact that eighty-nine churches were burnt down by the Great Fire and only fifty-one rebuilt. Of these old churches some bore the names of saints now almost forgotten, as St. Bennet Sherehog, St. Michael Quern,

* Cunningham's Handbook for London, vol. i. p. 255.

St. Vedast, St. Margaret Moses, St. Andrew Hubbard, and St. Anne in the Willows.

In these old times deep-tongued Bow bell was nightly rung at nine, as a signal to the 'prentice children of Chepe. This was the curfew, and was taken up at the same hour by Barking Church, St. Bride's, St. Giles's, and Cripplegate.*

There were conduits in Chepe, Tyburn, and Bayswater; there was Lamb's Conduit, besides others at Dalston and Islington.

As Old London had churches, so had it many prisons:—the Clink, Marshalsea and Queen's Prison in Southwark, the latter for pirates; Newgate; the Poultry Compter, where the prisoners were fed with scraps from the Sheriffs' tables; the Savoy military prison; and Westminster Gatehouse, the state prison secondary to the Tower.

Marylebone Park and Regent's Park, in Elizabeth's time, were a deer park and a tilt ground.

St. Martins-le-Grand was peopled by foreign craftsmen, makers of copper lace and counterfeit jewels; Watling Street was devoted to clothiers, Long Lane to old-clothes men, Pie Corner to cookshops, Turnbull Street to thieves,

* Cunningham's Handbook for London, vol. iv. p. 535.

Smithfield to horse coursers, and St. Paul's to servingmen out of place. Southwark was a bad quarter, though it was the site of Shakspere's Theatre and the Beargarden, and belonged to the Bishop of Winchester.

Besides the clear streams that ran into the Thames, Old London boasted of innumerable wells, now lost, sullied, or bricked up. There was Holy-well, Clement's-well, Clerken-well, Skinners'-well, Fay-well, Fede-well, Leden-well, and Shad-well. West Smithfield had its Horse-pond, its pool of Dame Annis le Cleare, and the Perilous Pond. The duck-hunting in these pools and at Islington was a favourite amusement of the citizens.

Of the celebrated tradesmen of the day we know but a few. There was John, the hatter, at Paul's; William Clark, the newsmonger; and Johnson, the printer. Of celebrated street characters there was Woolner (a Windsor chorister), the glutton; Kindheart, the dentist; and Bankes, the showman. Forget not Tarleton, the clown, and Little Davy, the fighting-man. The money-changers are in Paul's; the clothiers in Birchin Lane; the shoemakers in St. Martin's, and the old clothesman in Houndsditch.

The city archers meet at Finsbury. The tripe of Pannier Alley, and the pies of Budge Row, are famous. The copper-workers are noisy in Lothbury. The Three

Pigeons is at Brentford; the Woolsack and the King's Head in Fish Street; a windmill stands in Old Jewry, the Barbican is fashionable, and Mary-le-bone is the country. Take care of Pick-thatch in Clerkenwell, and the Bordello in Southwark, or your throat and pocket may suffer.

A great feature of the streets of Old London were the frequent processions of the twelve great companies to and from their halls in Cheapside, the Poultry, or Throgmorton Street. These halls had open timber roofs, were hung with tapestry, and had often granaries and armouries of their own. They boasted rich stores of plate, the gift of dead men, more particularly the loving-cup, in which the Master and Wardens drank to the company, to the sound of trumpet and drum; and, above all, the massive salt-cellars, that marked the rank of the guests. Ladies were present at the feasts; new members were crowned with garlands, and pageants were performed. They had also funeral dinners, and processions to attend Divine service. Sometimes they rowed down the Thames in their gilded barges, the members in their liveries, bearing the banners of their trades, and their alms-people also attending to swell the train.

It must have been impossible to keep the hot-blooded 'prentices quiet behind the counter, when such long troops of velvet gowns and golden chains were sweeping by;

when the Queen was passing from Whitehall to the city, or the Lord Mayor going to take water for Richmond. Much less when Elizabeth came to St. Paul's to return thanks to God for the defeat of the Armada, (when thanksgivings were not mere forms,) or trotted past to Tilbury. Then London was a youthful, happy town, and not such an old sin-blackened, care-worn city as now.

The bright river we must imagine as when it supported 40,000 watermen, and floated 2000 small boats; when the idler, tired of bowls or dice, had nothing to do but to step down to Queenhithe or the Temple and have an afternoon's salmon fishing*; when the water was gay with crowds going to the theatres, all silk and gold, and many colours; with ladies returning to the Palace, or with the royal train rowing to the sound of flutes and trumpets past Richmond or Greenwich. The poet's Cleopatra on the Cydnus, is Elizabeth on the Thames, seen poetically, when silks trailed in the water and gathered no pollution, —when the river was neither a sewer, nor a dark, forgotten back street.

There was no noise then in London byeways; no brain-shattering din; no roar of wheels; no selfish rush of avarice and fear. London was not too large to love; the

* Decker's Knight Conjuring, 1607, p. 17.

local points were few and well marked; they could be retained in the mind like the scenes of youth,—like the Castle of Edinburgh, or the Acropolis of Athens. If the buildings were not impressive, they were picturesque; if not rich, they were quaint and individualised. There were no long miles of wearisome terraces and dull doors, that numb the senses and oppress the brain.

The streets of Old London were always thronging with some procession or pageant. There is Alderman Gossin to be married, or the Lord Mayor to be inaugurated; an ambassador visiting Guildhall, or a rogue to be put in the pillory; a sermon at Paul's Cross, or a proclamation to be read at the Cross in Chepe. Let us view some of these a little nearer, and draw our pictures from the life.

A funeral train is passing to St. Andrew Undershaft: Sir Richard Watkins, knight and merchant tailor. There are funeral banners, torches, tapers, and 'scutcheons; squires bearing coat-armour and pennons, servants in black gowns, and all the guild in their livery and hoods. Rest be to his ashes!* He tailored well, and served God.

Now it is the day for choosing sheriff, and the alder-

* Diary of H. Mechyn, 1550, 1563; Camden Society, p. 237.

men's barges, gay with streamers, and noisy with trumpeters, are shooting London Bridge. The city waits are in red gowns; the liveries wear their chains and velvet; the ladies are in crimson. The streets are full of gilt coaches. There are two giants and a pageant at Temple Bar, and much noisy discharging of guns and "chambers," and swaying clamour of bells.

To-morrow there is a sad procession of ten felons up Holborn Hill towards Tyburn: one is a priest, and a cutpurse; another the lame woman who stabbed "the proper young man" in Turn-again Lane. In the stocks there is a cheating fishmonger, wearing a chain of bad smelts. In the pillory, a Popish man is branded on the forehead for treasonable slander. On Wednesday a cutpurse is to be hung at the door of St. Paul's. On Thursday O'Neille, the wild Irishman, rides through the city to dine with the Mercers' Company. On Thursday too the pensioners muster in St. James's Park. On Friday a band of ruffians threaten to break into Bridewell to release a prisoner. On Saturday the masters of fence fight before the Queen*; after which there is to be a tilt, and running at the ring.

Here is work for idlers. But this is a mere sketch of

* Camden Society; Diary of H. Mechyn, p. 250.

Elizabethan sights, and drawn from a limited experience. To-day good old Bishop Jewel preaches at Paul's Cross to the aldermen; to-morrow the Queen visits the Tower, or comes to St. Paul's to return thanks for a victory over Spain. Court and city often meet; they have common ties, and love the same queen and the same religion; walk in the same places, dine in the same rooms, see the same sights. The city, too, is small; and every event, such as a rich citizen's marriage, or a Guildhall pageant, is the talk of every house. There is sympathy, and a feeling of brotherhood and mutual dependence. The guild spirit produces friendship; the trained bands bring people together; so do the city feasts, and the city pageants.

Let us take another week. To-day there will be a man whipped through Fleet Street, and an ill-famed woman driven past with a brass basin beating before her. The same afternoon there is a grand christening at my Lord Mayor's, and a procession of the Queen's cooks, with gold chains and foot cloths, bears in carts*, and pikemen and gunners in bright harness. At the feast Apostle spoons will be given away, and much muscadel and Hippocras be drunk. The church is strewn with herbs, and the houses are hung with silks and tapestry.

* Camden Society; Diary of H. Mechyn, p. 161

In the same week there is a street fight among the 'prentices and servingmen, or between the retainers of my Lord Mounteagle and my Lord Delaware. The sheriffs had to make peace; two men were killed, and many heads broken. This all came of the Skinners' feast, the wrestling in Clerkenwell, and the Lord Mayor's opening Bartholomew fair and St. James's fair in the same week. The cups stirred too fast, and the wine was potent.

Perhaps it is the Barber Surgeons' feast, and the trained bands in white, with red crosses, are to be mustered at Leadenhall; the bachelors are in crimson hoods, and blue gowns, and red capes, with targets and javelins. At the banquet, there is much spiced bread, custards, suckets and portingales (as oranges were then called).

Every day brings its sight to amuse and occupy the people after their labour. On Monday, the herald in a gorgeous coat, like the knave of diamonds, reads a proclamation at Chepe-conduit, girt by maces and trumpeters *; and on Tuesday there is a Skimmington riding, because some citizen's wife has beaten her husband. The Lincolnshire bagpipe is blowing, and the shawms and recorders are sounding before the door.

To-day there has been bloody work in the Tower; there

* Camden Society; Diary of H. Mechyn, p. 138.

are three new heads on London Bridge *, and traitors' quarters on every city gate ; yet still the crowd push on just as usual through the shops in the arch, and you hear the cries, " Have you any work for the tinker ?" " Brooms !", mixed with the noise of drums at the Beargarden, drums beating to announce a sale, a crier's bell ringing, and the shouts of a street fray in the distance ; while, if it is evening, there is the watchman going round bellowing at every door, " Hang out your lanthorn and candle light," for street lighting is now an individual matter, and much cared for by the provident government. The collier too cries " Coal ; any small coal ? "

A citizen's leisure hours are well employed. If studious, he can go to lectures on science ; if gay, can learn to dance the French galliard, the Spanish pavin, or the Scottish jig ; can study the pommado, or learn to vault on a horse without touching the stirrups with the foot ; at the Artillery Ground, learn to slope a musket, or trail a pike ; visit the tilt-yard, the Bear-garden, or the theatre ; or, at the cock-pit, watch the brave birds that will rather die than cry, and the mastiff hanging to Bruin's ears.

The Elizabethan streets were filled by itinerant sales-

* Camden Society ; Diary of H. Mechyn, p. 104.

men, many of whose trades have long since passed away; charcoal sellers from the country, buyers of old lace, sellers of "hot peas," and Irish applemongers. The open stalls were piled with rapiers, and targets, and Italian armour and poignards, and silk points, and ruffs, and feathers, roses for shoes, scarves, and a thousand other articles of finery now mouldering in quiet country vaults, or treasured here and there with wrong dates attached to them in the wardrobes of old show mansions.

The paths were filled by jostling servingmen, French pages, and watermen, and wounded soldiers from the Dutch wars, Spanish gallants, Greek merchants; and here and there an astrologer or an alchemist come out for a moment to breathe a purer air than the poisonous atmosphere of his cellar or his turret, that reeked with fuming mercury. There were actors, and bear wards, masters of fence, bullies, and gentlemen pensioners, and gay citizens' wives, and *bona robas,* and falconers all bright, coloured, shifting, motley, and picturesque. There was no dull monotony and stereotype of dress, face, and manner; but a never-ending variety, shifting and brilliant as the dyes of a kaleidoscope. There were beards of all classes and professions,—the spruce, the pointed, the round, grey, black, and cream-coloured. All dress marked class: the 'prentice passes with his round cap and truncheon; the citizen with

his trimmed gown and gold chain; the noble with his silk cloak, and scented doublet, gold spurs, and spangled feather; the needy adventurer with his rusty sword, and greasy buff, or half Indian robe; the scrivener with his rusty black coat and unfailing bag; the divine with his cassock and his bands; the yeoman with his unbarked staff; and the court lady rolling by in her ponderous gilded coach. At Smithfield were the horse dealers; at Paul's the discarded servants and hungry spendthrifts. In Southwark the bull baiters, at Whitehall the courtiers, and at Westminster the lawyers. Every class had its locality, for London was still a city to be traversed and learnt in a few days, with only its few principal streets and its quarters of pleasure and business. All the merchants were to be seen at a certain hour round Gresham, in the Exchange, discussing the Muscovy trade, or the prospects of Virginia; the players at night meet in the Mermaid or the Devil; the courtiers at the ordinaries, or at the promenade at Paul's, where politics and fashions were indifferently discussed. The life was more social and genial out of doors than now. Every man met his friend daily at Paul's, the theatre, the ordinary, or the court. The great men of the day were known to everybody, and could be heard talking at the tilt-yard or at the pageant. The feeling of common danger heightened the patriotism of all; so that, save by a

few Roman Catholics and false-hearted traitors, Elizabeth was universally beloved.

Stand still for a moment in a doorway: here comes a parasite and his gull. If his dupe drinks, he calls it his infirmity; if he bawls, it is spirit, proving him a jovial boy, and a companion for princes; if he is musical, declaring he plays better than Tomkins the organist, or Dowland the lutanist. Eventually he will, we know by his horoscope, take to robbing at Mile End, and be suspected of murdering the two merchants of the Still-yard, who are found floating in the Thames. Once he was a poor poet, who used to beg for dedications in Paul's, and lived in Gunpowder Alley, Crutched Friars. Then he was a mercer, who sold musty three pile velvet, in a crafty dark shop; but, turning bankrupt, fled to Ireland. He then turned broker, fencer, and sergeant; then returned, and sold face washes of burned hogs' bones, laid on with oil of poppy, to remove flushes from faces and prevent eruption. Then he was Puritan writing-master, with an apprentice who brushed his cloak and cap when he went out. Now he is pimp, pander, and parasite, and, between whiles, a thief.

His companion, whose pocket is full of crowns, rejoices in flame-coloured doublet, satin hose, and carnation silk socks. Let him beware, though he can play well at shovelboard, and take part in a court masque.

Go into that music-shop where they sell gitterns and citterns, lutes, orpharions, and bandoras.* The first has six double gut strings, the second has wire cords, and the last differs from both the others. The man sells dances — the "Countess of Sussex's Galliard" and "Lady Vane's Fading" (Irish dance). He has swift corantos, bounding gavottas, stately pavins, not to mention Brawls. He sells also "Sellinger's Round," "Gillian of Croydon," "Yellow Stockings" and "Green Sleeves," and all such vulgar tunes.

Next door is a barber, with a brass basin shining on his pole, and strings of teeth rattling in the window. His friend and neighbour, the poulterer, is grumbling that hawks eat up the poultry and make it dear. He sells bustard, and quail, and dotterel; and will tell you how the last-named foolish bird apes the hunter who pursues him, and so is caught. At the taverns you can buy red and white bastard, alicant, aqua solis, upsy freeze, and all sorts of pure and strong waters. The pastrycook sells botargo, and makes coffin pies and boar pasties.

At the apothecaries dangerous men buy poison, stibium (antimony); for now gloves, girdles, knives, — everything is poisoned, so dreadful is the refinement of Italian art.

* The Pathway to Music, 1596.

But this is only for secret and rich customers; for the public there is all innocence—silver tongs, juniper coals, small blocks for cutting the weed, clean pipes, and the best Virginia.

If you listen to the gossip in the buzzing shops, his talk is all about Scanderbeg, the new pamphlet of Nash's, the new motion of London and Nineveh in Fleet Street, or about Drake's ship that is exhibiting at Deptford. One young customer wears his lady's colours on his arm, blue and silver. Another is laughing with the china-woman next door about the ceruse that she sells to produce complexion.* She has, she says, Italian scent too, and feather fans, and perfumed gloves, and is well known at Court, though only plain Mistress Overdone in the City. Her husband, poor man, with his shiny black shoes, of which citizens are so proud, never interferes in the shop, and is now just going abroad to duck hunt at Islington.

The well-known characters in the street are numerous. There is Kit Woodroffe the supple vaulter, who did such wonders on the tower of St. Paul's; there is Woolner the glutton, who can eat out the keeper of an ordinary; and there is Monarcho, the madman, who fancies himself Emperor of both the Indies, and struts accordingly.

The street cries were moving and numerous. At the

* Decker's Honest Whore, Act i. Sc. 1.

prison gates the passer-by heard melancholy voices doling out:—

"Bread and — meat — bread — and meat — for the — ten — der — mercy of God to the poor pris — ners of Newgate — foure score and ten — poor — prisners!"

Or, at another: —

"Here lies a company of very poor women in the dark dungeon, hungry, cold, and comfortless, night and day. Pity the poor women in the dark dungeon!"

Then: —

"Round and sound, all of a colour; buy a very fine marking stone, marking stone; round and sound, all of a colour; buy a very fine marking stone; very fine!"

With these came: —

"Salt — salt — white — Wor — ster — spice salt." "Buy a very fine mousetrap, or a tormenter for your fleas." "Kitchen-stuff, maids." "I have white, moist, white hard lettuce; white young onions." "I have rock samfire, rock samfire — (dreadful trade!)" "Buy a mat, a mil mat — mat or a hassock for your pew; a stopple for your close stool, or a pouch to thrust your feet in." "Whiting, maids, whiting." "Hot fine oatcakes, hot." "Small coals here." "Will you buy any milk to-day?" "Lanthorn, candle, light ho! maid ho! light here!" *

* Shakspere Society (Registers of the Stationers' Company), 1586—1587; Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," 1608.

But the itinerant broom man was the most distinguished of all the street sellers by his songs and his loud cry of "New brooms, green brooms, will you buy any; come, maidens, come quickly, let me take a penny."

His song is too characteristic to neglect: —

" My brooms are not steeped,
But very well bound,
My brooms be not crooked,
But smooth cut and round.
I wish it should please you
To buy of my broom,
Then would it ease me
If market were done.

" Have you any old boots,
Or any old shoes,
Pouchings or buskins
To cope with new brooms;
If so you have, maidens,
I pray you bring hither,
That you and I friendly
May bargain together." *

The shows of London are numerous; there's the guinea hens and cassowary at St. James's, and the beaver in the park; the giant's lance at the Tower; the live dogfish; the wolf, and Harry the Lion; the elephant; the steer

* Shakspere Society (Registers of Stationers' Company); "Three Ladies of London," 1584—1592.

with two tails; the camel; the motion of Eltham and the giant Dutchman. Nearly all these are in Fleet Street.

The trades of this golden age were all in some degree different from those of our own days. The barber was a surgeon and a dentist as well; he healed your sword wounds and cut your hair, just as you needed his service; young revellers stabbed at taverns were carried to such shops. The druggists sold poisons and strange substances more like charms than medicines. The shoemaker made kid shoes and roses for them. The saddler framed high-peaked war saddles, and sold velvet housings. At the inns poor citizens were handed Spanish wine, which was then as cheap as beer. The goldsmiths manufactured christening spoons and drinking flagons, and those rich chains which were worn by men of all ranks round their hats or necks.

We will now proceed to sketch more in detail the tricks of these traders, less numerous and deadly than those of our own days, but equally shameful. The professional beggars and cheats we mention elsewhere. The juggler, the ballad-monger, the cut-purse, we touch upon in later pages. The wits deserve a more respectable place apart. The players are grouped round Shakspere.

The boddice makers, the bowyers, and such obsolete

trades, we cannot stay to enumerate, but only to remind our readers that the greater part of the weavers are Flemish, the running footmen Irish, the milliners Milan-ers, and the armourers Italian.

The foreign shops, Milanese tailors' and Italian armourers', are crowded with foreign goods, much to the disgust of true Englishmen. There are Venetian looking-glasses, German clocks, Spanish blades, French gloves, Flemish kerseys, Milan spurs, though forty years since there were not a dozen strangers' shops in London. Here are dials, tables, candles, balls, puppets, penners, ink-horns, tooth powder, buttons, pots, paints, hawks-bells, and paper, all foreign.* Our wool went abroad and returned as cloth; our leather was sent to be tanned in Spain; our tin came back in manufactured shapes, and our linen rags as paper. Every shop glitters and shines with Italian glass, painted cruses, and gay daggers. We brought home their cloth, leather, tallow, butter, and cheese; and they bring us in return, to the horror of statesmen, only perfumes, gloves, glass, dials, oranges, pippins, silk, spices, and salt. From all this luxury politicians say rents increase, and 300*l.* a year does not go further than 200*l.* used to. Men come to London and give up

* Stafford's Brief Conceipt of English Policy, p. 58.

their country households; what used to be 8*d.* is now worth a shilling; and an honest yeoman still gets his 40*s.* a year, when double would not suffice him. The times are out of joint, said the old politicians, just as old men say now, and as old men always will.

Amongst the apprentices of London there were many abusive and quarrelsome youths, always using their bats at the play-houses or the taverns, and who, for a can of ale, would undertake to beat or lame any man's enemy, just as readily as a serving-man in Paul's could be hired to swear a false oath, or help to rob or stab.

Like the shopmen of the present day, if a stranger refused to purchase their wares, the apprentices often turned as insolent as they had just been fawning. At first, with cap in hand, it was, "What lack you, gentlewoman? What lack you, countryman? See what you lack." But if men failed in purchasing, they would call out, "Will you buy nothing, gentlewoman? It's no marvell you should see such choice of good ware." *

Countrymen were their peculiar butts. They were always asked double the value of the ware; the cit sometimes taking their money and demanding more. If the clown then refused to buy, they would set a dog at

* Dekker's Honest Whore, 1635, Act i. Sc. 2.

him, or cry after him, "Do you hear, countryman? Leave your blue coat in pawn for the rest:" or advise him to sell his sword and buy a pair of shoes, making the abashed Corydon long to draw them into Finsbury fields, that he might have his revenge and a fair cudgel fight.

The apothecary's shop we all know from Shakspere's own lips:—

"And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show."

In such places desperate men bought poisons, and blushing maidens with masked faces purchased love-charms and philtres of great price and small virtue. Here, too, was the smoker's haunt, for the apothecary sold tobacco, real Trinidado, nicotine, cane, and pudding.

An old book of medicine*, written by Dr. Andrew Boorde, a popular physician of Henry VIII.'s reign, a book that Shakspere must often have seen, gives us a correct impression of the medical treatment of that day. It is a mixture of theory, religion, superstition, and white magic.

* Boorde's Breviary of Health, 1575.

It should not be forgotten that from this Dr. Boorde's name our term of "Merry Andrew" is derived. There is great pretension of learning in his work, though it is simple, shrewd, and humorous. The preface professes to disclose the obscure terms of physic and chirurgie, whether in "Greek, Araby, Barbary, or English."

The merry doctor has chapters on, "Man's mind;" "Blood-shot eyes;" "Dogs' appetite;" "Privacion of wit;" "Sneasing out of measure," and other incongruous complaints; and his book is, in fact, a collection of medical remarks on all the aspects of mind and body. The remedies are frequently of the strangest kind, such as oil of scorpions, the grease of a fox, and juice of violets and lilies. Lettuce seed and mandragora are ingredients in some salves. For a bruised shin we are told to wash with white wine, and then plaister with an old oak leaf. His advice is often mere jesting; as, for a scolding wife he tells us the only cure is, "God and great sickness;" for itching he recommends long nails and scratching; for gluttony, *abstinence.* He has a chapter on weariness: "If this is caused by too much riding," he says, "don't ride." He discourses wisely on strange diseases gone by like last year's fashions, or promoted to better names; as, morphew, green jaundice, four sorts of leprosy, and the falling sickness (epilepsy). He is often pious, and slips

in a prayer between a receipt for the tertian fever and one for the "standing up of hair." The pestilence, or "stop gallant," as it was facetiously called by jocular sextons of the Hamlet kind, he attributes to foul air, dirty streets and neglected cleanliness, and recommends every man to submit himself to God; and yet, in another chapter, he says the face should be wiped daily with a scarlet cloth, but only washed once a week. Avoid dead cadavers, he says quaintly; and then, in one of his mountebank fits, for he was an itinerant professor, we believe he defines loss of hearing thus:—

"In Latin named *surditas*, in English it is named a man that cannot hear."*

In speaking of diseases of the tongue, he says, "It hath many other impediments, but none worse than lying and slandering." He half believes that St. John's wort drives away spirits, but only half; and describes an abbess at St. Alban's who suffered from nightmare, which he will not allow is a mounted evil angel. He dilates on the four humours or complexions of man, phlegm, blood, choler, and melancholy. He plays with gout † as if it was a rich man's disease, and advises oil

* Boorde's Breviary of Health, 1575 (35).
† Ibid. (65).

of roses, bread crumbs, yolk of eggs, cow's milk, and saffron seethed together and spread on clouts. If any one has the king's evil, he says he must make friends of the King's Majesty and get touched. Asthma and disma, the ptisan and ptisick, are terms in his sonorous vocabulary. The gall of a hare mixed with the grease of a fox makes, he asserts, a salve of rare virtues; and so he runs on.

"A few simples," says Burton*, "well prepared and understood, are better than such a heap of nonsense confused compounds which are in apothecaries' shops ordinarily sold." He seems to have thought new and far-fetched medicines as merely used by doctors to show their learning. Every city had its own pharmacopœia, and people perished by thousands all in consequence of the curse of Babel.

For madness and melancholy wormwood was used. Tamarisk and bugloss wine were frequently taken. Another remedy was clarified whey, with borage, bugloss, endive, succory, &c., a good draught of which was taken in the morning fasting for thirty days in the spring. For the spleen and liver syrups were frequently recommended, and were made of borage, thyme, epithyme, hops, scolo-

* Burton's Anatomie of Melancholy, 1676, p. 228.

pendra, fumitory, maiden hair, and bizantine. These syrups were mixed with distilled waters by the physicians or stirred into juleps.

Of conserves or confections, such as are now sold as lozenges, there were innumerable varieties. They were formed of borage, bugloss, balm, fumitory, succory, maiden hair, violets, roses and wormwood ; cinnamon, ginger, camomile, violets, roses, almonds, poppies, cynthea, and mandrakes, were used after bathing or to procure sleep. Ointments of oil and wax were used for the same purpose, as well as liniments and plasters of herbs and flowers mixed and boiled with oil or spirits.

Cataplasms and salves were frequently made of green herbs, sodden, pounded, and applied externally. Some physicians used frontals to take away pain or procure sleep, and epithemata or moist medicines laid on linen to cool and heal.

The apothecary's shop, says our old friend Abel Drugger, is crowded by poor women buying worm seed for their children or treacle to drive out the measles, and country people who have come for drugs and drenches for their sick horses. There are serving-men waiting for their masters' purgatives and electuaries, or the fop's face-washes of oil of tartar, lac virginis and camphor dissolved in verjuice. Maids are buying conserves and

suckets for their mistresses, or perfumes for my lady's chamber. Drugger sold philtres and antidotes, and had his room for taking tobacco, silver tongs and a maple block for cutting it. Here gallants met and gossiped, and learned tricks of smoking for so much a lesson of fashionable professors. Can we credit it that in 1614 there were 7000 tobacco shops in and near London alone! *

As we leave his shop and walk down the street we meet a lawyer, a grave, sour-faced man, in a black velvet coat and a black silk gown welted and faced, followed by four serving-men, one of them an ill-favoured serjeant, in a buff jerkin, greasy and beer-stained, muffled with a cloak that hides all but his red nose, and with a clumsy dagger like a brewer's bung knife hanging at his side. The rest follow at a distance in order not to appear to know him; but the others are a summoner, a gaoler, and an informer. The first is a fat man, with a threadbare black coat unbuttoned to give him ease. The gaoler carries a staff and a whipcord, and the third wears a black coat faced with taffety, while the informer is distinguished by a great side-pouch, big as a falconer's, crammed with informations. This serjeant is as eager to

* Rich's Honestie of this Age, 1614, p. 26.

catch a debtor as a dog is to seize a bear. These men were known, if their victim had money, to lead him with cap and knee to the nearest tavern, where for a brace of angels they would often summon his friend to bail. If he were a poor man, they would not allow him time to speak with his creditor or arrange a composition, but dragged him to the compter, unless he would purchase the right with some of his pewter, brass, or household stuff.

That informer is always eaves-dropping to pick up scandal, but is easily bribed to silence. Women, such as the wife of Bath, whom he calls " his good dame," would feast him with flesh and fowl, and he in return would declare that all complaint against them proceeded from envy, and that they were wives of good behaviour.

That gaoler is famous for extorting fees from his prisoners, who are many of them this lawyer's clients. In half an hour after a prisoner's entrance he will run up an angel charge for garnish, turning the key, feeing the jury, paying the chamberlain, and other items.

The tobacco merchant *, in spite of his Winchester pipes, maple cutting blocks, silver tongs to hand the hot coals, fires of juniper wood, and all his scents and conserves, was too often a monstrous cheat. He adulterated

* Ben Jonson's Alchemist, Act v. Sc. 1.

the precious weed he sold with sack lees and oil, washed it in muscadel and grains, or kept it moist by burying it in gravel, wrapped up in greasy leather and oily rags. The "silver pitchfork" from Italy was a fashion reserved for the next reign; but now to carry a pipe in shape like a woodcock's head, to have three sorts of tobacco, to learn to blow out the smoke in balls and rings, was indispensable to all men of fashion. The best tobacconists were known and received pupils, whom they taught the slights; they would brag of being able to take three whiffs, drink three cups of canary, then take horse, and evolve the smoke, one whiff on Hounslow, the second at Staines, and a third at Bagshot.* Pages were kept half the day running about to buy tobacco. To blow the smoke out in a long tube was a triumph, but to bring it out through the nostrils procured a gallant two long days' immortality.

A (pawn) broker wore a black taffeta doublet and a leather jerkin with crystal buttons, a cloak faced with velvet, a country cap of the finest wool, and a row of gold rings upon his fingers. These men bore as bad a character as they do now. The satirist dubbed them "blood-suckers of the poor, receivers of stolen goods, and

* Every Man out of his Humour, Act iii. Sc. 1.

supporters of cut-purses; men who lived by preying on spendthrifts and prodigals." For pawns worth ten pounds they would give three, requiring an interest of sixteen pence in the pound every month, or at the rate of eighty per cent., the bill to be monthly renewed and the pawn sold if the money was not ready. These cheats visited dining houses to advance money upon rings, chains, and cloaks. If they saw a young gentleman of fair living and assured possibility, they encouraged him to expense, and induced an accomplice usurer to lend him money, paying the dupe in useless commodities, and binding him down with penalties and forfeitures. Thieves' plunder they purchased without inquiry at the rate of a crown for a pound's worth. The poor they terribly oppressed, robbing them of their clothes and household stuff, their pewter, and their brass. They would sometimes make a poor woman pay a half-penny a week even for a silver thimble scarcely worth sixpence.

The Elizabethan barber-surgeon was a great man, and his shop was the lounge of all idle gallants. He dressed sword wounds received in street frays, cut hair and starched beards, curled moustachios, and tied up love-locks. The gittern (guitar) that lay on his counter was always a resource, and the earliest news from Paul's or the court was sure to be circulating among the

gossiping customers round his arm-chair. The poor men who came to our barber to be polled for twopence were soon trimmed round like a cheese, or dismissed with scarce a "God speed you!" But the courtier sat down in his fine laced clothes in the throne of a chair, while the shaver took his comb in one hand and snapped his scissors merrily in the other; then, making a low congée, he would say*, "Sir, will you have your worship's hair cut after the Italian manner, short and round, and then frounst with the curling irons to make it look like a half moon in a mist; or like a Spaniard, long at the ears and curled like to the two ends of an old cast periwig; or will you be Frenchified with a love-lock down to your shoulders, whereon you may wear your mistress's favour? The English cut is base, and gentlemen scorn it; novelty is dainty. Speak the word, sir, my scissors are ready to execute your worship's will." In combing and dressing his ambrosial locks our young Apollo spends some two hours, and then, coming to the barber's basin, is washed with camphor soap. Having fairly reached his beard, the barber requests, with another congée, to know if his worship would wish it to be shaven; "whether he would have his peak cut short, and

* Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1592.

sharp, and amiable like an inamorato, or broad pendent like a spade, to be amorous as a lover or terrible as a warrior and soldado; whether he will have his crates cut low like a juniper bush, or his subercles taken away with a razor; if it be his pleasure to have his appendices primed, or his moustachios fostered to turn about his ears like vine tendrils, fierce and curling or cut down to the lip with the Italian lash?—and with every question a snip of the scissors and a bow."

The Puritans wondered at the strange fashions and monstrous manners of cutting, trimming, and shaving, introduced by the barbers. The talk was of the French cut, the Spanish cut, the Dutch and the Italian mode; the bravado fashion, and the mean fashion. Besides these, they had the gentleman's cut, the common cut, and the court and country fashion. They have also, says Stubbes, indignantly, "other kinds of cuts innumerable, and, therefore, when you come to be trimmed, they will ask you whether you will be cut to look terrible to your enemy, or amiable to your friend; grim and stern in countenance, or pleasant and demure; for they have diverse kinds of cuts for all these purposes, or else they lie! Then when they have done all their feats, it is a world to consider how their mowchatows must be preserved and laid out from one cheek to another, yea, almost

from one ear to another, and turned up like two horns towards the forehead. Besides that, when they come to the cutting of the hair, what tricking and trimming, what rubbing, what scratching, what combing and clawing, what trickling and toying, and all to tawe out money, you may be sure. And when they come to washing, oh, how gingerly they behave themselves therein! For then shall your mouth be tossed with the lather or foam that riseth of the balls (for they have their sweet balls wherewithall they use to wash); your eyes, closed, must be annointed therewith also. Then snap go the fingers full bravely, God wot! Thus this tragedy ended, comes the warm clothes to wipe and dry him withall; next the ears must be picked, and closed together again artificially, forsooth! The hair of the nostrils cut away, and every thing done in order, comely to behold. The last action in the tragedy is the payment of money; and least these cunning barbers might seem unconscionable in asking much for their pains, they are of such a shameful modesty as they will ask nothing at all, but standing to the courtesy and liberality of the giver, they will receive all that comes, how much soever it be, not giving any again, I warrant you; for take a barber with that fault, and strike off his head! No, no; such fellows are *Raræ aves in terris, nigrisque simillimis cygnis,* — 'Rare birds on the

earth, and as scarce as black swans.' You shall have also your fragrant waters for your face, wherewith you shall be all besprinkled, your musick again, and pleasant harmony shall sound in your ears, and all to tickle the same with rare delight, and in the end your cloak shall be brushed, and 'God be with you, gentlemen!'"

It were endless to describe the jargon of a tailor's shop; the prattle of Italian cut wristbands, worth *5l.*, embossed girdles, laced satin doublets, peach-coloured stockings, short ruffles, silk russet cloaks laid about with lace, satin cut on taffety, the pointed yellow jerkins scented with benjamin, and such foolery.

In 1584 watches began to come from Germany, and the watchmaker soon became a trader of importance. The watches were often of immense size, and hung in a rich case from the neck, and by fops wound up with great gravity and ceremony in Paul's or at the ordinary dinner. Catgut mainsprings must have been slightly affected by changes of weather, and sometimes a little out of time in wet Novembers; but, Sessa, let the world live! An early specimen of the watch that we have seen engraved was, however, not larger than a walnut, richly chased, and enclosed in a pear-shaped case. It had no minute hand, but was of beautiful workmanship. Country people, like Touchstone, sometimes carried pocket

dials, in the shape of brass rings, with a slide and aperture, to be regulated to the season.*

The following is a scene at a bookseller's shop, of which we can give no more living description: —

Prentice. What lack you, gentleman? See a new book, new come forth, sir? Buy a new book, sir?

Gentleman. New book, says't! Faith! I can see no prettie thing come forth to my humour's liking.

Prentice. Troth, sir; I think I can show you as many of all sorts as any in London, sir.

Gentleman. Canst help me to all Greene's books in one volume? But I will have them every one, not any wanting.

Prentice. Sir, I have most part of them, but I lack Coney Catching, and some half-dozen more; but I think I could procure them. There be in the town, I am sure, can fit you. Have you all the parts of Pasquilt, sir? and look you here, a pretty book I'll answer for; 'tis his *Melancholy,* sir; and here his Moral Philosophy of the last edition.

Gentleman. But where's the new book thou tell'st me of? Which is it?

Prentice. Marye, look you, sir. This is a pretty odd

* Knight's Shakspere; Note to Twelfth Night and As You Like It.

conceit of a merrie meeting heere in London between a wife, a widdow, and a mayde.*

Gentleman. Merrie meeting! Why that title is stale. There is a book called 'Tis Merry when Knaves Meet; and there's a ballad, 'Tis Merry when Malt Men Meet; and, therefore, I think now I have seen it. But if your book be of such excellent qualitie and rare operation, we must needs have some traffic together. Here, take your money; is't sixpence?

Prentice. I'certain; no lesse, sir. I thank ye, sir.

Gentleman. What's this? An Epistle dedicated to it?

Prentice. Yes, forsooth; and dedicated† to all the pleasant, conceited, London gentlewomen that are friends to mirth, and enemies to over melancholy.

Inns and ale-houses were known by their red lattices, a custom of which perhaps we have still some trace in the red curtains, the favourite ornaments of beer shops. The cross-bar ornament on the door-posts of taverns, to which antiquarians attribute a Roman origin, is said to have been an indication that draught boards were kept within.

In the suburban roads the head boroughs and chief men

* Shakspere Society; Rowland's 'Tis Merry when Gossips Meet, 1602.

† Shakspere Society's Papers, 1844; Rowland's 'Tis Merry when Gossips Meet, 1602.

of the parish often kept the ale-houses — so profitable an exchequer was the tap. Among other ingenious inducements to revel, some landlords, whose ears were attuned to the sound of chinking silver, kept black leather jacks for their ale-bibbers tipped with metal and hung with little hawk's-bells. These were called fondly the "*Gingle Boys.*" In other places they used brown, shallow bowls, or *whiskins.* The strongest ale they called Huff's ale, and of this even Christopher Sly would not have been allowed to drink more than a pot at one sitting. Wine was, however, cheap, and drunk by all classes.

The lower sorts of taverns, up gardens and alleys, were not reputable. Here shifters and cheats resorted, and papists afraid of the statute sought refuge.* Here the highwayman came with his mask and cord † in his pocket, his pistol still smoking at the touch-hole, and money, red and wet, shaking in his pocket. In the stables were horses with tails that moved on and off, and white and black skeins to hide the star or blaze in the forehead. Here a man could find bravoes of Rome and Naples who would kill your rival for a pottle of wine, butchering an enemy as they would do a beast.‡ In such places in White Friars conspiracies had been known to be hatched.

* Whetstone's Mirror for Magistrates, 1584, p. 28.
† Ibid. p. 35. ‡ Ibid. p. 33.

To higher sorts cheats brought men of court, men on whom they particularly preyed, finding out their fortunes and expectancies by means of directories. To a lower class resorted drovers and bankrupts who plundered merchants. In such places men stabbed themselves in the arm, and mixed their blood with wine, in honour of their mistresses, or drank down lighted almonds, which they called *snap-dragons;* most of the men have false beards in their pockets, and wear cloaks of two colours, to be worn on either side.

The tinker was half a cheat, and made more holes than he mended. The pedlar was a thief, whose pack was a mere excuse for his pickpocketing. The chandler dipped his wicks in dross, and merely coated them with tallow. The haberdashers sold hats made of old felt and lined with gummed taffeta that melted with the heat of the head. The grocer bought refuse from the garbellers of spices, and mixed bay berries with his pepper.*

The tradesmen of this age had many competitors. There were Dutch and French chandlers, and drunken Dutch shoemakers, who made all the fashionable shoes. The English sempstresses of the Exchange could hardly sell their bands and shirts for the Milan-ers (Milan and

* Green's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1592.

French women) of St. Martin's, who also sold bracelets, jewels, fans, ouches, brooches, periwigs, ruffs, and cuffs. Of comparatively forgotten trades we must not forget the capper or the boddice-maker; nor neglect to mention the Puritan feather-sellers of Blackfriars, the distillers of Bucklersbury, the clothiers of Watling Street, or the goldsmiths of Cheap.

The goldsmiths, mercers, and drapers were all notorious for lending money upon land at exorbitant rates of interest. The fraudulent draper lived purposely in a dark shop, where the customer could not well see the dye and the thread, the wool or the nap. His friend the clothworker stretched his cloth till it broke into holes, which were then artfully closed up, and had also various means of powdering and dressing his fabrics.

The vintner spent half the night * mixing his wines. Claret that had lost its colour he dashed with red. Strong Gascoigne wine he alloyed with weak grape-juice of Rochelle; white wine he flavoured with sack; and all the rest he diluted with water. The blacksmith's worst fault was that he lifted the pot too often to his nose, and was somewhat of a gossip, like his friend the barber. The weaver cheated poor women by weaving

* Green's Quip for an Upstart Courtier.

thin and weak and stealing yarn. The miller had false hoppers, and was so notorious a rogue that there was an old proverb, "An honest miller has a golden thumb." The cook bought bad meat, and made Sunday pies of the baked meats of Thursday's intended dinner.

Colliers seem to have been the most knavish of all itinerant tradesmen. There were a certain number of them called *legers*, who, to escape the notice of the Lord Mayor and his officers, used to hire houses and yards in the suburbs, either at Shoreditch, Whitechapel, or Southwark. The leger rose early, and would go towards Croydon, Whetstone, Greenwich, and Romford to meet the country colliers who were bringing in charcoal for the London market, paying for every load of 36 sacks 15*s.*, 16*s.*, or 19*s.* and 20*s.*, every sack containing four full bushels. These being brought into his own yard, he employed his three or four men to unload the coal into long and narrow sacks, holding about three bushels or two bushels and a half, the dust and small willow coal below, and large *fillers* to cover all above. Then, dirtying their shoes and hose to pass for country colliers, carrying two sacks a-piece, the men went out at the back gate to sell in the suburbs, selling the load in summer for 14 and 16 pence, in winter for 18 and 20. If the fraud was detected, the coals were forfeited to the

poor, the sacks burnt, and the collier whipped at the cart's-tail or exposed in the pillory.

Poor women were sometimes met in the streets, angrily railing against these cozening knaves, comparing them, with their black faces, to devils who undid the poor whom God loved.

On one occasion, as the story runs, a leger brought a load of coals (charcoal) that had come in barges from Kent to Billingsgate, and sold several sacks to a cook's wife on St. Mary's Hill for 14 pence the couple. The wife, seeing the cheat, called her little girl, and bade her run for the constable, to teach the cozening rogue to deal with false sacks, and to have him up before my Lord Mayor. On the collier trying to escape, the virago snatched up a spit, and swore she would broach him if he stirred. The collier, afraid of the pillory, left the coals and the sacks as a pledge, and unpaid ran to his load, and so escaped.

A flaxwife in the suburbs, being once deceived in the same way, said nothing, but ordered two more sacks, and against the cheat's coming collected sixteen of her neighbours, each with a cudgel under her apron. The collier, decoyed into the room, was locked in, and, surprised to see such a collection of his customers, all of whom he remembered to have cheated, cried, "God speed you all,

shrews!" "Welcome!" they answered. One jolly dame, who had been appointed judge, then told him they had come as a grand jury, and that he was indicted of cozenage. On his trying to get out, five or six women started up and fell upon him with their cudgels, bidding him speak more reverently to their principal. The trial then began; a jury was appointed, the flaxwife gave evidence, and measured the coals before the jury, upon which the rogue was found guilty and condemned to the bastinado. Then, in spite of his struggles, they fell upon him, broke his head, and drove him out of doors without sacks, coals, or money.

The watermen, or water-rats, as they were called in jest, were greater extortionists than our own cabmen, diligent and civil till they got a passenger into their boat, but scurrilous and violent if their unjust charge of fare was refused. If the passenger were a servant or an apprentice, they would stop his hat or cloak for the money; their pay being twopence out of every twelve they could get. Sometimes they caught a tartar, got their heads broke, and their proper fee refused. They used to sit in noisy knots on the water stairs, waiting for fares, and disputing for them when they came. Their boats had not unfrequently striped tilts, and their cry was "Westward, ho! or, Eastward, ho!" "Oars or sculls?" according as they

were pulling up or down the river. Their great achievement was shooting London Bridge; their great harvests, days of procession to Richmond or Greenwich, or the season of popularity of some new play, when Burbage was wonderful in Richard III., or Kemp irresistible in the fool of Twelfth Night. They were famous for their coarse wit, and were formidable by their number and spirit of cooperation. Their boats formed as fine a nursery for the navy as the colliers do now.

The saddler, who sold rich embroidered housings and high-peaked war saddles and pillions, was in the habit of stuffing them with straw or hay, and making them of the leather of tanned sheep's instead of pigs' skin. The joiner put in green wood in parts of a building where soundness and strength were essentially requisite. The cutler would keep pliant blades that could be relied on for ruffians and bravoes, and to novices and gallants sold old blades new glazed, which he would swear had just come from Turkey or Toledo.

The butcher's frauds were innumerable.* He would blow and stretch his meat, or wash stale joints with fresh blood. The fraudulent brewers and bakers, the one as pale as the other was fat, were often exhibited crop-eared

* Green's Quip for an Upstart Courtier.

in the London pillories. The first would sometimes grow to be worth 40,000*l.* by selling sodden water with too much hop and too little malt; the second in one dear year turned his daughter into a gentlewoman by making his bread heavy with salt and yeast, in spite of the daily visit of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who went round the shops to weigh suspicious loaves. The tapster limed his sack, frothed his ale, gave short measure, and overscored the drunkard.

The butchers' shops, however, astonish us by their prices: a fat ox, 26*s.*; a fat wether, 3*s.* 4*d.*; and the same price for a fat calf; a fat lamb, 12*d.*; three pounds of beef, a penny. Everywhere the same cheapness: milk from a farm in the Minories, the three ale pints, 1½*d.* in summer, and 2½*d.* in winter. Wine, too, is very cheap, and within the reach of any poor man, though not quite so much so as in Henry VIII.'s time, when, by statute, Gascon wine was sold at 8*s.* the gallon, and the cheapest at 1*d.* a pint, and 4*d.* the pottle. Malmsey and sack at 6*s.* the gallon.

The tanner, instead of allowing his skins to remain in soak nine months, ripened them prematurely with marl and ash bark *, so that they looked well, but remained soft and fibrous. He obtained the stamp of the Leadenhall

* Green's Quip for an Upstart Courtier.

dealers by frequent bribes. The currier, who bought of the tanner, acted as a middleman, and extorted money from the poor shoemakers, selling them, at high prices, poor and ill-tanned leather. An Act was indeed passed to prevent this, but the tanner avoided it by pretending to use the curriers' rooms as a warehouse.

The shoemaker, nothing behind his fellows, cheated in every way possible, joining neat leather vamps to calf leather heels; and, as a race, they were considered drinkers and spendthrifts, just as London tailors were laughed at for their fondness for buttered toast, or butchers and tinkers thought turbulent. The skinner's fraud consisted in selling the skins of the bellies of animals instead of that of the backs; and if they obtained any unknown, worthless, or spotted fur, declaring it was a most precious skin from Muscovy or the furthest parts of Calabria.

The chirurgeons, to sum up this catalogue of knaves, neglected the poor and robbed the rich. Quacks were universal; many physicians charged as high as 1*l.* for a single visit, and even then adulterated their medicines.

The Puritans repeated all these charges. The drapers, they said, strained their cloth till all its strength was gone *; the clothiers sheared the nap off, and thickened it

* Stubbe's Display of Corruptions.

by the help of the fuller; the goldsmiths sold half dross for pure metal; the vintners mixed their wines, and brought the good only to the rich man; the butchers let the blood lie in their meat to increase the weight, and pinned pieces of alien fat to lean and poor meat: the butchers complained of the graziers' prices; the graziers of the butchers. The tailors stole lace and cloth, and were in league with the drapers; the tanners only half tanned their hides; the shoes were so bad that a man required two pairs a year. "Oh, farewell former world," quoth Stubbes' father, when he got wet in his feet, "a pair of shoes in my young days would have kept a man as dry as a feather, though he had gone in water all day through, yea, all the week through, to the very last day, and would have served a man almost a whole year together without repairing." The brokers received stolen goods: their men tempted servants to steal, and bought old clothes and remnants of lace.

The chandler sold butter, cheese, fagots, candles, and crockery, and was accused of false weights and using ingredients to keep the tallow soft.

We have not improved much in these times: our tea is sloe-leaves, coloured with poison; our bread is alum, judiciously short weighted; our beer is drugged with tobacco and quassia; our arrowroot is half meal; our

calico is stiffened with flour. Trade is rotten to the root. Every thing is sham, dear, and bad. The old Whittington spirit, the honest ambition, the patriotism, the public spirit, are all past. Restless, feverish avarice has taken their place. Riches are made the *summum bonum* of life; for them principle, honest charity, love, contentment, all are sacrificed. Trade is become a legal robbery, and in its essential nature dishonest. We have forgotten that happiness consists in the true performance of duties, in love and honour, not in wealth. Money cannot givo taste, or bring affection, or purchase friends, or give wisdom, or inherit learning, or guard a man from misfortune, or make him beloved. It does not make one a good citizen, an honest shopkeeper, or a fervent friend. Those men who lived in Aldersgate and Ludgate knew this, and lived happily above their shops, and remained there to die. "Without turtle? No, no! impossible!" says an Alderman of Portsoken.

CHAP. II.

THE MANSIONS AND PALACES.

"*Falstaff.* Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich."
Henry IV. (Part II.), Act v. Sc. 3.

Characteristics of the Elizabethan House. — The Chase and Terrace. — Court-Yards. — Fountains. — Bowling-Greens. — Magnificence and Sense of Security. — Their Sanctity and Associations. — Individuality. — Romance. — Seen by Night. — Scenes in an old Mansion. — The Hall and Garden. — Fittings. — Tudor Building. — Somersetshire. — Henry VIII.'s Palace at Shene. — His Luxury. — Wolsey and Buckingham. — Existing Elizabethan Houses. — Ornamental Brick Work. — Italian Decoration. — Court Yards. — Oriels. — Cinque Cento. — Architectural Works. — Timber Work. — John Thorpe. — His Works. — Architects of the Age. — Palatial Houses. — Anecdote of Gresham. — James's Reign. — Description of Lord North's House at Kirtling. — Hawstead House. — Apartments of Elizabeth's Palace at Richmond. — Elizabethan Gardens. — Bacon's Description. — Aviaries. — Gardens at Theobald's. — The Gardens at Kenilworth.

THE aspect of the Elizabethan house is known to every Englishman. Who does not remember the gable end, the gilt vane, the stone-shafted oriel, the chimneys of moulded brick, with their rich ornaments, overgrown by the

honeysuckle or the ivy. Outside is the old terrace, with its ivied statues and roses; inside the old hall, with the lozenged floor, the stag's horns and quaint pictures. What recollections linger in the faded tapestry, the tall Flemish flagon, the shovelboard, and the worm-eaten cross-bows!

And then mark the chase,—still full of deer, and the gnarled elm where Elizabeth herself used to stand to wait for the stag of ten, with all her ladies round her, and the nobles, and the wits, and poets in the second ring,—Shakspere calm and wise; Sidney gay and ardent; and Essex fiery and impatient; Leicester dark and smiling; Ben Jonson rugged and sullen; and Raleigh proud and cold; —such a band of great men as have never since met on earth, not with Johnson at his club, with Scott at his claret, nor with Coleridge at a Highgate tea party.

The houses, built for leisure days of magnificence and display, have generally their court-yards, where the bridal or the hunting train could wind and prance, the terrace where the ladies, with merlin in their fists, could pace in company with the mad lovers in the ruff and cloak, with roses in their shoes, and gilt rapiers by their side; huge panelled rooms, stamped with heraldic devices, where grey-bearded men could entrance Shallows and Ague-cheeks with "excellent good conceited things," or perform ravishingly upon the viol or gambo. They have high clock

towers, bushed with ivy, where owls build among the bells, and from whence thundering vollies were discharged at the birth or marriage of heirs; quaint gardens, with clipped hedges, where lovers watched the fountain god who weeps perpetually for some deed done long since in the flesh; bowling-greens where the old knights and chaplains every day quarrelled and made friends; huge halls for Christmas feasts and mummings, or a chapel for secret masses or early prayers; long passages for voices at midnight and wind murmurings; and burial vaults for the dead to lie in quietly and be forgotten.

These old houses could only have been built by a nation fearing no enemy. They breathe an old secure religious grandeur and faith; they boast a richness and a sense of permanence; they were monuments and shrines, added to and improved till they became objects of pride, of love, and of adoration.

They had been sanctified by the residence of many ancestors; they seem to have shared their joys and sorrows; they had been the theatre of great actions and great crimes; they were the visible type of the greatness and wealth of a family. The love of the soil, with our reserved cold natures, became a passion as deep as it was undemonstrative. No wonder that poets and dramatists alike lamented the downfall of the patrimonial trees, the prodigal's

sale of the old mansion, and the arrival of the new heir, a stranger to the land. In the love for these old houses there was something unselfish and almost sacred; it was no mere mean exultation in the power of riches; it was a pleasure mixed with pain at the thought of past generations, a thought which roused to exertion, spurred on drooping virtue, and stimulated even the noblest energy. No wonder that the American traveller visits these mansions still as the chief characteristics of the old country, looking upon them as contemporaries of Shakspere, places where Falstaff visited and the Two Gentlemen met.

The Elizabethan houses are wonderful in their individuality. They seem to share all the hopes, and joys, and passions of the builder. They have sunny spots, caves of shadow, bright clear quadrangles, and gloomy corridors. There is no mood in your mind they will not fit. They have about them a calm stately dignity, neither self conscious nor arrogant. They do not oppress you with a sense of wealth, but greet you like old friends. They are neither flimsy nor tawdry, nor so massy and dark as to remind you of a workhouse and a gaol. They seem fit for all seasons. They are cool in summer and cheery in winter. The terrace is for June, the porch for December. The bay window is so clear and airy that you could not believe the same house had that red cavern of a fire-place,

the very shrine of comfort and of warmth, hallowed both by legend and recollection. Alas! that one cannot order an avenue ready made, that one cannot purchase a genealogy! In these old houses, the portraits frown at a mere purchaser as a stranger; the ghosts refuse to leave their churchyard beds to welcome or disturb you, and the very tenants look upon you as an upstart and an interloper.

We never see one of those old gateways, arched and massive, without imagining a hawking party setting out, the gallant shouting below to the lady who leans from the mullioned window above; feathers flying, hawks screaming, and dogs yelping. We love old places like Burleigh, with the steepled clock tower, the paved quadrangle, and pillared cloister: the broad staircases, the parapets and bossy capitals, the fan ceiling, the bartizans, the waggon roof pierced and pendant, the hall gallery for the musicians, and the heavy cornices, are all dear to us as the old familiar things of childhood.

How we dwell on the feudal grandeur of the deep embrasured windows, and the family pictures on the walls between the panelled and radiated ceilings, the broad heraldic panes, the rich fringed dais, and the stone figures that watch you from the fireplace; and then we wander in dreams, following tip-toe after Beatrice up broad hall staircases, with carved balustrades and pillared images,

Cupids, and vine wreaths, suits of armour, and sheaves of weapons, and calm, watchful, ancestral pictures. The staircase winds round, carved like a casket over head, past tapestried rooms and sounding corridors that echo even the velvet-footed maiden's step; outside in the moonlight are the clipped yews black as coffin plumes, and the fountain splashing silver on the sleeping flowers, broad swards holy and calm in the glamour light, and gilded vanes shifting and changing ever to catch the stray moonbeams. The windows are shining like bright armour, and the brook where the deer drink is breaking like melting metal over the pebbles. The lions that support the great clock in the tower, I see, are staring stonily at the hour, and the two statues in the niches bide their time in the deep shadows that rest under the roof and projecting eaves.

I step again into the hall, and see Lorenzo whispering to Jessica, and the faded banners over head whisper too, and the griffins in the oriel say nothing, but the wind is piping in the great twisted chimney-stalks where the swallow builds, and the moon glints on the great stone globes of the gateway, where the roses cling and the turf is striped with the ominous shadow as of prison bars.

But this is but one scene: there is another chamber, with Corinthian columns and Grecian statues, where grave Capulet sits reading, his cap and sword lying on the table,

and there is a bullet hole near him in the panel, and there is a legend about it which I am not going to tell here. Well may he be proud when his genealogy stare at him from the windows and from the tapestry, and is gilded on the ceiling, when his crest is round the weather mouldings, and over every gateway, and on the tiles in the hall floor. How can he, English Capulet, forget that he is of a very ancient and princely lineage?

There are rushes on the floor, and the fire-brands rest on the wings of brass pelicans; and there are old, dim mirrors on the wall, and oak buffets and carved screens, and the walls are panelled with his badge; and there are stone seats round the room, and the door is huge and clamped, and the embrasures of immense thickness. Without, the deer are feeding in the sunlight, and the boys are running at the quintain, or trying their bows; and there is a lady reading Plato at the window, where the rose struggles in. In the distance is a village of gable roofs and striped white walls; and a wedding procession is passing out across the meadows: the bride also, and the favours, and the pipers, and the fiddlers, are all coming to the Hall.

More palaces than churches had been built in England during the reign of the Tudors,—a sure proof that luxury

had more votaries than religion. The Reformation was approaching, and the nobles were increasing in power.

Somersetshire alone, a county devoted to the Lancastrian cause, is rich in perpendicular churches. The feudal power being crushed by the wars of the Roses, the nobles, having no longer enemies to conquer, contented themselves with domestic grandeur, and turned their castles into sumptuous mansions. Hospitality increased as travelling and commerce increased, and more retainers rendered necessary more apartments.

Henry VII. built a pleasant palace at Shene, in Surrey, to which he gave his own title of Richmond: no vestige of it now remains. It was here Elizabeth frequently resided, — here she died; and it was from one of its windows that the blue ring was dropped which Lord Cary gallopped with to Scotland, as a proof of the death of the Lion Queen. It abounded with bay windows and rectangular and semicircular turrets; its octangular towers were surmounted with small cupolas terminating in rich crockets and gilded vanes.

The luxury of the times may be gathered from the fact that Henry VIII., rich with the abbey money, himself built or repaired no less than ten palaces: Beaulieu in Essex, Hunsdon in Herts, Ampthill in Bedfordshire, Nonsuch in Surrey, York Place at Whitehall; besides

Bridewell and Blackfriars, St. James's, Westminster, Kimbolton, Huntingdonshire, Sheriff Hutton in Yorkshire, and King's Langley, Herts.

The *Red Man*, as his enemies called Wolsey, rivalled his royal master, by building his regal colleges of Christchurch and Ipswich; he completed Hampton Court, rebuilt York House (Whitehall), and Esher in Surrey.

The unfortunate Duke of Buckingham surpassed even the Cardinal in his still unfinished palace at Thornbury. The Duke of Suffolk built Grimsthorpe. The Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey reared magnificent mansions at Kenninghall (Norfolk), and Mount Surrey, near Norwich. Amongst other noble Tudor erections, we may also mention, for the very names call up a thousand associations, Haddon Hall, Derbyshire (in ruins); Cowdray, Sussex, burnt in 1793; Hewer Castle, Kent; Gosfield Hall, Essex, still perfect; Hengrave Hall, Suffolk; Layes-Marney, Essex, now in ruins; Raglan Castle, Monmouthshire, destroyed by Fairfax; Hunsdon House, Herts, rebuilt; South Wingfield, Derbyshire, dilapidated; Hill Hall, Essex; Wolteston in East Basham, Norfolk, ruined; Harlaxton, Lincolnshire; and Westwood, Worcestershire, still perfect.

Now that defence and strength were no longer the primary requisites of a building, gate-houses, bay-windows,

and quadrangular courtyards, were soon added to the old fortresses. Red brick was more used now that no cannon were to be feared; and towards the end of the Tudor period, Trevij and Holbein introduced the use of moulded terra cotta. Sometimes the brickwork was plaistered, pointed, and adorned with external alto-reliefs, generally the work of Italian workmen. Italian paintings began to enrich the rooms; plate became a work of art, and not a mere display of wealth. The tapestry was richer and of finer workmanship. At Layes-Marney, and other places, bricks of two colours, highly glazed, were used for variegating the surface, and were worked in lozenge and geometric patterns. The chimney shafts, proud types of hospitality, were twisted, wreathed, diapered, and often decorated with busts, or the arms and cognizances of the founders. The gateways were justly made the prominent feature of the house. Those at Whitehall, designed by Holbein, were constructed with different coloured bricks, over which were appended four large circular medallions containing busts.

The bay-window, invented a century before the Tudor age, was at first simply a projecting opening between two buttresses, generally placed at the end of a room, and occupying the bay of a building. At Thornbury Castle it consists of right angles intersected by circles. When

placed at the end of a great hall, it reached in a broad crystal sheet from the roof to the floor. It sometimes consisted of nine or ten stages, and at banquets was furnished with shelves of gold and silver plate. The walls were wainscoted with carved oak panels, and these were furnished with cipher mottoes.

The court was quadrangular, and besides a great staircase near the hall had generally hexangular towers containing steps. Towers were often found at each angle of the great court, rising above the parapets, and grouping well with the lofty ornamented chimneys. The windows are flat-topped, and divided in the head by transoms, and crowned with embattled work. The vaultings are covered with stained stalactite pendants and fan tracery. The flying buttresses are highly ornamented. The walls are loaded with decorations: no plain stone is left to rest the eye. Fretwork figures, niches, canopies, pedestals, and traceries, complete the glory of this style.

The old architects required that in this order of architecture the parlour should join the hall on one side, and the buttery and pantry on the other; the kitchen joining the buttery, and the pastry-house and larder the kitchen. The gate-house was opposite the hall door; the privy

chamber joined the great chamber of estate, and many of the rooms had a prospect into the chapel.

In Elizabeth's reign the Cinque-cento began to mingle with the Tudor style, and a strange, incongruous mixture was formed of Gothic and classical,—an unnatural union. It is characterised by orders, rudely profiled by arcades, with openings extravagantly wide; the columns of the piers are as pedestals, and are frequently joined by square blocks at regular intervals. When square, they are decorated with prismatic ornaments in imitation of precious stones. The entablatures are broken, and inscriptions are placed in twisted scrolls with curling ends. In tombs the figures were coloured, and various marbles and alabasters of different and conflicting tints were intermingled with much skill, but small art. The altar tombs were generally placed under an open arcade, with a rich and complicated entablature. The columns were of black and white marble, of the Doric or Corinthian order. A favourite ornament of this age was formed by small pyramidal figures, whose sides are veneered with various coloured pieces disposed in ornamented squares or circles supporting globes. Armorial bearings, a mass of gold and vermilion, nauseate us by their repetition. When the monument is placed against the wall, the form is generally of an alcove with columns. The most interesting examples of this style

are the monuments of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth; those of Ratcliffe, Earl of Surrey, at Boreham, and his Countess at Westminster; of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, at Warwick; and of Carey, Lord Hunsdon, at Westminster.

Architecture once under Italian auspices assumed a more scientific character. The treatises of Lomazzo and Philibert de Lorme were translated into English;[1] and no building was constructed without a studied plan. John Shute, an architect sent by Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, to study in Italy, published a book on his return, on the subject of "Ancient and Famous Monuments."

The Tudor plan now underwent many modifications. The parapets and porticoes were carved into fantastic and grotesque shapes; the galleries were lofty and wide, and sometimes more than a hundred feet long; the staircases were spacious and magnificent, filling up half the hall. Elizabeth herself, always cautious and saving, like her grandfather, built nothing but the Royal Gallery at Windsor; but Leicester expended 60,000*l.* on Kenilworth alone.

Timber frame-work became common in country manor-houses, and particularly in the counties of Salop, Chester, and Stafford. Wherever stone and brick were scarce

they increased and multiplied. The carved pendants, the barge boards of the roofs and gables, were executed in oak and chesnut, with much beauty of design and a singularly pleasing effect. The corbels were formed by fantastic figures of extreme grotesqueness and curiosity. This fashion came from Flanders; and on the Continent it was carried to perfection. Our architectural luxury is selfishly hid: Elizabethan architecture was intended to please the traveller, the neighbour, and the passer-by. Its inconveniences were, that the rooms in street houses were low and dark, the streets narrow and dim.

One of the greatest architects of this age was John Thorpe. His plans generally consist of three sides of a quadrangle; the portico in the centre being an open arcade, finished by a turreted cupola. The quadrangles are frequently surrounded by an open corridor; the windows are large and lofty, mostly alternated with bows, and always on the flanks; the ornaments are Cinque-cento, and are debased, and mere imitations of the works of Lescot and Vignola. His chimneys are grouped and embellished with Roman Doric columns.

His best works were Buckhurst House, in Sussex; Sir Thomas Heneage's house at Copthall, in Essex; the Willoughbys' house at Wollaton, Nottinghamshire; Burleigh House, Sir Walter Coape's; Holland House, Ken-

sington; Sir Anthony Coke's, Gidden Hall, Essex; Sir Thomas Cecil's at Wimbledon; Sir Thomas George's, Longford Castle, Wilts; Sir Christopher Hatton's at Holdenby; Audley End, Sir Walter Covert's, in Sussex; Kirby Castle, Bethnal Green.

For himself Thorpe designed a strange edifice. He formed his plan on the initial letters of his name, J and T, with this epitaph: —

"These two letters, I and T
Joyned together as you see,
Make a dwelling-house for me."
John Thorpe.

The I was devoted to offices, and the T distributed into small and large apartments.

A contemporary of Thorpe's was Robert Adams, surveyor of the queen's buildings, who was buried at Greenwich. He translated Ubaldini's account of the defeat of the Spanish Armada from Italian into Latin.

Bernard Adams and Lawrence Bradshaw were also distinguished architects of this reign. Gerard Christmas and Bernard Jansen built Northampton, afterwards Suffolk, now Northumberland House. His cypher was visible in the street front, and the letters H. U. P. were worked into the balustrade, and pierced so that the day might shine through them. Bernard Jansen is supposed

to have been the architect who built Audley End for the Earl of Suffolk, and probably finished Sion House for the Earl of Northumberland.

Robert and Huntingdon Smithson, father and son, were engaged in finishing Wollaton Hall in Nottinghamshire, and Bolsover in Derbyshire. In the Schools at Oxford Thomas Holle pedantically and incongruously introduced, united in one building, all the five orders.

Terraces and flights of steps were the ornaments of all these houses. Sir Robert Cecil's seat was a fine example of this. The building being on a slope rendered it necessary to raise between the brick wall of the lower court and the tall door of the hall five ascents of three score and ten steps, varied by balustrades and other distinctions; the platforms were of Flanders brick, the steps of well-wrought freestone. On the ground floor was the stone gallery, a room 108 feet long, pillared and arched with grey marble. The ceiling of the hall was of fret or farge work, in the middle a well-wrought landscape, and round the centre seven other framed pictures. The floor was of black and white marble.

The following are a few of the palatial houses finished before 1600:—Catlege, Cambridgeshire, Lord North's, now taken down; Basinghouse, Marquis of Winchester, Hunts, in ruins; Kelston, Sir J. Harrington's, Somerset,

rebuilt; Gorhambury, Sir N. Bacon's, Herts, in ruins; Buckhurst, Lord Buckhurst's, Sussex, destroyed; Knowle, Kent, Lord Buckhurst's, still perfect; Penshurst, Kent, Sir H. Sidney's, perfect; Kenilworth, Earl of Leicester's, in ruins; Hunsdon, Lord Hunsdon's, Warwick, rebuilt; Wanstead, Essex, Earl of Leicester's, destroyed; Burleigh, Lincoln, Lord Burleigh's, still perfect; Osterly, Middlesex, Sir Thomas Gresham's, rebuilt; Longleat, Wilts, Sir J. Mynere's, still standing; Stoke Pogis, Bucks, Earl of Huntingdon's, rebuilt; Toddington, Beds, Lord Cheyne's, destroyed; Theobald's, Herts, Lord Burleigh's, destroyed; Wimbledon, Surrey, Sir T. Cecil's, rebuilt; Westwood, Sir J. Pakington's, Worcester, perfect; Hardwicke, Derby, Countess of Shrewsbury's, in ruins.

Of Osterly the following anecdote is told. Queen Elizabeth, when visiting Sir T. Gresham, remarked that the court should have been divided by a wall. He immediately collected so many artificers, that the wall was erected before the Queen had arisen the next morning.

In James's reign the angular and circular windows disappeared; they grew square and tall, they then were generally divided by transoms and placed in lengthened rows. Battlements were omitted; the effect of the pile becomes one of massive solidity, broken by a square central turret higher than those at the angles. They were more

massive, more gloomy, and less picturesque than those of Elizabeth's reign. A more minute description of a mansion will not be uninteresting.

Kirtling, Lord North's residence, was situated in the woody part of Cambridgeshire, about five miles from Newmarket. Queen Elizabeth visited him here in 1578, and is said to have once presented him with a scarf, as a victor in a tournament; and he afterwards fought with great courage at Zutphen.

This house was built in Henry the Eighth's reign, for the first Lord North was Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations, and shared in the spoil of the monasteries. It was entered from a small lawn under a square brick tower with four turrets; then up a flight of stone steps, you crossed a narrow paved terrace which led to the porch, and from thence passed to the ante-hall passage; through this lies the great hall, where there is a screen gallery and an organ. The room has a high table and an oriel window at the upper end; the side windows are very lofty, and opposite the old fireplace. The walls are hung with paintings; a passage leads to the chapel, round which, in compartments, are the heads of the Twelve Apostles; the family pew is entered from a room up stairs, and in the screen of the chapel is carved, —

"Orate pro bono statu Edoardi Northe et Alice Northe:"

the window is of stained glass.

By a singular transition from heaven to the world, the chapel of Kirtling led to the ball-room, which was hung with portraits; the windows were richly emblazoned with arms and heraldic badges; the dining-room brought you to an apartment hung with tapestries of battles. The stairs were also adorned with pictures. On the top of the stairs is a small ante-chamber leading to the gallery of the chapel. In the next room, hung with tapestry, is a good Flemish painting of Susannah and the Elders; and in an adjoining room, also adorned with arras, is a small balcony, which commands a view of the surrounding country. The next room was one where Queen Elizabeth was said to have been concealed during the persecuting reign of her sister; in one corner of it is a door leading into an octagon closet in a tower, with an opening to the leads, where she used to take the air. Her old bed of crimson velvet fringed with gold is still to be seen.

The old house was raised on a platform, and surrounded with a deep and broad moat filled with water. The arms of Lord Dudley are seen on the walls, which are all of brick, only the borders of the windows and the door cases being of stone.

Let us visit another.

In 1578 Elizabeth visited Sir William Drury at Hawstead House, in Suffolk.

This mansion seems to have been a beautiful example of Elizabethan architecture in all its most romantic and interesting features. It was seated on an eminence gently sloping towards the south. The design was a quadrangle, the enclosure of which was called the Base Court. Three of the sides consisted of barns, stables, a mill-house, slaughter-house, blacksmith's ship, and other offices, for these houses were complete villages in themselves; the entrance was by a gate-house in the centre of the south side, over which were chambers for servingmen. The mansion-house, also a quadrangle, formed the fourth side, standing higher than the other buildings, and detached from them by a wide moat, lined with brick, and surrounded by a handsome terrace commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. The approach to the house was by a flight of steps, and a strong brick arch of three arches, through a small jealous wicket formed in a great well-timbered gate.

The first object that struck the visitor in the inner court was a stone figure of Hercules, with a club in one hand, and the other resting on his hip. Above the pedestal flowed the water, which came, by leaden pipes, from a pond three miles off, and passed into a stone basin

beneath the statue. The inner court in which this figure stood included an area of about fifty-eight feet square. The walls of the house were covered with the Pyracanthus, once a very rare plant.

Having passed the wicket, a door in the gateway on the right conducted the stranger to a small apartment called the smoking-room, a favourite appendage to old houses. Adjoining to this was a large wood closet, and a passage that led to a dining-room, which contained a large buffet. These rooms occupied half the south front. At the end of the dining-room was a cloister forty-five feet long, fronting the east, and looking into a flower garden within the walls of the moat. The cloister terminated in a kitchen, well supplied with long oak tables and rows of pewter flagons and black jacks.

On the left hand of the entrance and opposite the smoking-room was the chapel, and through this a door led to the drawing-room, or largest parlour, which filled up the rest of the south front.

Adjoining the parlour was a large hall, with a screen of brown wainscot at one end, and a door leading to the buttery, which formed the west side of the square.

Beneath these apartments were the cellars, vaulted with brick. The north side was occupied by the kitchen and other offices; and at the back was the drawbridge. All

these rooms were raised twelve feet above the surface of the moat.

Over the gateway chapel and largest parlour were the royal apartments, which were approached by a staircase out of the hall. Bed chambers and the still room occupied the rest of the story.

Amongst other chambers there was a small one, called the painted closet, intended for an oratory, (such rooms are no longer required). It was wainscoted, and the painted panels were covered with sentences, emblems, and mottoes: at the top ran the following legends:—

"Quod sis esse velis, nihilque malis.
Summam nec metuas diem, neque optes.
Quæ cupio haud capio,
Parva sed apta mihi, nec tamen hic requies.
Nunquam minus sola, cum quam sola.
Amplior in cœlo domus est,
Frustra nisi Dominus."

Amongst other emblems there were a bear in his den, with the motto "obscure, secure;" a boar trampling on roses, "odi profanum vulgus;" a bucket descending into a well, "descendo ut implear;" a blackamoor pointing to a room, "Jam sumus ergo pares;" a blackamoor smoking a pipe, "Intus idem."

The windows were spacious and high; over the porches were the arms of Drury, gay and grand, with their sixteen

quarterings. The walls of the house were of timber and plaster, and were stuck with fragments of glass that turned the walls to gold in the sun and to silver in the moonlight.

We must remember too the internal fittings,—the high-backed chairs; the carved oak chests; the rich etymologies woven in the hangings; the buffet with its silver posset cups and bright flagons; the floors strewn with fresh rushes, or laid with carpets and matting; the windows latticed; wood fires on the hearth, and seats in the chimney corner.

The mere enumeration of the apartments of Elizabeth's palace at Richmond may give the reader some idea of the multiplication of domestics in this reign.

Below the great hall were the great buttery, the buttery chamber, the silver chamber, and the saucery. The hall was 100 feet long. . . . The brick hearth stood in the midst under a lanthorn roof; it was tiled, and adorned with eleven statues. At one end was a gallery, and under it a screen and a dais. At the north end of the hall was a small clock tower.

The privy lodgings consisted of three stories, with twelve rooms on each story. The lower chambers were the waiters' chamber, the robe rooms, the four rooms of the master of horse, the servants' dining room, and the three rooms of the groom of the stole.

In the middle story were the lobby, lit by the lanthorn

in the roof, the guard room, the presence chamber, the privy closet, the privy chamber, the passage, the bed chamber, the withdrawing chamber, the school chamber, and the room for the pages of the bed-chamber.

The third story contained twelve chambers, and the whole building sixteen turrets. The courtyard was twenty-four feet broad, and forty feet long. The centre tower, four stories high, contained four rooms and a stone staircase 120 steps in ascent. The chapel building, three stories high, covered the cellar in the middle story, three rooms for the garner of the wine cellar, and two groom porters' rooms. The chapel was 96 feet long and 130 broad.

The Queen's closet was two stories high, containing a kitchen, a poultry room, and the Queen's closet opening into the chapel. The Prince's closet, two stories high, comprised the entry, two vestry rooms, and a closet opening into the chapel. The middle gate, two stories high, led to the hall and the lord chamberlain's lodgings. In the centre of the inner court stood a fountain.

Three ranges of building, two stories, lying round a fair and spacious court, included the wardrobe, and were entered by a gate from the green. Here were rooms for the cup-bearer, carver, server, grooms of the privy chamber, the spicery, the chandlery, cofferer, the clerk of the green

cloth, the apothecary, the confectioner, the housekeeper, the porter, the chaplains, and the gentlemen of the bedchamber. In another corner were the pantry and larders, and rooms for their attendants; a tennis court, an open tiled gallery, led to the privy garden and orchards, with rooms for the gardeners. The Friars, another part of the palace, once a convent, was now a chandler's shop. Near the privy kitchen, with its iron racks, dressers, and cisterns, were eight rooms for the cooks. The "living" kitchen was surmounted by a turret. Two stories were devoted to the flesh, pastry, and fish larders. Over the flesh larder was the boiling-house; over the second, three rooms for the yeomen of the pastry; over the last, which was floored with stone, four rooms for the clerk of the kitchen; these rooms stood round a court adjoining the water.

Besides these there were the poultry house, the scalding house, the armoury room, and the ale buttery. The woodyard lodging, with the pitcher house and coal house, contained seven rooms for the scullery men and two rooms for the clerk of the woodyard. The plumbery contained rooms belonging to the clerk of the works: near the armoury and bakery the park-keeper lived.

The privy garden was surrounded by a brick wall. In the middle it contained a round knot divided into

four quarters, with a yew in the centre, and sixty-two fruit trees on the wall. The great orchard was cut into one great square and one small triangle flanked with 283 cherry and other trees.

The privy orchard contained thirty-nine fruit trees. In the housekeeper's yard stood a pigeon house; in the great orchard an aviary, where doves were kept.*

Here was a town contained under a single roof, a vast family held within the same walls; all loving and hating, and wooing and fighting, within this network of courts, passages, towers, and chambers. Serviingmen squabbling in the kitchen; butlers drunk in the cellars; pages stealing in the buttery; wenches chattering and being kissed in the pastry room; matrons busy in the still room; stewards weighing money in the bursary; gallants duelling in the orchard; lovers meeting on the staircase. Days of romance gone to the grave for ever.

"God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy works," says Bacon.

A garden was man's first prison, replied Lamb or Hazlitt, and if man had no other then were despotism

* Nictolis Properses, vol. ii. p. 412.

easy to be borne, and a republic a useless Utopia. My Lord Bacon, with the stately methodical fervour of his language, gives us a pleasant perception of the Elizabethan gardens, with their alcoves, fountains, statues, clipped hedges, and leafy labyrinths.

The borders were bright in all seasons, though half our present flowers were then unknown. In December and January there were fragrant herbs and evergreen trees; the holly, ivy, bay, juniper, cypress, yew, pine, fir, rosemary, and lavender, white and blue periwinkle, sweet marjoram in warm places, and in stoves, germander, flag, orange trees, and lemons, and myrtles. At the end of January and February came the flowering mezereon tree, the yellow and blue crocus, primroses, anemones, the early tulip, the hyacinth, the fritellaria. In March before the first swallow, the violets, the daffodil, the daisy, the almond and peach trees, the cornelian tree, and the sweet briar. When winter melted into tears and died while April wept, there rose from the tears of that holy and repentant sorrow the wallflower, the stock gilliflower, the cowslip, flower-de-luce, lilies of all natures, rosemary flowers, the tulip, the double peony, the jonquil, the French honeysuckle, the cherry blossom, the damascene plum tree, the white thorn in leaf, and the lilac tree. In May and June the blush pink, roses of all kinds but the

musk, honeysuckles, strawberries, bugloss, columbine, the French marigold, Flos Africanus, cherry in fruit, ribes, figs in fruit, rasps, vine flowers, lavender flower, sweet satyrian, herba muscaria, lilium convallium, and apple blossom.

In July gilliflowers, musk roses, lime blossoms, early pears and plums, genittings and codlins. In August rich coloured fruits, pears, apricots, barberries, filberts, musk melons; and in flowers, monkshood. In September, poppies; in fruits, grapes, apples, peaches, melocotones, nectarines, cornelians, wardens, and quinces. In October and November, services, medlars, bullace; and in flowers, late roses and hollyoaks.

But Bacon's great delight was, when he came out from the hot laboratory or sulphurous still-room, to smell the breath of flowers, coming and going in the air like the warbling of music. For this purpose he preferred the musk rose and the white double violet which flowered twice a year, about the middle of April and at Bartholomew tide. Strawberry leaves when dying give, he says, a cordial smell; and next to these he prefers the vine flowers and sweet briar under a parlour or lower chamber window: and after these the matted pink, close gilliflower, the lime flower, and honeysuckles for a distance. For the pleasure of their perfume Bacon

recommends alleys of burnet, wild thyme, and water mints, which yield a perfume when crushed under foot.

For a princely garden about thirty acres of ground was required, the whole being divided into three parts, of which one was the main plot with side alleys, another a green, and the third a heath. The green at the entrance required four acres of ground, six to the heath, twelve to the main garden, and four each to its two wings. The green was to be of grass finely shorn, with a covered walk about twelve feet in height of carpenters' work on either side, by which you might enter the garden on hot days.

Borders of coloured earth in various shapes were not unfrequent, and were generally between the garden and the house. Bacon's model garden, with its recurrent flowers and "*ver perpetuum*," was a square, and encompassed on four sides with a stately arched hedge, — the arches reared on wooden pillars ten feet high and six broad; over these arches were hedges four feet high, supported by wooden frames, and over every arch a turret hollowed so as to receive a bird-cage, and above this a figure with broad plates of round coloured glass gilt, for the sun to play on: and this hedge was raised on a gently sloping bank, six feet high, set with flowers.

On either side of the garden square were to be side walks, but no hedge on either end, lest the green or the

heath should not be seen through the arches. Within were figures cut in juniper, although Bacon liked not such children's play; in some places were fair columns upon wooden frames, and little low ledges and pyramids. In the very middle stood a mount with three winding ascents to alleys wide enough for four to walk abreast. The hills were thirty feet high, and crowned by a banqueting house with chimneys.

Nor were fountains, the beauty and refreshment of a garden, ever forgotten. They were of two sorts, the jet and the basin; the latter were often thirty or forty feet square, and were sometimes used as bathing pools. They were always paved, and had, like the others, marble or gilt images; they were embellished with coloured glass, and encompassed with low rails. The water was kept in perpetual motion, and the basin was cleaned daily, lest it should grow muddy or discoloured. In some places the water was ingeniously made to rise in forms of feathers, drinking glasses, and canopies; "pretty things to look on," says Bacon.

The heath was made to resemble a natural wilderness, and was filled by thickets of sweet briar, honeysuckle, and wild vine; the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses, and all flowers that were sweet and prospered in the shade. There were also little hillocks

planted with wild thyme, and pinks, and germander; and low slopes of periwinkles, violets, strawberries, cowslips, daisies, red roses, lilium convallium, sweet-williams, bear's foot, and all low, sweet, and sightly looking flowers. Many of these humps have little standard bushes on their tops, roses, juniper, holly, barberries, red currants, gooseberries, rosemary, bays, sweet briar, which were kept thick and bushy.

The side walks were kept shady, so as to furnish shelter for all hours and in the hottest sun. Some were like galleries for protection from the wind, hedged in at both ends and finely gravelled, without grass. In some walks there were fruit trees both on walls and on espaliers, and set with flowers among the trees. At each end were mounds breast high, many level with the wall, so as to overlook the fields. The main garden was small and more open, but also had its fruit trees, and seats, and arbours, and was reserved for the walk in the heat of summer, the morning, the evening, and overcast days.

The aviaries were turfed, and were flanked with trees for the birds to nest and breed.

The gardens at Theobald's (Lord Burleigh's) were entered through a gallery painted with a genealogy of the kings of England. They were encompassed by a moat, hedged with shrubs. They abounded with labyrinths,

jet-d'eaus, white marble fountain-bowls, and wooden columns and pyramids. The summer-house in the lower semicircle contained statues of the twelve Cæsars, and a touchstone table. The upper part of the house was set round with leaden cisterns, in which, although fish were kept, were used in summer for bathing. A little bridge joined this to another arbour, which contained an oval table of red marble.

In the Hampton Court gardens the rosemary was trained to cover the wall, a practice that surprised foreign visitors.

Nonesuch Palace, at Cuddington in Surrey, was encompassed with deer parks, delicious gardens and groves, ornamented with trees cut into shapes. There were columns of marble, and two fountains, shaped like a circle and like a pyramid, upon which sat birds that streamed water from their bills. In the Grove of Diana was a fountain with the figure of Actæon changing into a stag; and another place full of concealed pipes, which spirted upon all who came within their reach.

Gossiping Laneham is very eloquent about the Kenilworth Garden, at which he took a timid and surreptitious peep. It was an acre or more in extent, and lay to the north of the stately castle: a pleasant terrace, ten feet high and twelve feet broad, ever under foot and fresh

with trim grass, ran beside it along the castle wall. It was set with a goodly show of obelisks and spheres, and white bears of stone, raised upon goodly bases. At each end was a fine arbour, redolent with sweet trees and flowers. The garden-plot near had fair alleys of turf, and others paved with smooth sand, pleasant to walk on as the sea shore when the wave has just retired. The enclosure was divided into four even quarters: in the midst of each, upon a base of two feet square, rose a porphyry square pilaster, with a pyramidical pinnacle fifteen feet high, pierced and hollowed and crowned with an orb. All around was covered with redolent herbs and flowers, varied in form, colour, and quantity, and mixed with fruit trees.

In the midst, opposite the terrace, stood a square aviary, joined to the north wall, in height twenty feet, thirteen long, and fourteen broad; it had four great windows, two in front and two at each end, and each five feet wide. These windows were arched, and separated by flat pilasters, which supported a cornice. The roof was of wire-net, of meshes an inch wide; and the cornice was gilded and painted with representations of precious stones. This great aviary had also eaves in the wall, for shelter from sun and heat, and for the purpose of building. Fair holly trees stood at each end, on which the birds might

perch and pounce. They had a keeper to attend to their seeds and water, and to clean out their enclosure. The birds were English, French, and Spanish. Some were from America; and Laneham is "deceived" if some were not from the Canary Islands.

In the centre of this miniature Paradise stood a fountain, with an octagonal basin rising four feet high; in the midst stood the figures of two Athletes, back to back, their hands upholding a fair marble bowl, from whence sundry fine pipes distilled continual streams into the reservoir. Carp, tench, bream, perch, and eel, disported in the fresh falling water; and on the top of all the ragged staff was displayed; on one side Neptune guided his sea-horses with his trident, on another stood Thetis with her dolphins. Here Triton and his fishes, there Proteus and his herds, Doris and her daughter, and half the Nereids, disported in sea and sand, surrounded by whales; sturgeons, tunnies, and conch shells, all engraven with exquisite device and skill. By the sudden turn of a tap, the spectator could be drenched at the pleasure of any wit.

Laneham here gets so violently rhetorical, and yet so evidently labours to describe a real delight, that to give an impression of the scenes in which Viola mused or Rosalind wandered, we feel tempted to transcribe it.

" A garden then so appointed, as wherein aloft upon

sweet shadowed walk of terrace, in heat of summer, to feel the pleasant whisking wind above, or delectable coolness of the fountain spring beneath; to taste of delicious strawberries, cherries, and other fruits, even from their stalks; to smell such fragrancy of sweet odours breathing from the plants, herbs, and flowers; to hear such natural melodious music and tunes of birds; to have in eye for mirth sometimes these under-springing streams; then the woods, the waters (for both pool and chase were hard at hand in sight), the deer, the people (that out of the east arbour in the base court also at hand in view), the fruit trees, the plants, the herbs, the flowers, the change in colours, the birds flittering, the fountain streaming, the fish swimming, all in such delectable variety, order, and dignity, whereby at one moment, in one place at hand, without travel, to have so full fruition of so many of God's blessings, by entire delight unto all senses (if all can take) at once, for etymon of the word worthy to be called Paradise; and though not so good as Paradise for want of the fair rivers, yet better a great deal by the lack of so unhappy a tree. Argument most certain of a right noble mind, that in this sort could have thus all contrived."

CHAP. III.

A DAY'S AMUSEMENT.

"I am a fellow of the strangest mind in the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether."

Twelfth Night, Act i. Sc. 3.

The Walk in Paul's. — The Ordinary. — Bear Garden and Bartholomew Fair. — Elizabethan Amusements. — Qualifications of a Courtier. — Hardy Training. — Versatility of Character. — Sociality of Elizabethan Life. — No Jealousy of Class. — Distinctions of Class. — The Gallant's Morning. — Promenade in St. Paul's. — Si quis? Wall. — Serving-Man's Pillar. — Ordinary. — Dinner. — Theatre. — Seat on the Stage. — Characters in Paul's Walk. — Courtier and Templar. — Country Gentlemen. — Adventurers. — Duke Humphrey's Dinner. — Poor Curates — and Scholars. — Quack Doctor. — The Noise of Paul's. — Exchange of News. — The Lawyer's Pillar. — Thieves. — History of St. Paul's. — Fire. — Paul's Cross. — Poet and Player. — Country Vicar. — Citizen and Wife. — Master. — Description of Paul's Walk. — Varieties of Ordinaries. — Characters. — Manners. — Cards. — Tavern Life. — Parting. — Watches. — Interior of a Prison. — Scenes at City Gates. — Bear Garden. — Baiting. — Names of Bears. — Bear-Baiting at Kenilworth. — Puritans attack the Abuse. — Whipping Blind Bears. — Ape on Horseback. — Allusions to Paris Gardens in Shakspere. — Gaming. — Tricks of Gamesters. — False Dice. — Bowling. — Fleet Prisoners. — Cock-Fighting. — Rules and Max-

ims. — The Jugglers of the Day. — Head of St. John the Baptist. — Various Tricks. — Banks and his Horse Morocco. — Jugglers' Language. — Bartholomew Fair. — Roast Pig and Bottle Ale. — Ballad Sellers. — Cries and Stalls. — Diversions. — Kindheart the Dentist. — Tarleton and Cuckoo. — Scenes in the Crowd. — A Tavern. — Stories of the Plague, or "Stop Gallant." — Poor Tutor. — The Apparitor. — Song Seller. — Smoking. — No Allusion to it in Shakspere. — Abuse of it. — Eulogies. — Methods of taking it. — King James's Pamphlet. — Extracts.

The Mercutios of the time of Shakspere had many ways of killing time. There was the promenade at Paul's, a duty and a pleasure; the ordinary and news-agents' at noon, by no means to be missed; the theatre at two, and the court revels in the evening.

For a lower class, there was archery and the quintain, the fencing-school and sword and buckler play, the dancing-school, the bear-garden, and the cock-pit; dice to fill up the leisure hours, and the last new juggler, or the newest motion (puppet-show) to visit and criticise.

An accomplished squire of dames, in these days of refined gallantry, was required to play well on the viol de gambo, take part in a madrigal, dance all the complicated dances of the day, from the bounding lavolta to the stately pavin, fence like a master, and ride like a Centaur. He must know how to hamstring a wild deer when at bay, and to cut it up when he had killed it. He was compelled to learn how to pen a sonnet and an acrostic; know Italian

and French; to be read in the poets, and to parley with his mistress in the Euphuistic language of the day. Besides this, he was compelled to play at tennis, shovel-board, bowls, gleek, and primero; was expected to have visited Venice, and floated in a gondola, if not, to have served a campaign or so in the Low Countries.

This was the training that produced such characters as Gratiano and Benedick; as gay, witty, brave, reckless, as staunch, loyal, and honest. If the character occasionally degenerated into such villains as Iago, or foolish Quixotic fops as Sir Armado, the education that produced a Sidney and a Raleigh is not to be blamed. It must be allowed the gallants, though chivalric, were quarrelsome; though courteous, somewhat stiff and fantastic, but at the same time, we must claim for them the reputation of loyalty, courage, imagination, and intellectual subtlety. Their friendships were more fervent than ours, and their religion more vital; their faith stronger, and their patriotism more heroic. Many of these silken creatures that cut themselves with daggers, kissed their hands to ideal ladies, and committed all sorts of extravagances in their honour, bore without a groan all the midnight tortures of the Inquisition, or threw themselves into the fires of Spain to perish beside a dying countryman. These men died at Zutphen, and bled at Cadiz. These men swept the Ar-

mada from the seas, and laid the basis of our colonial empire. Their soft bodies turned to iron in the heat of combat: they grappled with Frenchman and Spaniard, Walloon and Indian, and in the long wrestle threw them all and won the palm.

The peculiar feature of Elizabethan life was its sociability. Every day friends met at Paul's, the tavern, or the theatre. The life of the rich and poor, the higher and the middle classes, were more contrasted, and yet less isolated than at present. The one pursued pleasure always; the other only at defined and well-known intervals. The courtier had his daily promenade, daily public dinner, daily theatre, and daily revels. The tradesman had his guild feast, his occasional play, his city pageant, his walk in Finsbury Fields, or excursion to Hogsden, Islington, or Pimlico. There was no intermingling,—let us never forget this,—little rivalry, and therefore no jealousy of class. The citizen in his rich stall by Paul's, or in Gracious Street, was happy with his pretty neat wife and his stout prentices: he could see the court masques, or ride to the common hunt, and there his ambition ended. Occasionally a knight, involved in debt, or entangled in love, would marry a citizen's daughter; but when he did so it was an exception, and not a rule. The citizens' wives were ridiculed for their extravagance in dress, but never

mingled with ladies at revel or pageant. Their language was simply quaint, and larded with proverbs or colloquial sayings.

Reviewing a day's amusement, we will begin with Paul's, proceed to the one o'clock ordinary, passing on to the theatre, bull-ring, jugglers' booth, and tavern gambling-house, to end with the prison.

In all these scenes there was more character, more piquancy, more adventure, and more danger than now. There were spies to be shunned, Jesuits to be detected, plotters of all classes to be avoided, armed stabbers to be trod under foot, and cheats to be detected and smitten on the mouth. For the ambitious there were trials of wit, jesting combats, challenges to rhyme, and competing descriptions of travel and peril. At the ordinary there were enemies to beard and daunt, at court rivals to outshine and transplant, and at the revel hearts to win, or still harder task, to keep. The mind was perpetually called forth to the fullest exertion, and the courtier was compelled at the same time to be the student, the man of the world, and the champion and the adventurer.

Those who lived outside this life at once fell back into a distinctive class, and could not advance and retire alternately, as men may do now. The bookworm was known at a glance; the provincial, the lawyer, or the divine

had their distinctive courses and manners. The light shade of society was broad and strong; the mere business of life was varied and amusing.

The rose of fashion, in the days of cloak and dagger, seldom rose before he had heard it at least ring noon from Paul's or Bow. The fumes of canary perfumed the room like the odours of mandragora, and his brain was wearied with the wit-combats at the Mermaid or the Devil. If a scholar, he had been perhaps waking the night owl with bird songs from Aristophanes; if a courtier, he was wearied with numberless sarabands at last night's masque at the Palace, where he enacted a part; and yet it has been a long night, for all good people go to rest at ten.

He puts on all his silken bravery, his ash-coloured velvet and gold-laced cloak, or his cherry satin and blue taffety, and tying his points goes down to a solid breakfast of meat and ale. Then, mounting his Irish hobby, his Irish horseboy running at his side, and his French page behind, he hastens to the promenade at Paul's, it being now, we will suppose, not noon but only just gone eleven. Arriving at the door, he leaps off his horse, throws his bridle to the boy, and, giving him his cloak and sword, enters at the north door, and takes half a dozen turns down the "Mediterranean aisle," avoiding the servingman's pillar and the *Si Quis* (advertisement) wall, taking care to

display his jingling spurs, his gold-fringed garters, and the rich taffety lining of his cloak, which he snatches from the page. The gallant, after a few turns to prevent being taken for a hungry tenant of Duke Humphrey's house, repairs to the sempstresses' shops at the Exchange, and talks pretty euphuisms to the citizens' daughters; to the booksellers', to see the last book that had been written against the "divine weed," to con the last new play; or to the new tobacco office, to practise smoking tricks and purchase Trinidado.

If it be now half-past eleven, and the gallant be still found chatting in Paul's Walk, he will at once repair to his ordinary, first pulling out his gilded watch, setting it by the minster clock, and arranging at what hour the friend with whom he parts should meet him at the door of the Rose or Fortune, mounting his Galloway nag or Spanish jennet, whichever it might be, and, followed by his French or Irish lad, he would then repair to a fashionable ordinary, say Tarleton's, the low comedian's, in Paternoster Row. Arrived there, he enters the room, salutes his acquaintances, and, throwing off his cloak, walks up and down arm in arm with a friend. If he is a soldier, he talks of Drake's Portugal voyages or Essex's exploits at Cadiz, of the grave Maurice, or the French king, using some scraps of Italian or Spanish to proclaim himself a

travelled man, but by all means avoiding Latin. If a courtier, he would boast of his influence at Whitehall, and talk of the last game of baloon he played at Hampton with Lord A——, or how he broke a lance yesterday with Raleigh at the Tilt-yard. If a poet, he would, in drawing off his glove, drop a sonnet, and read it after much solicitation. If the meat were slow in coming, he inhaled snuff, or displayed his skill in "taking the tobacco."

Dinner over, the gallant fell to dice or hastened to the presence. If a mere lounger, he would again repair to Paul's Walk, toothpick in hand, his dress being, perhaps, changed to one of a gayer and lighter colour than that of the morning. At three the theatres opened, and he hurries off to see the celebrated tragedian Burbage, Shakspere's friend, play Richard the Third. He pays his shilling, and goes into the lords' room (the stage box), or, hiring a stool for sixpence, sits upon the stage and smokes or plays at primero, till the three trumpets announce the advent of the prologue. If fond of the drama, he stays for some two hours till Kempe has sung the last verse of his jig, and then, after an hour at the Bear Garden, if he does not study fencing and dancing, or does not need the barber's aid to trim him for the night's banquet, ends the day with some friends at a tavern, and, lit home by a page, escapes the city watch, and so to bed.

To pursue our gallant's amusements in detail we must return to Paul's, and describe more fully the Rotten Row of the seventeenth century, and the church so irreverently turned into a lounging place for idlers, cut-purses, and servants out of place.

From eleven till twelve, that is to say, an hour before the dinner was served up at the table of the city ordinaries, was the most fashionable period for the promenade in the middle aisle of Paul's. At three the Prado of old London began again to fill, and continued crowded till six.

To this spot the fashionable men hurried like merchants to the Bourse. Here paced the actor conning his part, side by side with the pennyless adventurer. Hither came the politician to talk news, and the intelligencer (spy) to listen at his back. The alchemyst, still reeking with the fumes of his elixir, repaired to Paul's to get an appetite for his hasty meal, and the poor poet to muse over the dedication of his next poem. The Precisian and the young Seminary priest jostled in the crowd. Burleighs and Shallows, Varneys and Slenders, walked together, arm in arm. The beggarly projector and the poor soldier, the rich citizen and the master of fence, the courtier fresh perfumed from the levee, and the prodigal with the straws of his prison pallet still clinging to his sleeve, rambled about Paul's, staring at the advertisements,

laughing at the epitaphs, or skipping up and down the steps that led into the choir.

To the keen observer of that age of contrasts the trade or rank of every passer-by was at once known. There is the courtier, with his gold toothpick in his hat, his long caped cloak, enormous ruff and silk stockings, eyeing a ponderous watch or adjusting the jewel in his ear. The old citizen is mumbling over his sum total, the thumb of one hand under his girdle, as pompously in his furred gown he beckons to two smart little apprentices, who follow him swinging their bats. Behind them comes the young Templar and the Inn of Court man, trim in black silk stockings, beaver hat, and sad-coloured velvet cloak (he has a taffety one for summer)*; he is of rank, for his rapier is gilt and his collar is of rich Italian lace. Holding his arm is an undoubted country gentleman, probably his father, pleased and good-humoured, surprised at everything, and looking round from each group of swaggerers to his son with a smile of pride as if not discouraged by the comparison. His dress is of somewhat ancient cut; though it is winter his cloak is of taffety, his stockings are actually yellow, and he wears pumps, which he thinks fashionable, though every one else has

* Overbury's Characters, 1765, p. 150.

boots; he carries no rapier, but an ill-hung, heavy, Henry VIII. sword, with a ton of rusty iron in the hilt. The sheriff of the country (a proud man, suspected of Papist opinions, one who quotes Bellarmine at the sessions meetings, and seldom comes to church) just passed him, and, scarcely bending at all, watched him to see if he would vail low enough. He is followed by half a dozen blue-coated servingmen, all wearing his arms in silver on their sleeves, and who elbow their way through the crowd and enter the choir, although the service is half over and the psalms already finished, while the choristers nod and whisper.

Round one pillar stand the servingmen who are waiting to be hired *, very lean, hungry, out-at-elbow fellows, discussing Drake's capture of the Cacafogo, brimming with silver, or the last news from the Low Countries †, while one Pistol amongst them vapours of the dozen Turks he slew at Buda with the "poor notched Toledo" he wants to sell. Amongst them are swindling Malvolios, and coney-catching Grumios, cheating trencher-scrapers, and sly, oily grooms tapping their legs with holly wands. Not far from them is the tomb of one of Edward III.'s paladins, now mistakenly called "Duke Humphrey's

* Nasle's Pierce Pennyless, 1595.

† Decker's Gull's Horn-Book (1812 ed.), p. 95.

Tomb," and which is the very altar and central shrine of the whole walks. This is the Duke Humphrey with whom dinnerless men are jocosely said to dine.* There's one yonder picking his teeth who we could bet a thousand angels has not touched bit to-day, but he takes care never to be seen in Paul's while the tavern dinners are toward, and if he can fix himself on a foolish or good-natured friend will revenge himself at supper for the want of breakfast. He walks affectedly on tip-toe, laughs as he looks at the tomb in pity of the poor guests of the dead Duke, and struts by with his gloved hand on his dagger-side.

In the left alley are occasionally seen poor curates in threadbare cassocks, lingering in search of spiritual employment †, their marriage with some beloved Abigail having apparently dragged them down into hopeless and learned poverty. Here in groups retired for quieter conversation are spectacled antiquarians, who use quaint words of Chaucer's time ‡, and talk of "swinking" and "for the nones." Here assemble country justices who have come up to London to see the bear-baiting: they think the Spaniards all jesuits and villains; captains out of

* Decker's Gull's Horn-Book, p. 107.

† Earle's Microcosmography, p. 23.

‡ Hall's Satires, sect. v. b. 2.

service, who tell monstrous lies of Drake; and threadbare sly scholars, with Greek testaments sticking out of their buttonless doublets, who din your ears with quotations from Seneca and Tacitus, Scaliger and Casaubon, Lipsius and Erasmus; and noisy controversialists who get red in the face railing at the Pope and Arminius, and despise any books not in MSS. And there is an alderman in his holiday satin doublet and gold chain, and a young city preacher, with a cloak with a narrow velvet cape and serge facings *; his ruff as short as his hair, and he is a little sour and thin, as most Precisians are. And there is the quack physician watching for country patients, astonishing the russet wearers with quotations from Paracelsus and Alexis of Piemont †, holding a phial of clear gold-coloured liquid up to the light. Against the wall leans a Low Country ensign with his arm in an orange-tawney scarf; and, gliding serpentine through the throng, goes a cut-purse, too quick for you to see his short crooked knife and the horn tip that guards his busy thumb. ‡

Here come men from taverns, and tilt-yards, and bear-baitings, and theatres, and rows upon the river, from the Court at Hampton or Greenwich, up or down from the

* Earle's Microcosmography (1811), p. 13.

† Ibid. p. 129.

‡ Ibid. p. 4.

tobacco office and the news-shop, from the sempsters' stalls at Gresham's Exchange and the Rose theatre, from the fence-yard and the dancing-school, hot from the tavern and cold from the scornful presence. "It was a fashion of those times,"* says a gentle writer of the day, "for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely merchants, to meet in Saint Paul's Church by eleven and walk in the middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six. During this time some discoursed of business and others of news." Few events of the day but were heard of here, sooner or later. The Armada, and the bull that was so daringly nailed up at the door of a bishop's house, the Queen's new suitor, the rivalry of Essex and Raleigh, Kenilworth and Theobalds, were all whispered about here amid nodding heads, crossed fingers, mysterious gestures, and pale faces.

The noise of the voices in the Minster walk was like that of an avenue of limes when their yellow flowers grow black with the impatient and plundering bees. There was a strange buzz and deep unintermitting hum, mingled with the noise of feet, "a kind of still roar or loud whisper" that sometimes broke into a laugh or a

* Osborn's Works, 1673, p. 501.

shout of rage. The dark, moving, bowing, talking crowd moved on like a tide and ebbed and flowed without cessation, with the exception of certain intervals of unnatural silence. We have no doubt the national mood might have been augured from the comparative loudness and liveliness of the sound, deeper and stronger the day after the Armada was swallowed up, and hushed and lower the hour that rash Essex laid his head upon the block.

Paul's was the Exchange of news, for news is among idlers a rich and precious merchandise. The wits and poets called it the "Thieves' Sanctuary," "Little Britain," the "World's epitome," a "Babel of stones and men," a "Synod of politic pates," the "Busy parliament," the "Mint of lies." The newsmongers of Paul's were known as a peculiar race. Burleigh's and Walshingham's spies came here to thrust themselves into men's companies and worm out secret conspiracies. Malcontents rambled about, careless and sneering. Some strolled hither to "get a stomach," as the phrase went; and thrifty men to walk out their dinner, and purchase their board and meal cheap. Many made it their club, and only left the church to sleep. It was a lodging rent free, where society never failed, where the best company came, and where invitations to dinner could be got.

The Minster walk was the very centre of amusement. Several of the theatres were near; one in Shoreditch, one at Blackfriars, and one in Southwark. The Exchange and all its shops, Cheap and all its goldsmiths, Watling Street and its clothiers, were all near. Outside the church lay the booksellers' shops. Tarleton's and some of the best ordinaries were close by. At no great distance were the choicest taverns: the Bear at Bridge Foot; the Three Cranes in the Vintry; the Devil and Apollo in Fleet Street; the Mitre, and the Mermaid. There were the Motions, too, not far off, the Bear-garden, and the river. It was but a walk to take the air in Moor Fields; and hackney coaches were at hand to rumble one off to ruralise at Tottenham, or regale on cakes and ale at Pimlico.

It was to Paul's young scapegraces came to dazzle citizens with their new white satin suits, their gilt rapiers*, Italian scented doublets, taffety lace cloaks, embossed girdles, silver jingling spurs, peach-coloured stockings, Spanish leather ruffled boots, and net-work collars. Just as English travellers drag their portmanteaus through a German cathedral, "doing it" on their way to the railway station, so porters used to carry their burdens

* Overbury's Characters, 1756, p. 82.

through Paul's Walk, and courtiers lead their pet Iceland (Sky) dogs. Here the very lawyers had a pillar at which they received clients, — loud-voiced, violent farmers, and crazed, greasy, litigious citizens. In the summer the barristers stood on the steps outside; in the winter, round a particular pillar, their clients ringing down their unwilling rials upon the flat cover of the font. Solemn men were these aspirants for the coif, who quoted Plowden, and dated every event, like a statute, from the 3 *Hen. Oc. & 4 Ed. Quin.* Here, too, came gallants, and brisk pages behind them, carrying their silver-trimmed cloaks, to look for servants, or to borrow money of rich citizens who had fattened on the Muscovy trade, and had ventured cargoes to Virginia. Tailors lurked here to observe the last fashion of court cloak, the blush-coloured satin, cut upon cloth of gold, and framed with pearl; while pimps came here to beg. Here, too, prowled desperadoes of the Black Will and Shakebag class, with ruffianly hair, who could relate, if they chose, many cases of sudden death at Gad's Hill and Hockley-i'-the-Hole, Newmarket, or Salisbury Plain; and in Shakebag's pocket we can hear jingle four gold angels and fifteen shillings of white money, the produce of his last robbery, in which he was aided by a band of Abram men and swarth Egyptians.

This old church of St. Paul's was built, so the Eliza-

bethan antiquarians believed, on the site of a temple of Diana*; this opinion being formed on the tradition of some deer antlers having been dug up in an adjacent spot. The desecration of the church by the Protestant subjects of Elizabeth had a painful parallel in the heathenish festival annually permitted by her bigot sister. On these occasions the priests and choir walked in procession, bearing a pair of deer horns before them, in remembrance of the goddess who had been deposed by saints more Christian perhaps, but certainly less chaste. A Saxon King of Kent first founded a church upon this consecrated site, and many subsequent monarchs gave manors to support its erection. The Conqueror added a castle to these bequests, and he willed the church "in all things to be as free as he would his soul should be in the day of judgment;" an adjuration solemn and imperious, worthy of the monarch who was wont to swear by "the brightness of God," and such regal oaths.

In 1087† St. Paul's and half the city was destroyed by fire, and a new church was built of Caen stone, Henry I. permitting the Norman bishop to encompass the new work with a stone wall reaching as far as Bernard's Castle, his

* Strype's Stow, vol. i. b. 3. p. 141.
† Ibid. p. 142.

residence beside the Thames. In Edward II.'s feeble reign many murders and robberies took place in this enclosure. In this churchyard the Saxons, mindful of their old guild spirit, assembled for their folk-motes *; and here the armed citizens crowded at sound of the alarm bell of St. Paul's. In the new steeple the relics of saints were deposited by a solemn procession of rich-clad priests, who prayed that such relics might preserve the spire from wind and storm. In the thirteenth century Lacy, Constable of Chester, enlarged the church; and in 1444, in spite of the relics, the spire was burnt by lightning. On the new steeple Edward III. placed a dial, with an angel pointing to the hour. By a beautiful custom, still retained in one of the Oxford college chapels, it was usual for the choristers at certain feast days to ascend the tower and sing their orisons at daybreak. In Henry VI.'s reign a Dance of Death, with verses by Lidgate, was painted round St. Paul's cloister, in imitation of one at St. Innocent's in Paris, and over this cloister was a goodly library. In the old church there were chapels of our Lady St. Katherine, All Souls, Jesus, and the Holy Ghost; and under the choir the parish church of

* Strype's Stow, vol. i. b. 3. p. 143.

St. Faith, which the neighbouring booksellers used for warehouses.

In the churchyard stood a bell tower, which was pulled down by Sir Miles Partridge, who was said to have won the bells of Henry VIII. at cards. In the middle of the churchyard stood the stone pulpit, roofed with lead and ascended by steps, where of old times bulls were read and meetings held. Many of the great reformers had preached here before the young King Edward, that Samuel of the Reformation. In rainy weather the sermon was delivered in a place called the *shrouds,* which was under cover. In 1561 the steeple was again burnt by lightning; in 1566 the church was reroofed, but the steeple remained unfinished till the time of the fire, in spite of rich donations from Elizabeth and much satirical writing. The Puritans were indifferent to its rebuilding, and their antagonists had not zeal enough to spend money for such an object.

But we must take one more look at the crowds that desecrate the church.

Here comes by musingly, with careless gait, a poor poet, clad in velvet and satin, somewhat greasy, and with boots a little out at the toe. By his frequent anxious glances over his shoulder he seems to fear a bailiff. Behind him follows a player, dressed in a murrey cloth gown, faced down the front with grey rabbit skins, and his sleeves

barred thick with lace. He holds up his robe to show his white taffeta hose and black silk stockings, a huge ruff surrounds his head, a glass brooch as big as the great seal fastens his small brimmed hat, and two boys in cloaks follow him, carrying his rapier and sword. His companion is a musician and the usher of a dancing-school; he wears a suit of watchet (blue) coloured taffety with a cloak daubed with coloured lace. Here stand a group of tradesmen, portly men in damask coats and gowns welted with velvet. They all bow as that old, white-headed, country gentleman passes, clad in russet and in a black coat, with five servingmen, strong and awkward, but dangerous to elbow, striding at his heels. After him — do not be startled, reader — is Sir John, an honest Windsor vicar, in company with the miller, glover, and smith of his village. They have come up to attend a trial, and have visited more than one tavern to drink luck to the suit, and, by a natural sequence, find the path too narrow for decent men. He is no Puritan or raiser of schisms; he is none of the best scholars, and is oftener in the ale-house than the pulpit; yet he reads a homily every Sunday and holiday, drinks with his neighbours, spends his money to make them friends, and sometimes on Sundays (misled by good fellows) says both Morning and Evening Prayer at once, and gives the villagers a

whole afternoon to play in. He is rather testy too, and would not refuse a challenge from the village doctor if he sent it.

That stealthy-looking man is a runaway bankrupt just returned from Ireland; he is suspiciously watching a gaping yeoman who has come to London to see the sights — Guildhall, the two Exchanges, the wax-works, Paul's, Charing Cross, the Boar at Billingsgate, the Fleet, and London Bridge. That fellow in greasy satin sleeves, and spectacles hanging in a copper case round his neck, is a (pawn) broker *; on his arm is his wife, who flutters her fan affectedly and begs him to carry Pearl, the dog. Poor wretch! it is every moment, "Husband, pick up my glove," "Husband, carry my scarf;" and this he calls a day's pleasure. The red-nosed fellow beyond is another country clergyman come up as a witness in a Westminster trial. He is well described by a satirist who knows him as —

"An honest vicar, and a kind consort,
That to the ale-house often would resort,
To have a game at tables now and then,
And drink his pot as soon as any man." †

* Rowland's Letting of Humours' Blood in the Head Vaine, 2nd Satire, 1600.

† Rowland's Humors Ordinarie, Ep. 37.

Already he is tired of London and sighs for his country ale and his game of bowls. Hear how harshly a satirist describes the motley scene: "What whispering is there in term times, how by some slight to cheat the poor country client of his full purse that is stucke under his girdle! What plots are layde to furnish young gallants with readie money (which is shared afterward at a tavern, thereby to disfurnish him of his patrimony); what buying up of oaths out of the hands of knights of the Post, who for a few shillings doe daily sell their souls! What layinge of heads is there together and sifting of the brains still and anon as it grows towards eleven of the clock (even amongst those who wear guilt rapiers by their sides), wherefor that noon they may shift from Duke Humfrey, and be furnished with a dinner at some meaner man's table! What damnable bargains of unmerciful brokery and of unmeasurable usury are there clapt up! What swearing is there; yea, what swaggering, what facing and out-facing, what shuffling, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what biting of thumbs to beget quarels, what holding up of fingers to remember drunken meetings, what braving with feasters, what bearding with mustachios, what casting open of cloaks to publish new cloths, what muffling in cloaks to hyde broken elbows! So that when I hear such trampling up and down, such

spetting, such hacking, and such humming (ever man's lippes making a noise, yet not a word to be understoode), I verily believe that I am the tower of Babell newly to be builded up, but presentlie despaire of ever being finished, because there is in me such a confusion of languages. For at one time, in one and the same ranke, foot by foot and elbow by elbow, shall you see walking the knight, the gull, the gallant, the upstart, the gentleman, the clown, the captain, the appel-squire, the lawyer, the usurer, the citizen, the bankrupt, the scholar, the beggar, the doctor, the idiot, the ruffian, the cheater, the Puritan, the cut-throat, the hye men, the low men, the true man and the thief, — of all trades and professions some, of all countryes some. And thus doth my middle isle shew like the Mediterranean Sea, in which as well the merchant hoysts sayles to purchase wealth honestly as the rover to light upon prize unjustly. Thus am I like a common mart, where all commodities (both the good and bad) are to be bought and sold. Thus whilst devotion kneels at her prayers doth profanation walk under her nose in contempt of religion." *

Coupling this graphic picture with the fact of the great cathedral of London being left for so many years in ruins,

* Decker's Dead Term, 1608.

desecrated and trodden under foot, and remembering the degraded state of the clergy, we cannot help considering that religion was almost forgotten but by the Puritans.

Having now sketched in outline the average morning's amusements of the Elizabethan gallant, let us follow him to the ordinary, dining being far too serious a thing to be so hastily dismissed.

There were ordinaries for all ranks, the table-d'hôte being almost the universal mode of dining among those who were visitors in London during the season, or *term time* as it was then called. There was the twelvepenny ordinary, where you might meet justices of the peace and young knights; and the threepenny ordinary, which was frequented by poor lieutenants and thrifty attorneys. At the one the rules of high society were maintained, and the large silver saltcellar indicated the rank of the guests. At the other, the diners were silent and unsociable, or the conversation, if any, was so full of "amercements and feoffments," that a mere countryman would have thought the people were conjuring.

If a gallant entered the ordinary at about half-past eleven, or even a little earlier, he would find the room full of fashion-mongers, waiting for the meat to be served. There are men of all classes, titled men, who live cheap that they may spend more at court; stingy men, who want

to save the charges of housekeeping; courtiers, who come there for society and news; adventurers, who have no home; templars, who dine there daily; and men about town, who dine at whatever place is nearest to their hunger. Lords, citizens, concealed papists, spies, prodigal prentices, precisians, aldermen, foreigners, officers, and country gentlemen, all meet here. Some have come on foot, some on horseback, and some in those new caroches the poets laugh at.

The well-bred courtier, on entering the room, saluted those of his acquaintance who were in winter gathered round the fire, in summer round the window, first throwing his cloak to his page, and hanging up his hat and sword. The parvenu would single out a friend, and walk up and down uneasily, with the scorn and carelessness of a gentleman usher, laughing rudely and nervously, or obtruding himself into groups of gentlemen gathered round a wit or a poet. Quarrelsome men paced about fretfully, fingering their sword hilts, and maintaining as sour a face as that Puritan moping in a corner, pent up by a group of young swaggerers who are disputing over a card at gleek; vain men, not caring whether it was Paul's, the Tennis Court, or the playhouse, *published* their clothes, and talked as loud as they could, in order to appear at ease, and laughed over

the Water poet's last epigram, or the last pamphlet of Marprelates. The soldiers bragged of nothing but of their employment in Ireland and the Low Countries, how they helped Drake to burn St. Domingo, and Grave Maurice to hold out Breda. Tom Coryatt, or such weak-pated travellers, would babble of the Rialto and Prester John, and exhibit specimens of unicorn's horns or palm leaves from the river Nilus. The courtier talked of the fair lady who gave him the glove which he wore in his hat as a favour; the poet of the last satire of Marston or Ben Jonson, or volunteered to read a trifle thrown off of late by "Faith, a learned gentleman, a very worthy friend;"* though if we were to inquire, this varlet poet might turn out after all to be the mere decoy duck of the hostess, paid to draw gulls and fools hither. The mere dullard sat silent, playing with his glove, or discussing at what apothecaries the best tobacco was to be bought.

The dishes seem to have been served up at these hot luncheons or early dinners in much the same order as at the present day,—meat, poultry, game, and pastry. "To be at your woodcocks" implied that you had nearly finished dinner. The mere unabashable rapid adventurer, though but a beggarly captain, would often attack the capon while

* Decker's Gull's Horn Book, p. 117.

his neighbour, the knight, was still encumbered with his stewed beef, and when the justice of peace opposite, who has just pledged him in sack, is knuckle deep in the goose, he falls stoutly on the long-billed game, while at supper, if one of the college of critics, our gallant praised the last play or put his approving stamp upon the new poem.*

Primero, and a "pair" of cards, follow the wine. Here the practised player learnt to lose with coolness, and neither to tear the cards nor crush the dice with his heel. Perhaps the jest may be true, and that they sometimes played till they sold even their beards to cram tennis balls or stuff cushions. The patron often paid for the wine or disbursed for the whole dinner. Then the drawer came round with his wooden knife and scraped off the crusts and crumbs, or cleared off the parings of fruit and cheese into his basket; the torn cards were thrown in the fire; the guests rose, rapiers were rehung, and belts buckled on. The post news was heard, and the reckonings paid. The French lacky and Irish footboy led out the hobby horses, and some rode off to the play, and others to the river stairs to take a pair of oars to the Surrey side.

Whoever our gallant is, whether a sour-faced steward with a great beard, a gold chain of office wound round his

* Decker's Gull's Horn Book, p. 121.

crape hat-band; a young spark come to eat up his ancestral oaks; a country gentleman who has brought up his wife to learn the fashions, and see the tomb at Westminster, and the lions at the Tower; or a young farmer with a suit pending before the Courts, he will be sure to spend his night in loose company at a tavern, with the players, the fencers, or the dicers. He will go to old Sir Simon the King, at the Devil in Fleet Street, or join the great club of wits at the Apollo. He will hie him to the Mermaid in Bread Street, or the Mitre in Cheap. The reddest nosed landlord, and one who has been in his youth with bluff King Hal, her majesty's father, at the siege of Bullen, makes the best host. If our friend be an old visitant he will soon know the names of Jack, Will, and Tom, the drawers, and discourse with them of dogs or bears; show them the last new parry of Caranza, or the new Lavolta; nimble fellows are Will and Tom, but their answer is generally "Anon," and their conversation is much interrupted by having to cry to the host "score a pint of sack in the Coney," and "score a pint of clary in the Unicorn." These are lads who have learnt to wear canvas doublets, and to lime sour sack.

Having emptied his pocket of tobacco and pipes, laid down his fan, if he is such a fop as to carry one, and caressed his love-lock, if he is so, not willing, perhaps,

like an honest gentleman to descend into the kitchen and order his supper*, he calls for a bill of fare, much to the disgust of the host, who hates such new-fangled nicety.

If he were an epicure and curious in his salads, he ordered one to precede the mutton with olives and capers, to whet the appetite, perhaps jaded by last night's carouse; a *noise* of fiddlers soon beset the doors, and the fiddlers cannot be dismissed without a testoon for "Green Sleeves," or "The Beggar of Bethnal Green." If any acquaintances' voices could be heard in the next room, the gallant would, as a compliment, send them in by the drawer a pottle of burnt wine, with two papers of sugar to sweeten it, or perhaps the beribboned page would carry it himself, with some euphuistic compliment, returning to the bar to boast, as he was ordered, of his master's successful gallantry, or his prowess at traytrip or primero.

Taverns were favourite places for assignations in the numerous intrigues of court gallants and citizens' wives. To taverns the wild youth took their courtesans. At dice after supper the drawers would be allowed to stake their crowns. The real man of fashion would not dispute the items of a bill however unjust, for to confess a knowledge of the prices of the market was held a disgrace.

* Decker's Gull's Horn Book, p. 156.

At departure the gallant would kiss the hostess*, and having taken the stirrup-cup, (the courtesy of the cellar,) wished the vintner good night, and sallied home, lit by a drawer with a lanthorn, or a page with a torch.

If our gallant was so unfortunate as not to escape the hands of the Dogberries in the rug gowns, amid curses and blows he was dragged, with torn ruff and broken sword, into one of the fourteen prisons of London, — The White Lion, the King's Bench, the Marshalsea, the Clink, or the Southwark Counter, on the one side of the then unsullied Thames, on the other the Gate House, Westminster, Ludgate, Newgate, Wood Street Counter, Poultrey Counter, Finsbury, and Lobs Pound, the New Prison, and St. Katherine's, all gape for his carcase. There he awaits till the morning, in besmirched satin, muddy cloak and bruised feather, the arrival of Justice Shallow, his astonished friend. One hundred or two hundred forlorn and hungry wretches gather round him as he is thrown in. There is sighing, lamenting, praying and cursing, swearing at creditors, drinking healths, swaggering, roaring, striking and stabbing, whetting knives, and scraping trenchers. Some are carrying platters up stairs, others running down for quart pots of beer.

* Decker's Gull's Horn Book, p. 164.

Keys are gingling, doors are banging, bolts clicking, gaolers bawling at prisoners, and prisoners cursing gaolers, — there thieves roaring for tobacco, and others cursing it for the devil's weed. If he is pent in Ludgate, where by day prisoners beg at the grate looking into the street, but are now penned up, if it be not midnight he will find some bankrupts playing at bowls, strutting up and down like Venetian magnificos on the Rialto, bravely dressed in spruce ruffs and gold embroidered night-caps. These are men who live better than their creditors, and look with contempt on poor Half Can and Potts, who beg at the grate.

At the city gates, Aldgate or Ludgate it might be, the gallant was often stopped by the bellmen of the watch. They would bring him before the constable*, who, sitting on a bulkhead like a Solomon surrounded by his guard, would cry "stand," and demand the pass-word, or the reason of his late walking. If the gallants were fewer in number than the watch, and their bell (not rattle) began to alarm the neighbourhood, they would affect to be French or Dutch, and so escape, or declare that they were retainers of the reigning favourite, and so elude, or at worst get off for a bribe of a spur royal. When near the city gates, it

* Decker's Gull's Horn Book, p. 169.

was the joke to call each other Sir Giles and Sir Abraham *, or Lord Littlewit and Earl of Bestbetrust, to astonish and quiet the bellmen of the night.

Escaping, however, this fate, our hero may have strolled at four o'clock, after the theatre, to the Bear-garden in Southwark, and seen what Shakspere saw and describes, and what Elizabeth herself deigned to look at with all the gusto with which a Roman lady would have seen a dozen gladiators bleed, and then have gone laughing home to *cœna.*

The comparison of a noisy house to "a bear-garden," still perpetuates the national amusement of Elizabeth's time. Spain yet glories in the cruel sport; but England has long since grown too civilised to tolerate a savage diversion that Shakspere and Bacon, Raleigh and Sidney, may have watched with breathless eagerness. Dog-fighting, the last existing relic of the Roman fights in the arena, is now reserved for the recreation of our thieves and felons.

Paris Garden, in Southwark, was a place of amusement in Henry VIII.'s time, and was then frequented by the nobles and gentry of the day. The garden derived its name from a nobleman of Richard II.'s time. After him

* Rowland's Night Raven, p. 9.

it belonged to the monastery of St. Saviour's, in Bermondsey, a place in which, at present, anything but the odour of sanctity prevails. There were two separate rings in the garden, one for bulls, and the other for bears; and the baitings often took place on Sundays. Plays, probably of an inferior kind, were performed here; and when the Globe was burnt down, a regular theatre was planned by Henslowe, with a portable stage that could be moved during the baitings. The bull-house and stable held six bulls and three horses.*

In Charles I.'s time the dancing-masters of Paris Garden grew famous; and the baitings took place twice a week till Parliament sold the place with other church lands, compelled by religious scruples and the want of money. Besides the common bear and bull baiting, Henslowe and Alleyn, who were licensed by Sir John Davington, master of the Queen's bears, exhibited ponies ridden by monkeys and baited with dogs, and blind bears who were whipped, much to the horror of all Puritans: and let it be recorded to their credit that in this respect they were far beyond their age.

The sports at Paris Garden were the great amusements

* Collier's History of English Dramatic Poetry, vol. iii.; Malone's Shakspere, p. 3.

to which foreign ambassadors were taken, just as they are now to the Opera, or a review. The Duke de Naxara, accompanied by his suite, having seen the lions at the Tower, was much delighted by the scenes at the Bankside, which must have reminded him of the glories of Madrid, that city from whence, as the proverb goes, there is but one stage up to Paradise; and his gravity relented at the sight of the dogs leaping up at the monkey on the pony's back.* The French ambassadors were so amused with the ape that, having seen the baiting at Whitehall before Elizabeth, they went the next day with a guard of honour to the Paris Garden to see it repeated. Sometimes as many as seven bears were exhibited at once, each confined by a long rope, and baited with three or four large and courageous dogs, who rushed upon him with open jaws. The bears, ferocious and fretful with continual fighting, were of great strength, and not only defended themselves with their teeth, but hugged the dogs to death, or half suffocated them before their masters could release them. The bears bore generally the same names as their owners: *Hunx*, *George Stone*, *Old Harry of Tame*, and *Great Ned*, were well-known public characters; and Shakspere mentions Slender's friend, *Saccarson*.†

* Spanish MS., British Museum.

† Hentzner's Account of England, 1598; Dekker's Satiromastix, 1 602.

Sometimes the bear broke loose, to the terror of women and children. On one occasion a great blind bear broke his chain, and bit a piece out of a serving-man's leg, who died of the wound in three days. On such emergencies a daring gallant would often run up and seize the furious beast, entangled as he was with dogs, and secure him by his rope. Master Abraham Slender boasts that he thus braved the wrath of Saccarson.

Fresh dogs were always instantly supplied as the first assailants were killed. The noise of the bear-garden was almost unbearable, what with the din of men eager to bet, and the loud partisans of dog or bull. The wit loved to compare the bear dragged to the stake to a damned soul newly arrived in purgatory, and the dogs to the devils inflicting torments; or the bull to the poor man going to law, and the dogs to his rich opponents. The mastiffs, enraged by losing a little blood, were at last often crushed under foot, and carried away by their disconsolate owners, with ribs broken, and skins torn and hanging about their ears. Others losing heart, however fierce at their first attack, would then whine and bark at a distance at their strange adversary, when they no longer dared approach his teeth or paws.*

* Rowland's Four Knaves (Percy Society), p. 77.

At Kenilworth, on Elizabeth's visit, thirteen great bears were worried by ban dogs. Laneham, that type of Malvolio, the officious, pert, tyrannical, fussy, groom of the chamber, grows warm in his description of the bear with pink eyes, leering at the approaching dogs, the hound nimble and watchful from vantage, and the bear prepared for the assault. If he was bitten in one place, he pressed the dog close till he got free. He says it was a "goodly relief" to see the clawing and roaring, the tossing and shaking, till he wound himself from them. Then would he shake his ears twice or thrice, and scatter the blood and froth over his tormentors; the dogs seizing him by the throat, he clawing them on the scalp, with much plucking, tugging, howling and barking, growling and snarling; some dogs limping to their masters, who kick them as curs; some lying on their sides, licking their wounds.

The grave Puritan, looking on, shaking his head, reminds the mad and excited crowd of the scaffold falling one Sunday in 1582-3, and killing seven people and injuring 150.* "What Christian," he says, (and that fiery faced Bardolph of a butcher laughs) "can take pleasure to see one poor beast rend, tear, and kill another for their foolish pleasure? for, notwithstanding they be evil to us

* Stubbe's Anatomie of Abuses, 1585, p. 118.

and thirst for our blood, yet are they good creatures in their own nature, and kind, and made to set forth the glory, power, and majesty of our God; and for our own use and for his sake, we should not abuse them."

And so he goes on till a burly waterman proposes to bait the Puritan, and points a mastiff's head towards him. Then, shaking off the dust from his feet, Stubbes leaves the ring, and proudly feels himself to be a despised Jeremiah.

The whipping a blind bear was performed by five or six men, who, armed with whips*, stood in a circle round the stake. They then laid on without mercy, and the sport was to see the agonised creature's furious efforts to seize them. The bear would defend himself with force and skill, throwing down all who came within reach of his chain and were not active enough to escape, tearing the whips from the men's hands with his jaws, and crushing them in his teeth. The whipping continued till the blood ran down the bear's shoulders and many of the men had had their legs torn and hands scratched. The crowd peculiarly delighted in this divertissement, because it resembled the gaoler's public whipping of strumpets at the cart's tail, a sight then frequently to be witnessed up Cheap or past Ludgate.

* Decker's Seven Deadly Sins (Warres), p. 3.

The comedy to this tragedy appeared in the shape of an ape mounted on a pony, pursued by a couple of curs that leapt up at him as he rode round, frightened to see them lolling their tongues and snapping their jaws. The horse defended itself by kicks from the dogs, and the crowd shouted with laughter to see the monkey shrieking at his enemies hanging to the pony's ears and neck. The ape was generally dressed in a coat of some gay colour. These sports became so engrossing with the lower classes that some men kept a dozen or twenty good mastiffs merely for bear-baiting, often betting twenty, forty, or a hundred shillings at one fight. The encouraging cries were, "Fight dog," "Fight bear," and "Devil part all." The 'prentices delighted in a perilous exercise wherein a man's life was in danger every minute. Colliers, carters, and watermen were great frequenters of the garden: as at the theatre, apples, pears, and nuts were sold by noisy vendors, and even ale and wine were to be bought. The greater number of persons present smoked, and all howled and yelled. The bears were also, we believe, frequently taken round to attend provincial baitings, and their arrival in a place was announced by the furious barking of every dog in the town.

Terrific fights sometimes took place at these arenas

between bands of rival betters, the hostlers and tinkers, or the watermen and 'prentices.

Shakspere, never forgetting his own age and its manners, has drawn not a few illustrations and metaphors from the rude boisterous sports of Paris Garden: in one place he speaks of the bearward's bears frightening the fell lurking curs by the very shaking of their chains, and describes a hot o'erweening dog running back and biting his master, who held him by a leash near the baiting-place, and yet when once suffered to get within reach of the fell paw, clapped his tail between his legs and howled.*

Gambling was the great amusement of the Elizabethan gallant. It was then held no disgrace to throw dice in public; and it was not necessary to build clubs in order that statesmen should break their own laws unobserved. Men stabbed each other over the cards face to face, while now they only sneer and slander back to back: so centuries differ, and so the world moves forward.

Gaming has been well defined as a palsy that seizes on man, the most violent symptom being the shaking of the elbow. It was one of the great vices of Elizabeth's age, and every tavern was full of Huffs, Setters, Gilts, Pads, Biters, Droppers, and Filers, all of whom went

* Henry VI. (Part I.), Act v. Sc. 1.

under the general denomination of ROOKS. Sometimes the box keeper was their accomplice to help them rob the young spendthrift, or, to use their own metaphorical language, "bite the lamb." Here, if a stranger escaped being plundered, he was sure to be robbed, his silver-hilted rapier and his cloak stolen, or the gold buttons cut off his doublet while he stared unsuspectingly at the game.

The gambling rooms were generally thronged with bullies, who refused to pay if they lost, or would sometimes snatch up a stake and offer to fight for it. If you escaped being run through by the adversary you had defeated, you were nearly sure to be beaten by him and his gang on your departure from the tavern at night. Sometimes the bullies, if they had lost, put out the candles, overset the tables, and scrambled for the money. On these occasions experienced men threw themselves from the stair-head or took shelter behind a table or in a chimney corner, not caring to have their souls pushed out of their bodies by a chance thrust from a red-handed desperado. It was generally late at night, and when the players grew tired, that false dice were introduced, and the box keeper would score up double against the incautious player. Then all the tricks of *topping*, *slurring*, and *stabbing* were put into operation.

The false dice were of three sorts; *High Fallams, Low Fallams,* and *Bristle dice.* Some of these were loaded with quicksilver, and sold for as much as eight shillings a pair, when an ordinary bale fetched only sixpence. The bristle dice had a short hog's bristle stuck in one corner to prevent them ever lying on the high quarter.

The moves of cheating were innumerable. *Palming* was by putting one die in the box and keeping the other in the hollow of the little finger. *Topping* was keeping one of the dice at the top of the box between the fore-fingers and rattling with the screw and the remaining bone. *Slurring* was taking up the dice as you would have them lie, and putting one on the top of the other so that the undermost should not turn; but this required a smooth table without chinks. The skilful gamester, sure of his under dice, did not then care if the upper one "came a millstone," as they called it. *Knapping* was striking a die dead that it should not stir, but only the most dexterous could secure both dies. *Stabbing* was throwing the dice in such a manner one upon another into a smooth narrow box that both of them tumbled and came out as they went in, or rather were reversed, every gambler knowing that if four was above three was at bottom, that five faced two, and six one.

Of that beautiful game of Italy, billiards, we need not speak, and cricket was not yet introduced.

Bowling was another of the favourite sports both of the manor-house and the country tavern. The old dramatists, and Shakspere particularly, very frequently draw their metaphors from this game. Every sort of alley had its peculiar bowls; flat for the enclosed alley, biased for open ground, and round for level green and sand. The players were ridiculed for the ridiculous bendings and grimaces with which they followed the bowl, cursing it, praising it, and running after it to the goal with exclamations of "Rub, rub!" "A mile, a mile!" or "Short, short," "Near Jack!" and "Near the mistress!" "A good cast!" were the exclamations of the bystanders.

Cards were used by every one. The game of Gleek was played by three persons. The dealer dealt twelve cards and left eight on the table for stock, seven were bought and the ace turned up for the dealer; if it was Tiddy (four of trumps) such player gave four to the dealer. The ace was called Tib, the knave Tim, the fifth Towser, and the sixth Tumbler. The players then begin bidding for the stock in hopes of bettering their game, the buyer taking in seven cards and putting out seven. If Tib was turned up, it counted fifteen to the

dealer. The players then picked for Ruff, the one having the most of a suit winning it — unless any one had four aces, which always carried it. The first then said "I'll vie the Ruff;" the next, "I'll see it;" the third, "I'll see it, and revie it;" the first, again, "I'll see your revie;" and the middle, "I'll not meddle with it." They then showed their cards, and he that had most of a suit won six of him that held out longest, and forty of him who said he could see it and then refused to meddle with it.

Ombre, Basset, Whist, Costly Colours, and Five Cards were, we believe, of later introduction. Of our period are Ruff, Bone Ace, Pult. The great game in the West of England was Post and Pair, as All Fours was in Kent, and Five Cards in Ireland. In Post and Pair the ace of trumps was the best card; at Post the best cards were one and two, but a pair of court cards won. The daring of the game consisted in the vye or the adventuring upon the goodness of your hand to intimidate your antagonist.

At Tables the favourite games were Irish, Backgammon, Tick-tack, Doublets, Size-ace, and Ketch Dolt; and with the dice alone In and In, Passage, and Hazard.

Cock-fighting was a favourite and cruel sport of the day. In choosing a game cock the trainer paid particular attention to his shape, colour, courage, and heel. The

well-bred bird was of middling size, had a small head, a quick large eye and strong back, his leg was thick, and his spur long and sharp. The favourite colour was grey or yellow; the black-breasted red was one of the most esteemed pyles; white and dun being colours seldom seen in the pit. A brave bird had generally wattles of a bright flushed scarlet, crowed frequently, and bore himself with a stately and kingly demeanour. A narrow, sharp heel was particularly sought after.

The good breed depended more upon the hen than the cock. Great care was taken with their nests and food, which were kept perfumed with burnt herbs; and the chickens were exercised in a grassy court. The comb or wattles were cut off as soon as they appeared, and as soon as the young game birds began to attack each other they were separated and trained for their military career. The flooring of their hatches was generally of board, that the champions might not weaken or hurt their beaks. They were not allowed to fight a battle till they were two years old, when they had become complete in every member. Chickens that crowed too soon or too frequently were generally condemned to the spit as birds of no promise or ability. An excellent sign in a game chicken was the closeness with which it sat upon its perch.

Cock-fighting * took place generally between August and May. Six weeks before a battle the champions were confined in separate pens and fed with bread. Their spurs were then wrapped in leather, and they were allowed to spar, and sweated in straw baskets, and fed with sugar-candy, chopped rosemary, and butter, to strengthen them and give them wind. Roots dipped in wine, and oatmeal kneaded with ale and eggs, were also allowed them as purges and diaphoretics. Every day the feeder had to lick his bird's eye, and lead and encourage it to pursue a dunghill fowl which he held in his arms and ran with before them. The last fortnight the sparring was discontinued, and four days' rest allowed before the bird was brought into the pit, and always fasting.

In matching birds it was necessary to consider their strength and length; the weak long bird rising with more ease, and the short strong bird giving the surer and deadlier blow.

The game-cocks were prepared for the battle by cutting off the mane all but a small ruff, and clipping off the feathers from the tail. The wings were cut short, and sharp points left to endanger the eye of the antagonist. The spurs were scraped and sharpened, but steel spurs were

* The Compleat Gamester, 1709, p. 155.

not used at this early period, though the sport was as old as the Athenians. The preparation was completed by removing all the feathers from the crown of the head; the feeder then licking his pupil all over, turned him into the pit to win the gold and move his fortune.

The birds were generally brought into the arena in linen bags, in which they came from Norfolk or Wisbeach. They began the combat by whetting their beaks upon the ground, and continued the fight till they were both blind, or faint from loss of blood. The feeder had to suck the wounds of the winning bird, and powder them with the dust of the herb Robert. If the eye were hurt, the cocker chewed ground ivy, and applied the juice to the wound.

The jugglers of the day were very dexterous. Their puppet-shows and trained horses were the amusement of all classes who were not too wise to laugh, nor so childish as to be always laughing. The following is a minute description of a performance of the day: —

" A jugler knowing the common tradition and foolish opinion that a familiar spirit in some bodily shape must be had for the doing of strange things beyond the vulgar capacity, he therefore carrieth about him the skin of a mouse stopped with feathers, or some like artificial thing, and in the hinder part thereof sticketh a small springing wire of about a foot long, or longer; and when he begins to

act his part in a fayr or a market before vulgar people, he bringeth forth his impe, and maketh it spring from him once or twice upon the table, and then catcheth it up, saying, 'Would you be gone? I will make you stay and play some tricks for me before you go;' and then he nimbly sticketh one end of the wire upon his waste, and maketh his impe spring up three or four times to his shoulder, and nimbly catcheth it and pulleth it down again, every time saying, 'Would you be gone? In troth, if you be gone, I can play no trick or feats of activity to-day;' and then holdeth it fast in one hand, and beateth it with the other, and slily maketh a squeeking noyse with his lips, as if his impe cried, and then putteth his impe in his breeches, or in his pocket, saying, 'I will make you stay; would you be gone?' Then begin the silly people to wonder and whisper; then he sheweth many slights of activity, as if he did them by the help of his familiar, which the sillier sort of believers do verily believe; amongst which he espyeth one or other young boy or wench, and layeth a tester or shilling in his hand wetted, and biddeth him hold it fast; but while the said boy or silly wench thinketh to enclose the piece of silver fast in the hand, he nimbly taketh it away with his finger, and asketh the holder of it to close his hand, saying, 'Hold fast, or it will be gone;' and then mumbleth cer-

tain words, and crieth by the virtue of 'Hocus-pocus hay passe, presto, be gone! Now open your hand?' and the beholders stand amazed to see that there is nothing left in the hand. And then for the confirmation of the wonder, a confederate with the jugler standeth up among the crowd (in habit like some countryman or stranger that came in among the rest of the people), saying, 'I will lay with you forty shillings you shall not convey a shilling out of my hand.' 'It is done;' saith the jugler. 'Take you this shilling in your hand.' 'Yes, marry,' saith he; 'and I will hold it so fast, as if you get it from me by words speaking, I will say you speak in the devil's name;' and with that he looketh into his hand in the sight of all the people, saying, 'I am sure I have it;' and then claspeth his hand very close, and layeth his other hand to it also, pretending to hold it the faster, but withal slily conveying away the shilling into his glove, or into his pocket; and then the jugler cryeth, 'Hey, passe-presto, vade-pubeo, by the virtue of Hocus-pocus, 'tis gone.' Then the confederate openeth his hand, and in a dissembling manner feineth himself much to wonder, that all that are present may likewise wonder. Then the jugler calleth to his boy, and biddeth him bring him a glass of claret wine, which he taketh in his hand and drinketh; and then he taketh out of his bag a tonnel

made of tin or latine (double), in which double device he hath formerly put so much claret wine as will almost fill the glass again, and stopping this tonnel at the little end within with his finger, turneth it up, that all may behold it to be empty, and then setteth it to his forehead, and taketh away his finger, and letteth the wine run into the glass, the silly spectators thinking it to be the same wine which he drank to come again out of his forehead; and then he saith, 'If this be not enough, I will draw good claret wine out of a post,' and then taketh out of his bagge a wine gimblet, and so he pierced the post quite through with his gimblet; and there is one of his boys on the other side of the wall with a bladder and a pipe, and conveyeth the wine to his master, which his master, vintner-like, draweth forth into a pot, and filleth it into a glass, and giveth the company to drink.

"Another way is very craftily done by a Spanish borachi, that is a leathern bottle as thin and little as a glove, the neck whereof is about a foot long, with a screw at the top instead of a stopple; this bottle the jugler holdeth under his arm, and letteth the neck of it come along to his hand under the sleeve of his coat, and with the same hand taketh the tax in the garret that is in the foot, and yet holdeth the tax half in and half out, and crusheth the bottle with his arm, and with his other hand holdeth a wine pot to the

tax, so that it seemeth to the beholders that the wine cometh out of the tax, which yet cometh out of the bottle, and then he giveth it among the company to drink; and being all drank up but one small glass at the least, he calleth to his boy, saying, 'Come, sirrah, you would faine have a cup;' but the boy maketh answer, in a disdainful manner, 'No, master, not I; if that be good wine that is drawn out of a post, I will lose my head.' 'Yea, sirrah,' saith his master, 'then your head you shall lose; come, sirrah, you shall go to pot for that word.' Then he layeth his boy down upon the table upon a carpet, with his face downwards, commanding him to lye still. Then he taketh a linnen cloth, and spreadeth it upon the boy's head, placed upon the table, and, by slight of hand, conveyeth under the cloth a head, with a face limned so like his boy's head and face, that it is not discerned from it. Then he draweth forth his sword or falchion, and seemeth to cut off the boy's head; but withall it is to be noted, that the confederating boy putteth his head through a slit in the carpet and through a hole in the table made on purpose, yet unknown to the spectators, and his master, also by slight of hand, layeth to the boy's shoulders a piece of wood, made concave at one end, like a surppit, and round at the other end like a man's neck with the head cut off. The concave end is hidden under the boy's shirt, and the other

end appeareth to the company very dismal (being limbered over by the cunning limner), like a bloody neck, so lively in shew that the very bone and marrow of the neck appeareth, in so much that some spectators have fainted at the sight thereof. Then he taketh up the false head aforesaid by the hair, and layeth it in a charger at the feet of the boy, leaving the bare bloody neck to the view of the deluded beholders; some gazing upon the neck; some upon the head, which looketh gashful; some beholding the corps tremble like a body new slain. Then he walketh by the table, saying to the head and the seeming dead corps, 'Ah, ha, sirrah, you would rather lose your head than drink your drink;' but presently he smiteth, his hand upon his breast, saying, 'To speak the very truth in cool blood, the fault did not deserve death, therefore I had best set on his head again.' Then he spreadeth his broad linnen cloth upon the head, and taketh it out of the charger, and layeth it to the shoulders of the corps, and, by slight of hand, conveyeth both the head and the false neck into his bagge. The boy raiseth up his head from under the table; then the master taketh away the linnen cloth that was sperad upon him, and saith, 'By the virtue of Hocus-pocus and Fortunatus his nightcap, I wish thou mayest live again.' Then the boy

riseth up safe and well, to the admiration of the deluded beholders.

"These and the like jugling tricks, some whereof are done merely by sleight of hand, some have help from false instruments, as false knives, false boxes, false coates, false wastecoats, and are all done by common reason *without the least compact with the devil,* and yet sometimes it happeneth that if there have been any university scholars at the beholding, and they have gone out and fallen into a dispute upon the matter, some saying, '*Sensus nunquam fallitur circa proprium objectum,*' some have that the jugler by his familiars doth thicken the air, some again that he hurteth the eye-sight, and so deceiveth the beholder, and in all their discourse they show themselves very philosophical but little capacious."*

These tricks are more daring than any now practised, and were bold appeals to the credulity and imagination quite conceivable in the days of witches and alchemists.

The descriptions of some of these tricks will be sufficient without any detailed description.

To make a little ball swell in your hand.

To consume many balls into one.

* Ady's Candle in the Dark, 1655, p. 37.

To turn counters into money.

To make a stone vanish from your hand.

To send a card into a nut.

To swallow a long tin pudding.

How to make three eggs dance upon a staff.

To blow a sixpence out of a man's hand.*

Among the tricks of this age are to be found the modern deceptions of prick the garter, *clairvoyance*, the *thimble-rig*, and the French trick of the magic bottle with its various liquors. The jugglers were also ventriloquists, and fellows who for money would eat red-hot charcoal; sometimes exhibiting a toad which they called their familiar.

The most celebrated exhibitor of the day was a man named Banks, and his trained horse Morocco, afterwards burnt in Italy as a witch. This horse would tell how much money a gentleman had in his purse, and would pick up a handkerchief or a stick and return it to the owner. His master, on such occasions, would address him, "Now, sirrah, here be divers gentlemen that have lost divers things, and they hear say that thou canst tell them tidings of them where they are; if thou canst, let's further shew thy learning, and tell them."

* The Anatomy of Legerdemain, p. 2.

The horse then picks up the glove or stick, and, walking on his hind legs, returns it to the owner, whom his master indicated to him by some secret sign.

The ordinary juggler indulged in much facetious jargon, of which the following is a sufficient specimen. "Let's look about us, my masters, and see whether we are all sons of one father, if there be no knaves among us. By'r lady! sirs, you are most welcome. How does your stomach after your carousing banquet? what gorge upon gorge, eggs upon eggs, and sack upon sack! At these years, by the faith of my body, sir, we must provide a little kitchen ere we grow old. God bless good minds from the black enemy, say I. I know you have been piping like the devil from east to west. I prithee, sweet nature's darlings, expose not my tricks; for a worm that is trodden on turns again, and patience loves not to draw a layden cart."*

Other jugglers, by means of a bladder of blood and a pasteboard painted bloody, would pretend to stab themselves or suffer themselves to be stabbed.† This was a dangerous trick if the juggler was not sober or forgot

* The Art of Juggling, 1614.
† Ibid.

any of his plates or paddings: and one instance of death from it occurred at a tavern in Cheapside in 1584.

These jugglers, if not as subtle as Jannes and Jambres, were at least quite equal to Philippe or Houdin. They performed feats with balls, conveyed money from one hand into another by legerdemain, turned coins into counters, made sixpences leap out of pint pots, sink through a table, or vanish from a handkerchief, with magical cries of '*Has fortuna furie, nunquam credo, passe, passe; when come you, sirrah?*' with much cunning handling. We need scarcely say these tricks were performed by waxed-nails, horsehair, prepared boxes, and the help of confederates.

The practices with cards were innumerable. They turned aces into knaves, told strangers what numbers they thought of: they used hollow nuts in which the name of the guesser at cards was written, and generally concluded by giving some butt of the party a nut full of ink to crack.

They performed many tricks with knotted cords, pretending to undo them by spells; and played at fast and loose with strings and beads.

* Art of Legerdemain Discovered, 1658.

Their favourite tricks were performed by the help of confederates. By preconcerted words they would stand behind a door and tell if a man threw cross or pile by the ringing; made pots fall from a cupboard at the sound of a spell; made a "gaggle" of geese draw a timber-log; compelled an accomplice to dance naked; changed the colour of a cap; and foretold where stolen horses were hidden, using for their incantations certain quaint forms of words, as, *Droch, myroch, senaroth, betu baroch, assenaroth, sonusa, faronusu, leg pass, pass.*

They also, by using boxes with false bottoms, turned toads into corn, or wheat into flour. Sometimes they had little bladders full of meal, pepper, and ginger, which they spit out after eating some bread, at the same time they played with a rush, and balanced a trencher with three holes. They burnt threads, and drew out fresh ones from their ashes; they made whole laces that had been cut in half; or pulled yards of coloured ribbon from their mouths, and sold them at high prices to the audience. Frequently the juggler-clown showed a book of white leaves, which he shut and opened again, showing every leaf white, black, or yellow. This was done by having the coloured leaves a little higher than the others.

In the country they ran knives into a capon's head without injuring it, and healed the wound by repeating a charm.* They pretended to swallow swords, and by help of a confederate drew it from a spectator's pocket, or sent a boy to fetch it from a tree in the orchard, or from such a room; with blades and bodkins that slipped into their handles they pretended to run them into their heads or tongues, or through their arms, squeezing blood from a small secret sponge to form a simulated wound. Others affected to cut their noses in two, or put rings through their cheeks; some to thrust pieces of lead in at one eye and out at the other, by means of a hollow stick, into which the lead slipped.

But the great trick of the age was the one we have before described, and which is still practised, called the *decollation of John Baptist*, and was shown at Bartholomew Fair.† It required three people to perform, and was shown upon a table in a dark tent prepared for the purpose, with a hole, up which one of the boys could thrust his head, and another down; a boy, whose body lay upon the table in sight of the audience, could hide a basin fitted round the boy's neck, which was generally sprinkled with

* The Art of Juggling.

† Hocus Pocus, 1686, p. 33.

red, and surrounded with a little kneaded dough dipped in blood, to represent flesh. This the juggler pricked with a hollow quill, upon which it would bleed; a little brimstone was then sprinkled on a chafing-dish of coals, the smoke of which gave the face the appearance of death. The room was generally dark, and the spectators were hurried quickly out before they had time to grow critical.

But let us hurry to Bartholomew Fair, and see the rude, sports of the age.

If we push our way through the noisy crowd of laughing citizens, quarrelsome serving-men, keen-eyed horse-dealers, and smiling cheats, we come suddenly to a booth gay with glass, and displaying a sign on which is painted a pig's head, with the eccentric motto, "*Here be the best pigs, and she does them as well as ever she did.*" This is Mistress Overdone's celebrated booth for the sale of roast pig and bottle ale. She charges 5*s.* for a pig's head, and not dear either. See her there, fat and perspiring, waving a ladle with which she bastes a pig already burnt a rich brown, and occasionally bastes the boys who teaze her.

At the doors are some Banbury men, Puritans, looking on with reproachful eyes, while a ballad-singer is shouting out, "Ballads, ballads, fine new ballads.

"Here's for your love, and song for your money,
A delicate ballad of the ferret and cony,

'A dozen of Divine Points,' and 'The Goody Garters,'
'The Fairy of Good Counsel,' 'An Ell and Three Quarters.'"

Beyond him is an itinerant corn-cutter, with his cry of, "Have you any corns on your feet and toes?" or a rat-catcher with his, "Buy a mouse-trap, a mouse-trap, a tormentor for the fleas!"

Pass on through disguised justices, cut-purses, horse-coursers, bullies, clothiers, Somersetshire wrestlers, and gingerbread women, and we come to a toy booth, and it is worth while to stay and hear the shopman's cry, for he is a hobby-horse seller, and driving a larger business than the cunning man from Cow Lane in the next booth, or the "buy any gingerbread, any gilt gingerbread," in the next stall.

His words are, "What do you lack? What is it you buy? What do you buy? Rattles, drums, halberds, horses, babies of the best, rattles of the finest!"

For a moment he is interrupted by a costermonger crying pears.

"Buy any pears, pears fine, very fine pears!"

But he now breaks out again:—

"What do you lack, gentlemen? Maidens, see a fine hobby-horse for your young master; cost but a token—worth his provender."

Again he is drowned by the opposition: "Any com-

fortable bread, gentlemen? or the dame of the Pig's Head?" *

"Gentlewomen, the weather's hot; whither walk ye? Take care of your fine velvet caps. The fair is dusty; take a sweet delicate booth with boughs here in the way, and refresh yourselves with the best pig and bottle ale in the fair, sirs."

Then again comes a sharp, quick, business voice:—

"What do you lack? A fine horse, a lion, a bull, a bear, a dog or cat, an excellent Bartholomew kid, or an instrument? What do you lack? What do you lack? A fine hobby-horse, to make your son a tilter? a drum, to make him a soldier? a fiddle, to make him a reveller? a little dog for your daughter? or babies, male and female? What do you lack?"

Then the shows. The bull with five legs, only a penny; the great Leicestershire hog; the eagle; the black wolf; the calf from Uxbridge; the dogs that dance a morris; and the hare that plays the tabor: and above all,

"The excellent motion, twopence a-piece, gentlemen; the ancient and modern history of Hero and Leander; and the most mirthful tragedy of the Don Hieronymo."

For a diversion too there is a thief to be whipped, and

* Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, Act iii. Sc. 1.

the two rogues in the stocks to look at, and public men to point out staringly.* Look at that crowd round the ballad seller, and watch his accomplices the cutpurses tickling the ears of the clowns with a straw, in order to make them pull their clumsy hands out of the pockets of their trunk hose, while another rogue twitches off that gallant's cloak of blush-coloured satin, and unblushingly runs off with it, in spite of the hue and cry at his heels. See that stern, pale-faced man, with deep brow and heavy features, watching him with a smile, — that is Master Ben Jonson, who is going to work the scene into a play. Raised on a high scaffold is Kindheart, the well-known tooth-drawer. He is the greatest cheat in Christendom; for a crown he will cure any disease, — for 100 marks will put out both your eyes, and quite cure your inflammation, with one drop of his "aqua mirabilis (12*d.* a drop);" he stops the dead palsy, and from his skill as an oculist he is called by his enemies *Dr. Putout.* His salve is only surpassed by his pills; and his antidote of five marks preserves you from stab and bullet. By his side waves a banner, stuck over with horse teeth, to show his skill in the power of extracting — money. He is, moreover, a

* Chettle's Kindheart's Dream, 1592.

tooth-charmer, and cures you by writing mysterious words on a paper, which he burns; he sears your teeth with hot wires, or makes you inhale the hot vapour of henbane seeds, and then shows you the worms that he has conjured out, and which are, certes, now wriggling in the water; but they come from the henbane seeds, and that is a secret. He wears chains of teeth, and shakes them as he offers you a powder that will "refresh the spirits, purify the blood, and ease the pain." It is rather solemn to hear him repeat,—"*In verbis et in herbis et in lapidibus sunt virtutes sub illa linguis Gibell et Chaldee,*— These are the spirits that pass with the blood into the rheum to vex the teeth of men." That man next him with a beard is William Archer, the celebrated juggler; he wears a round, low-crowned, rent silk hat, the band knit in many knots, and two round sticks stuck in it. His jerkin is of cut leather, his cloak of three colours, his hose paned yellow and blue, and he plays the bagpipe. On the other side of him is Anthony Now-Now, the fiddler, who derives his name from a well-known song. He is a short man in a round cap, a side-skirted tawny coat*, and leather buskins.

At the next stage is Bankes and his dancing horse,

* Kindheart's Dream, p. 10.

Morocco*; this is the great sight of the fair called Bartholomew. This Bankes is a vintner in Cheapside, as well known as the ballad writer Elderton or Little Davy, the sword and buckler† man‡, who offers to fight the whole world. The horse is an old, small-sized bay gelding, which he has shod with silver. It tells fortunes, selects cards, picks up your handkerchief; in fact, does every thing but speak. It has just been, for a wager, to the top of St. Paul's; but poor Bankes is little thinking how next year he will be burnt with his horse at Rome as a witch.

That odd smiling fellow in the russet coat and buttoned cap, standing on one toe, as he blows the pipe and beats the tabor, is the great comedian Tarleton. He is celebrated as Touchstone, and is Shakspere's jester. He has come here to sing a song and dance a jig for Bankes's benefit.

Outside is our friend the ballad-singer, driving a roaring trade in scurrilous ballads. His favourite tunes are, "Watkins's Ale," "Carman's Whistle," "Fortune," "Death and the Lady," "Chopping Knives," "The Friar's

* Percy Society, Maroccus Extaticus, Preface.

† Dekker's Knight's Conjuring.

‡ Dekker's Devil's Answer to Pierce Pennyless.

Foxtail." What with selling and what with thieving, he has ere this made 20*s.* a day at Braintree Fair. To-morrow he is off to Stourbridge, and then to Bristol.

Here are two Puritan citizens discussing the last sermon. One calls it "a good piece of work," and the other "an excellent article;" they are both notorious usurers; and that man they accost in a buttoned cap, short gown, and slippers, is Hobson, the wit, a haberdasher of small wares in the Poultry; with him are four aldermen, who are known everywhere as Rich Ramsay, Stout Bond, Gentleman Beecher, and Stout Cooper. They are all friends of Gresham's, and sharers in the Muscovy Company. Hobson stops to talk to a russet-coated pedlar; he is a worthy man, and always severe in compelling his apprentices to follow him to church on Sunday, according to the old rule.* Now they all turn into a vintner's booth to have a flagon of sack and a luncheon. A fat host, not unlike Shakspere's host of the Garter, accosts them with exultation, for the fair is the thirstiest fair that has been held for many a year.

"What, gallants, are you come? Well, gentlemen, I have news enough for you all, though I am so fat and prosy; I can speak news enough, and I am sure you will hear

* Hobson's Pleasant Conceits, 1607 (Percy Society).

me, and shall hear me. Welcome, welcome, gentlemen; I have tails and quails for you; seat yourselves, gentlemen; dishes, fishes, boys and beards; I will be gone and look to the drawers and back anon in a trice ere you look for me, like the old vice, truly gallant, top of top-gallant bullies of five-and-twenty." Every third sentence he uses some catch-word which has become known all over London or some old proverb or snatch of a song.

The talk is sad; it turns on the plague, — 857 dead in the last week. Three crosses and "The Lord have mercy upon us" is over many doors in St. Laurence Lane and the cookshops of Pie Corner. Men are afraid to buy second-hand clothes or feather beds: gentlemen from the country return to London in their old taffety coats, afraid to order London clothes; the public coaches are hung with rue. The sextons and doctors are praying that the sickness may last. The people of Hertford are hoping that the term will be held there and not at Westminster. Horrible stories are current: how a serving-man, buried alive, leapt out of his grave in St. Mary Overhouse; and how one man fell sick from fright at seeing the searchers enter his room to carry him to the dead cart, thinking he was dead. Travellers fall off their horses in the country roads, and are buried by the

highway side. Husband and wife die in the same day: shopkeepers, afraid of their houses being closed, send away sick apprentices in sacks to poor tenants' rooms in Whitechapel. A man in a country village has fallen from his horse drunk, and the villagers, taking him for one dead of the plague, build a bonfire over him; he rises up and leaps out, to their horror, just as the heap catches fire.

The door of this tavern, the *Angel and Trumpet*, is a good place to watch the crowd. That old pinch-faced man, with a great leathern pouch, long stockings, and side-coat with crossbars of velvet*, is a usurer on his way to sign a bond, and caring nothing for the fair, which he does not even observe as he looks at his tablets and casts up a sum. Next him, with a rain-beaten feather in his cap, a cloak hanging down to his ancles as he is hurried along by the watch, is a tavern bully, who declares, "if he could but find his Hamburgh knife," stabs should be dealt. He has just kicked the constable, beaten the watch, broken a tapster's head, kissed the landlady, and finally been knocked down by the landlord. That over-dressed man, all gilt and lace, staring about, is a country gentleman whose purse has already been stolen, though

* Rowland's Diogenes' Lanthorn and Candle Lighting.

he does not yet know it. Next him is a spendthrift with no buttons to his doublet. That man in the threadbare blue coat, looking so rueful and kissing his hand to all that pass *, is a decayed serving-man, now a beggar. His companion, a scarred fellow leaning on a truncheon and offering a rusty rapier for sale, is an old soldier who lives by alms. Running past him, with a cloak tucked under his arm, is a prentice on an errand — a stout young lad, whose whole ambition is the alderman's foot-cloth and golden chain.

That pale, abstracted-looking man, who stares with lack-lustre eyes and faint smile at the juggler, is a scholar: we know him by his black threadbare cloak. He is a tutor in a nobleman's family, for whom he writes sonnets, elegies, and pageants. He is lodged near the kitchen, and is kept awake all night by the scolding cooks; if he complains of this, he will be put in the haunted room or far up in some mouldy garret. He gets only five marks a year, and sits with the lower servants under the salt. He is snubbed by the steward and laughed at by the waiting creatures, though he is a ripe scholar and a gentleman born. He gets only the scrap dishes, half bones, from the upper table, but is contented

* Nixon's Strange Foot-Post.

so he can get back to his quiet room and St. Chrysostom, his best friend. He is observed to draw his knife leisurely, he wipes his beard gravely, breaks bread with his knife, but falls hotly on the porridge for fear of not being ready for the first dish of meat. His pupils are those ruddy boys, who long to get away to see Master Rupert feed the white falcon or John the groom back Black Sloven the gelding.

That hang-dog fellow with a mischievous-looking parchment in his hand is a "parriter" of the Ecclesiastical Court: his friend in the brown bonnet, leather coat, broad dagger, and long sword, is a country client on his way to his lawyer with a buckram bag swollen with papers.*

Here's a crowd of turbulent butchers and tinkers round a ballad-seller. Go near him and listen: he cries, "The Crown Garland of Golden Roses gathered out of England's Royal Garden. Here is the Red Rose and the White; the lamentable Song of the Fair Maid of Dunsmore; the Complaint of Fair Isabel; the Song of Sir Richard Whittington, a short and sweet sonnet; the famous Life and Death of Thomas Stukeley, the London gallant; the King and the Beggar; Jane Shore and Fair Rosamund; the Two Ladies of Finsbury; the Battle

* Nixon's Strange Foot-Post, 1613.

of Agincourt; the Good Shepherd's Sorrow, and the tragic story of Henry VIII.'s Wives." Several cut-purses are busy in the crowd, with horn thimbles on their thumbs, and ready knife,—so take care; a week hence they will be grinding in the mill at Newgate.

Some lawyers pass towards Westminster, talking of ejectments and attachments. After them come a band of Irish sweeps, costermongers, and beggars, and a sailor with a brimless cap. They all stop at a stall, where the prentices are crying out, "Rich girdles, Spanish roses, silk stockings, gay garters; what do you lack? Draw near, and I can sell you a pennyworth." The shopkeeper is one of London's rich aldermen, and the 109 parishes shake at his nod, yet he does not disdain St. Bartholomew's fair; no, nor yet St. James's.

But we must not forget to notice that great amusement of the Elizabethan fashionable world, smoking. Those who loved the breath of the "woodcock's head," as the pipe * was called, sat on the stage-stools, with their three sorts of tobacco, and their lights by them, handing matches on the point of their swords, or sending out their pages for real Trinidado. They practised smoking under professors,

* Every Man out of his Humour, Act iii. Sc. 3.

who taught them tricks. The intelligence offices were not more frequented, no, nor the pretty seamstresses' shops at the Exchange, than the new tobacco office.

It has long been an object of special wonder with us that Shakspere's plays contain no mention of the new vice of smoking, while Ben Jonson, his younger contemporary, founds whole scenes upon the practice. Some commentators bring this forward as a proof of the comparative earliness of many of his dramas; but this cannot suffice, as smoking was in full use long before "Will" left London. He does not either mention the introduction of forks from Italy. It cannot be answered that Grumio does not stoop to notice the follies of the day, since we have shown that Shakspere drew his manners entirely, and almost unidealised, from his own age, and mentions false hair, masks, pomanders, fardingales, and all the latest novelties.

The poets called it fit only for rotten-lunged chimney-sweeps *, the habit blackening the teeth and poisoning the breath, used by watermen, colliers, and carmen, who spit and beslaver every place. Cob epitomises this dislike with much humour, and in a manner that King James himself would have appreciated.

* Decker's Gull's Horn Book, p. 31.

"Ods me!" he says, "I marvell what pleasure and felicity they do have in taking this roguish tobacco. It goes far to choke a man and fill him full of smoke and embers. There were four died out of the house last week with taking it, and two more the bell went for yesterday; one of them, they say, will never 'scape it, he voided a bushel of soot yesterday upwards and downwards. But the stocks are for worser men; I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that have but dealt with a tobacco-pipe. Why, it should stifle them all in the end, as many as use it: it's little better than ratsbane and rosaker." *

To which tirade Bobadil would answer by strongly exhaling a whiff of smoke and declaring that, by that air, it was the most divine tobacco he had ever drank. Gallants delighted to take tobacco in the lords' room over the stage, and then go and spit privately in Paul's.†

Bobadil takes it, too, for economical purposes, to stop the orifice of his stomach till dinner time. He brags of the quantity he takes:—

"Body o' me! here's the remainder of seven packets

* Every Man in his Humour, Act iii. Sc. 2.

† Every Man out of his Humour, Act v. Sc. 1.

since yesterday was seven nights. 'Tis your right Trinidado; did you never take any, Master Stephen?"

Master Stephen has never taken any, but will learn to take it an Master Bobadil commend it.

Bobadil believes much in its many virtues.*

"Sir, believe me upon my relation, for what I tell you the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies where this herb grows; but neither myself nor a dozen more gentlemen of my knowledge have received or taken any other meat in the world for the space of one-and-twenty weeks but the fume of this simple plant; therefore it cannot but be most divine. Further, take it in the nature in the true kind, so it makes an antidote had you taken the most deadly poison in. Nay, it would expel it and clarify you with as much ease as I speak; and, for your wounds, your balsamum and your St. John's wort are mere juggeries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado nicotine. Go to, I could say what I know of it for the expulsion of rheums, sour humours, obstructions, and things of this kind; but I profess myself? no."

Smoking was called by the indignant wit making one's

* Gifford. Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Act iii. Sc. 2.

nose an Indian chimney; and it was considered necessary for all true humorous gallants to be very curious in their tobacco.

At the ordinary, before the meat came smoking upon the board, the gallant drew out his tobacco-box, and ladle for assisting the cold snuff into his nostrils, tongs for holding hot coals, and priming-iron; all this artillery, if he were rich or foolish, of gold and silver *, was very useful to pawn when current coin ran low. His whole talk was of different varieties of tobacco, which he knew better than the merchants, and of the apothecary's shop where it could best be bought; then he would show several tricks in the way of taking it, as the whiff, the sniff †, and the Euripus. At the theatre he smoked and displayed his cane and pudding and all his varieties of tobacco, and from thence would repair to the tobacco ordinary; his talk there is whether nicotine or Trinidado is sweetest, which pipe has the best bore, which turns black, and which broke in browning.

The poor laughed at this luxury of driving smoke through the nose and sealing up all with filthy roguish tobacco; they smiled to see the smoke come forth of

* Decker's Gull's Horn Book, 1609 (1852), p. 119.

† Ibid. p. 120.

a man's tunnels, little thinking that it was destined some day to be the favourite narcotic of the poorer classes.

Pimps, like Bobadil, found it their interest to say King James's Counterblast against Tobacco is the best written of all his works. It is a judicious and sensible attack on what he justly deemed an abuse produced by the growing luxury of the nation.

"There cannot be," he says, "a more base yet hurtful corruption in a country than is the vile use, or rather abuse, of taking tobacco in this kingdom."

The opening of the pamphlet upsets at once the old tradition of the introduction of the Indian weed by Raleigh: James says distinctly it was not brought in by a worthy, virtuous, or great personage, but originated in two or three savages arriving from America, and who died in England. It originated, he says, in poor, wild, barbarous men, sprung from corruption, and was practised from an inconsiderate and childish love of novelty.

"Shall we," says the King, "who disdain to imitate the manners of the French or Spaniards, borrow a vile and stinking custom from the beastly, slavish Indians?" *

* Works of James I., 1616, p. 215.

His arguments against the weed are numerous: he first denies that the brains of man are naturally cold and wet; therefore denies that fumigation is good for them, because, he says, as there are four complexions in men, and those complexions compounded of the four elements, different brains differ in constitution.

He next denies that the quality of tobacco is simply dry and hot, as the hateful smell indicates a certain obnoxious faculty antagonistic to nature, all smoke, too, being humid.

The second argument in its favour, *i. e.* that it purges the head and stomach, he refutes by saying that the rheum and purges are merely the smoke in another shape.

A third argument of the new sect, its sudden popularity, he does not think worth answering. He then goes on to deny that tobacco could cure any disease, though many had smoked themselves to death. He laughs at the absurdity of those who declared it healed all complaints in the head and stomach, the gout, the ague, drunkenness, weariness, and hunger, or asserted that it made men sleep, and yet cured drowsiness and quickened the understanding. "O omnipotent power of tobacco!" he exclaims, "if its smoke could rouse devils, like the smoke of Tobias' fish, it would serve as a

precious relic both for superstitious priests and insolent Puritans."

He argues, too, that even if a medicine, tobacco too often used must weaken and weary nature: to use this unsavoury smoke is to commit a filthy abuse, and to be guilty of a sinful and shameful lust as bad as the sin of drunkenness; he laments that men should so enslave themselves as not to be able to go a Sabbath day's journey without sending for hot coals to kindle the tobacco; and he asks how men so impatient for luxury could be expected to endure the privations of meat, drink, and sleep, in time of war.

Lastly, he pleads the expense, since some gentlemen smoke buyers bestowed three or four hundred pounds a year upon this precious stink.

The last page of this book, in which he sums up the abuses of the custom, is too interesting to bear abridgment.*

"For the vanities," he says, "committed in this filthy custom, is it not both great vanity and uncleanness that at the table, a place of respect of cleanliness and of modesty, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing of tobacco pipes and puffing of the smoke of tobacco one to another,

* Works of James I., p. 222.

making the filthy smoke and stink thereof," to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the air where very often men that abhorre it are at their repast. Smoke becomes a kitchen farre better than a dining chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes, in the inward parts of men, soyling and infecting them with an unctuous and oily kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco takers that after their death were opened."

The angry and fumy king goes on to loudly complain that no time or action was exempted from the public use of that uncivil brick, making our manners worse than those of the wives of Diepe. To avoid appearing singular, men of sound judgment and complexion were also drawn into imitation. But let him speak for himself, for we shall not interrupt him again.

"Is it not a great vanity that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend now but straight they must be in hand with tobacco, for it has become, in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship—he that will refuse to take a pipe among his fellows (though by his own relation he would rather feel the savour of a snike) is accounted peevish, and no good companye, even as they do with tipling in the cold estern countreys. Yea, the mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind entertain her servant than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of tobacco. But herein is not

only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts — that the sweetness of men's breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke, wherein, I must confess, it hath too strong a virtue, and so that which is an ornament of nature and can neither by any artifice be at the first acquired nor once lost recovered again, shall be filthily corrupted with an incurable stink, which vile quality is as directly contrary to that wrong opinion which is holden of the wholesomeness thereof, as the venime of putrefaction is contrary to the virtue preservative.

"Moreover, which is a great iniquity and against all humanitie, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and clean complexioned wife to that extremity that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therein, or else resolve to live in a perpetually stinking torment.

"Have you not reason, then, to be ashamed and to forbear this filthy novelty, so basely grounded, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken the right use thereof? — to your abuse thereof, sinning against God, harming yourselves both in persons and goods, and taking also thereby the notes and marks of vanitie upon you, by the custom thereof, making yourselves to be wondered at by all forreine civil nations, and by all strangers that come among

you, to be scorned and contemned, a custom both fulsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmfull to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smelle of the pit that is bottomless."

CHAP. IV.

THE LAWS OF THE DUELLE.

"Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, 'God send me no need of thee!' and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need."

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. Sc. 1.

"He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: ah! the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay! &c."

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. Sc. 4.

The Sands of Calais. — Fencing Masters. — Frequency of Duelling. — Introduction of the Rapier. — Duels at Taverns. — Saviolo's Books. — Causes of Duels. — Challenge. — Conditional Lie. — The Lie in General. — The Foolish Lie. — Proud and Civil Proof. — Causes that stayed Duels. — Time for the Duel. — The Combat. — The Apology. — Morality of the Duellists. — Art of Fence. — Parries. — Terms. — Language of the Schools.

When Bobadil ventured his "poor gentlemanlike carcass," by the help of his nineteen special rules, his punto reverso, stoccata, imbrocatto passada, and montanto, to spare the entire lives of the Queen's subjects, and three parts of the yearly charge in holding war, by the mere

exertion of his own skill and nineteen others in the use of the rapier, he did but utter the ridiculous threats to be heard any day in the London fencing school.

The sands of Calais were too often moistened with the blood of the hot-brained gallants of Elizabeth's reign, for on this spot the most formal duels were fought, to prevent interruption; a chivalrous and warlike age, and the universal wearing of swords by all classes, from the prentice boy to the duke, rendered street fights as common as stabbings were among the lower classes, who all carried knives and daggers. Duelling had grown into a science, and the fencing school became the scene of an important part of every gentleman's education. Dancing, practising with the rapier, tennis, the theatre, and the ordinary, took up the greater part of the London loungers' day. The fencing masters were chiefly Italians and Frenchmen, and the terms of the art were all borrowed from the language of the former nation. The courtier, if a man of letters, had then sometimes to handle the sword, just as the man of arms had sometimes to pen a sonnet; the very country curate had his sword, and would not refuse a challenge; and the slightest provocation at a ball-room or a party ended in an appeal to the sword.

Duelling had grown fashionable, together with the habit of spending nights in taverns; there was much

lugging out of iron: "fall on" and "draw" were the general cries when the tables were upset, and the floor a red sea of spilled wine. Dead men, with holes in their breasts, were often found by the watchman, with their pale faces resting on the door-steps of merchants' houses, or, propped up and still bleeding, hid away in church porches. The rapier not only became the brave man's defence, but the refuge of the detected cheat and the angry gambler. Friendships were ended, and ambition interrupted by one thrust, and long lines of ancestry cruelly broken up by a single pass of arms. Hot bloods, fresh from peril in the Indies, were not respectful of the holiness of life. Madcaps broken from college had often to fight their way, sword in hand, through armed serving-men, the retainers of rivals or of enemies. Many a battle was less dangerous than one night spent at a tavern, when the wine had flowed somewhat faster than usual, and the dice, the representatives of castles and of mansions, had tumbled about too often.

It was now all poking and thrusting, no broad red slashes that hurt, but did not kill. Just as the bowyer ridiculed the first hand guns, so did the English blade-smith despise the first Toledos. The rapier was called un-English, just as moustachios are now called so by those who do not wear them; it was thought to be murderous,

ruffianly, cowardly, and popish, not fit to pierce a buckler, and to be broken at a single blow of a broadsword. Prentices and citizens, farmers and country gentlemen, at first resisted the novelty, and were laughed at and billed for their pains, though sheer brute strength was thought more honest than Italian subtlety and art. Men chopped, and clove, and swashed, but all in vain, for the deadly insinuating steel crept under their guards, and slipped into their vitals. The new art became fashionable; Italian professors taught the rapier; and the old sword was at last hung up with the bills and bows in the manorial hall; old men grumbled and adopted the change, the young hardly believed that anything else could ever have been used, and the bravo who introduced it became with them an immortal genius.

The duellists of this age were not those sort of sham combatants who used to meet at Dalk Hill, having first taken good care to be duly interrupted by the police long before any of their discreet blood had been shed — these men fought *à l'outrance,* sometimes in their shirts, and with poignards; they were practised swordsmen, who would let no advantage slip, who stood keen eyed and watchful, knowing that death awaited a slip of the foot or a wrong turn of the wrist; these were men nursed in a hundred

street and tavern fights, accustomed to guard their throats from the Spanish swords and the bully's dagger, who scarcely passed a day without breathing themselves with a friend at the fencing school with all the eagerness of men whose pride and safety are both interested in their attainment of a difficulty. There was, perhaps, a pride in feeling that one's own life, and that of another, depended on the strength of a thin steel sword. A new parry was discussed at court and in city, just as we now discuss a change of ministry. When the rapier superseded the sword and buckler, old men lamented that England had fallen, and that the days of manly fighting were gone for ever.

The duel in England never reached the popularity that it did in France during Elizabeth's reign. For eighteen years of Henry IV.'s sway, 4000 gentlemen are said to have perished in private combat, in spite of his edict of Blois and other laws. The advice of the wise Sully at last perhaps induced the King to act more severely against offenders, though he was always himself a secret approver of the mode of trial, which after all is less expensive and not much more uncertain than law ; many of these duels were fiercely fought by men in their shirts, armed with sword and dagger. Any accidental advantage was pressed to the uttermost, and all perhaps for a lady's glove or a stolen

ribbon. The trial by battle was once claimed, and the champions were summoned in 1571 to Tothill Fields, to fight before the Queen; Spelman, who was present, mentions the event. The dispute was about property in the island of Hastie in Kent; but the complainants not appearing, the affair ended peaceably, much to the mortification of the crowd, who do not like reprieves, and think themselves wronged by such dull events.

The laws of the duelle were regulated by the most wire-drawn and fantastical principles of honour, swelled into a woe by the subtleties and Jesuitisms of the masters o' fence and the regulations of their schools.

Saviolo, the great master of this art, advises strongly that all quarrels arising from words spoken in choler and wine be made up, unless the injury was accompanied by villany for which no words could give satisfaction. Amongst other causes of quarrels, he mentions the habit of some men who would enter a room without any courtesie or salutation to the company, and taking a friend by the sleeve urge him to go with them: upon this some other "fantastical, mad, conceited fellow" ordinarily resented the rudeness, and blows and death would follow.*

Sometimes, also, at weddings or great feasts, a man-

* Vincentio Saviolo's Practise, 1575, p. 12.

nerless* man would approach a gentlewoman talking to some friends and retired from the company, and solicit her to dance with him, without noticing those to whom she was conversing: a quarrel would follow, the friends and kinsfolk would fall to blows, and frays ensued wherein often many men lost their lives. Another cause of strife was a habit of staring at men's faces in the streets. At Trieste, Saviolo saw two brothers who being stared out of countenance by some young gentlemen of the City, asked the citizens if they knew them, and if not why they stared. The citizens replied, "Because we have eyes." "That," said the other, "is the crows' fault, in that they have not picked them out." Word grew from word and a hot fight ensued, in which one of the brothers was slain, and two of the gentlemen hurt: one of them being hurt in the leg and captured, although much beloved in the City, was soon after beheaded.† Many old soldiers considered it suspicious and uncourteous of any one to touch their swords, whether to admire the beauty of their temper or the richness of their hilt, as this feigned curiosity was sometimes resorted to by assassins.

Still more dangerous was it to break coarse jokes, or

* Vincentio Saviolo's Practise, 1575, b. ii.

† Ibid. b. ii.

suborn or strike another man's servants, for this was a continuous source of long rankling feuds. Calumny was sufficient cause for a challenge, unless the detractor disavowed his words.

It was no uncommon thing for friends, under pretence of parting combatants, to disarm or wound their companion's rival: for which reason many old duellists, when any one drew upon them, shouted that any one who approached them armed, should be attacked as enemies. Cowards sometimes had bullies to stab or beat their adversaries, having first picked a quarrel with them on some slight pretence.

Other men taunted an enemy, knowing that the company would back them, or run in and prevent a duel before swords could be drawn: the quarrels of this age were sudden and bloody.

The gentleman to whom the lie was given was expected to become the challenger, although the lie might be in return to a charge of treason. Thus, if Caius says to Seius "he is a traitor," and Seius replies by giving the lie, Caius challenges Seius to maintain what he said; and again, if Caius strikes Seius, Seius replies "he hath dealt injuriously with him." Then Caius gives the lie, and Seius challenges him. The giving the lie in fact, as we see by Touchstone, who quotes Caranza, became an abstruse study, and

the lie was divided into many branches, much ingenuity being used by either party to avoid giving the first challenge. The *lie certain* when generalised turned upon the word therefore: "Thou hast spoken to my discredit and in prejudice of my honest reputation, and therefore dost lie;" the *special lie* was more definite, as for example, "Alexander, thou hast said that I being employed by his Highness in his service at Padua have had secret conference with the enemy, and therefore I say that thou hast lyed."

The *conditional lie* *, Touchstone would say, was much used by cautious and diplomatic men, as it always gave the prudent opportunities to escape. It ran thus: "If thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou lyest, and if thou sayest so hereafter thou shalt lie, and as often as thou hast or shall so say, so oft do I and will I say thou lyest."

The answer to this was, "Whereas thou chargest me that I should say that thou art a traitor, and thereupon sayest that I lye, I answer that I never spake such words, and therefore say that whosoever sayest I have spoken such words he lyeth." Another reply was, "Thou dost not proceed in this case like a gentleman, neither according to the

* Saviolo, b. ii.

honorable custom of knights, which when thou shalt do I will answer thee."

The *lie in general* was divided by these professors * into two branches—the lye general in respect of the person, and the lye general in respect of the injury—the first was when one said "Whosoever hath reported of me that I have betrayed my lord doth lye falsely." This no gentleman was compelled to answer, though such challenges were rather dangerous in a hot-blooded age.

The second ran thus, "Antony, thou hast spoken ill of me and prejudiced my reputation, and therefore I say that thou lyest." This lie was thought of no value till the angry duellist entered into particulars. This lie often drove the defendant to prove his charge by law, and so the duel was frustrated, and money and hot blood wasted.

The *lie in particular* was the special lie of the brave man, and specified the charge and offence. This is an example: "Silvano, thou hast said that at the day of the battle of St. Quintin I did abandon the ensign, wherefore I say thou liest," and then produced his proof that his enemy had used such words. If the charge could not be denied, and the defendant refused to fight, he was disgraced.

Foolish lies consisted in † manifest inconsistencies, as

* Saviolo, b. ii. † Ibid. b. ii.

when a man lost his girdle and said, "Whoever had stolen it lyed in his throat:" a fool in his hurry to give the lie would often say before his adversary could speak, "If thou sayest I am not an honest man, thou lyest in thy throat," answering what was not yet spoken. To delay giving the lie in return for an insult, even in presence of the prince, was thought degrading to a gentleman, unless the enemy were so accompanied as to render it dangerous to beard him.

Other sources of quarrel were what were pedantically called "*injuries requited*" and "*injuries redoubled.*" The first was, if you were called a thief to retort the charge; the second, if you added fresh words of outrage, as when one said, "Thou art a false money maker," and you replied, "And thou too, and a homicide withall." Saviolo sums up that in these difficult cases a bare countercharge, without giving the lie, needed not necessarily produce a duel.

The sword or civil proof (law *) followed according as a man valued his honour or reputation. Saviolo, with his usual high feeling and good principle, contends that it is no less the part of a cavalier to know how to sheathe his sword than it is to know how to draw it, and that the civil proof is the proof of reason, and fighting the

* Saviolo, b. ii.

proof of force; the one being doubtful, and the other uncertain.

The real gentleman wrote his cartel (or challenge) briefly and clearly, indulging in no invective, deeming it noble to speak honourably of an enemy.

The defendant had the choice of arms. Before the reign of Elizabeth gloves were sent as challenges, but were afterwards superseded by cartels first sent, and then published. After the day and hour were fixed, it was disgraceful for either combatant to strike or offend his adversary. If either do so, the offender was dubbed a breaker of faith, and was refused all further combats.

The man who struck the actual blow was the person to be challenged. If the challenged had any reason to object to the duel, an arbitrator was chosen. If either disputed his judgment, they were supposed to be guilty, and held disgraced.

The command of the prince, unless in cases of national importance, was held no honourable cause for declining a challenge. In war, however, a general prohibition was generally obeyed when the challenge was from any in the hostile army. Saviolo, however, declared that if a challenged man were in a blockaded city, and could not obtain leave of absence from the governor, he should leap over the walls to go and defend his honour.

The most honourable duel was thought to be that in which both the combatants fought in their shirts with rapier and poniard; but Saviolo condemns this as brutal and deadly. A right-handed man could not compel his adversary to fight left-handed. The padrion, or second, allowed no man, unless he had physical defects, to wear rain-braces, or any such defences or armour. If one gentleman had lost an hand or eye, his adversary was muffled or bound in the same part: a maimed man, if compelled to fight with his defective hand, could decline the challenge.

The time appointed for the duel* was between the rising and the setting of the sun. If, in that time, the challenger did not appear, the defendant was not compelled to fight on the day following without his own consent, and that of the lord who granted the field.

The fight was continued till death or flight: sometimes the combatant who first touched the ground was declared prisoner, or the member that touched the rails was cut off. The first who went out of the lists became prisoner; and if his horse was wounded or killed, or his armour broken, he was not supplied with fresh. If one was disarmed, his adversary might stab him before he could rise,

* Saviolo, b. ii.

although it was accounted a piece of romantic generosity to give him his sword again. The challenger gave the first assault: no man, under pain of death, was allowed either to speak a word or make any sign when the duellists entered the lists; and it was held a shame for either gentleman, when once in the meadow, to repent of the combat. It was also held dishonourable to change the ground of quarrel when once in the field, and if it happened, the arbitrator could forbid the battle.

Traitors, freebooters, deserters of their colours*, thieves, robbers, ruffians, tavern-haunters, excommunicated persons, usurers, and all other persons not living as gentlemen and soldiers, were refused the privilege of the duelle. In formal duels, when the defendant did not appear, the victor rides three times round the field with honourable pomp of horse and armour, and "sound of trumpet." Great infirmities, tempests, or floods, were allowed to be sufficient impediments. If a title or fortune rendered a man suddenly, after the challenge, of higher rank than his challenger, he was bound to find a champion.†

When the combat lasted till sunset without any decisive result, the defendant was adjudged the vanquisher, and the challenger could be refused any further rights of the

* Saviolo, b. ii. † Ibid. b. ii.

duelle: he that was overcome in the lists surrendered his armour, garments, and horse, as trophies to the victor, paid the expenses of the combat, and a ransom just as if he had been a prisoner of war. So severe was the code of honour in this age that Saviolo, following a judgment of the Marquis of Vask, denies that a man once conquered could recover his honour by success in a second combat: a man becoming disgraced after the challenge had been sent him, might be refused as an adversary. Degrees of rank were also, on all occasions, taken into consideration.

Sometimes the wrong-doer apologised to the man he had wronged, yielding up his sword and surrendering himself into his hands with all humility and sorrowfulness, upon which his former friend, with the manly tenderness which we should now, in our artificial state, be ashamed to own, would embrace and lift him up.

The quarrels of maskers, or night-revellers, were often thus made up, merely to say, "I spoke not such ill words," was held an insufficient apology unless he added, "And if I had, I had spoken falsely."*

The full apology ran in the following form: the defendant first addressed his adversary: "I would be glad to know of you with what mind you gave me hard words

* Saviolo, b. ii.

the other day, whereupon I gave you the lie; I pray you resolve me herein;" and the other replied, "To tell you the truth, I spoke them in choler, and not upon any other occasion." Then the first answered, "Since you have spoken these words in choler, I assure you I meant not to have given you the lie unless you had spoken that with a deliberate mind to charge me; and I say that my life doth not charge you, but rather I acknowledge you for a man of truth, and I pray you remember no discourteous words past betwixt us, but hold me for your friend." And the other answered, "And I do likewise judge you a man of honour, beseeching you also to account me your friend," and so they left the field.*

The secrets of this noble art, says the professor gravely, are very great, and with great travell and pains a man must come to the knowledge and skill both to rightly understand and practise it; for otherwise by very small error a man may come in danger of his life. The secrets are such, that unless a youth had a skilful master to instruct him, and one who loved him, he never could come to a right understanding of them: "The true sword and dagger men was fitted by God and nature, both in body and mind, for such excellence. Some skilful men, blinded

* Saviolo, b. ii.

by rage, rushed upon their enemies' swords, and were hurt in spite of their skill; others were never able to master their weapons."

Saviolo* inculcated lessons of morality and courtesy, teaching his pupils to be more gentle and courteous the more skill he obtained with his sword. He prefers right to might, law to arms, and never to take advantage of his skill to challenge or insult those weaker than himself. Others, we suspect, were great breeders of strife, and fomenters of daily brawls.

The professors of rapier and dagger required in their pupil not merely that he should force and thrust well, and strike right and cross blows, but that he should be prudent, keen-sighted, and agile, and keep time with hand and foot. Some gallants fought with the rapier and dagger; some with the rapier and cloak, like the Spaniards; some with the rapier and buckler, and others with the rapier alone.†

The parries were generally made with the left hand, protected by a gauntlet, and not by the sword, which was reserved entirely for thrusting and striking; the dagger was held out at arm's length horizontally, and seldom used to strike. Sometimes the rapier stroke and the blow of the dagger were simultaneous.

* B. i. 6. † Ibid. b. i. 6.

Saviolo's description of "the third ward" will illustrate the language and subtleties of the fencing schools.

"You must stand with your feet together, as if you were ready to sit down, and your rapier hand must be within your knee, and your point against the face of your enemy; and if your enemy put himself upon the same ward, you may give a stoccada at length between his rapier and his arm, which shall be best performed and reach furthest if you shift with your foot on the right side. Moreover, if you could deliver a long stoccata, and have perceived that your enemy would shrink away, you may, if you list, at that very instant give it him, or remove with your right foot a little back towards his left side, and bearing back your body that his point may miss your belly, you may presently hit him on the breast with your hand, or on the face, a reverso, or on the legs; but if your enemy would at that time free his point to give you an imbroccata, you may turn your body upon your right knee, so that the said knee bear towards the right side, and shifting with your body a little, keep your left hand ready upon a sudden to find the weapon of your enemy, and by this means you may give him a punta riversa, a stoccata, or a riversa to his legs."

A stramazorm was a cut*, a stoccata a thrust: — but

* Saviolo, b. i. 15.

enough of this jargon, as insufferably dull to describe as it was exciting when first used.

In the cant of the professors, the love of virtue was necessarily followed by a love of the rapier. This science required a man to be able, strong, active, wise, skilful, easy-tempered and valiant. No man professing the military art, they boasted, could be called perfect in his profession without the knowledge of the rapier, and his life was at the mercy of the poorest swordsman. It made the brave man braver, and even the coward courageous; as no man but might quarrel, so there was no one who needed not to know how to defend himself and attack his enemy; the hot-headed needed to know the use of weapons, and the cool to maintain their neutrality. If hunting and hawking strengthened the nerves and hardened the body for war, how much the training of the rapier? In the words of good Master Vincent: "It seemeth unto me that I may with great reason say that the art and exercise of the rapier and dagger is much more rare and excellent than any other military exercise of the body, because there is very great and necessary use thereof, not only in general wars, but also in particular combats and many other accidents, when a man having the perfect knowledge and practice of this art, although but small of stature and weak of strength, may with a

little removing of his foot, a sudden turning of his hands, a slight declining of his body, subdue and overcome the fierce braving pride of tall and strong bodies."*

The jargon of the fencing-master was after this fashion: "A palpable stramazorm, by these hilts! Now you come in bravely upon your reverse, and standing close and firm, and fair, save your retricato on the left leg, coming to the assault with the right. Now then, following the great Caranza's rule, make the stoccata, making a passado full at my right pass, thus. Now, sir, come on, and twine your body more about that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentlemanlike guard † — so, indifferent well — hollow your body more, sir, as thus; now, stand fast with your left leg, note your distance, and keep your due proportion of time — fie, sir, you disorder your point." ‡

The pupils spoke of Vincentio, and the Burgonian ward, and the fencing mystery.

Sometimes a band of gallants, bent on a duel or

* Vincentio Saviolo, his Practise in two Books; the first in treating of the use of the R. and D.; the second, of Honor and Honorable Quarrels. London, 1595. Dedicated to the Earl of Essex, Master of Horse. Book I., Preface.

† Every Man in his Humour, Act i. Sc. 4.

‡ Marston's Stamp of Villanie, vol. ii. p. 63.

wanting amusement, would send for a fencer to a tavern to breathe them.

The fencing-masters frequently fought matches on the public stage, sometimes before the Queen; on one or two occasions death followed these encounters.

CHAP. V.

SERVING-MEN AND GENTLEWOMEN. THE KITCHEN AND THE BUTTERY STILL-ROOM.

"Why you slaves,
Created only to make legs and cringe,
To carry in a dish and shift a trencher,
That have not souls, only to hope a blessing
Beyond black jacks or flagons. You that were born
Only to consume meat, and drink and fatten
Upon reversions!"

Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts, Act i. Sc. 3.

"A serving-man, proud in heart and mind, that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it; were loved I deeply, once dearly; and in women out-paramoured; the Turk, false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand, hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey."

King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 4.

Shakspere's Abuse of Servants. — Puritan Servants. — French Pages, — Irish running Footmen. — Ordinances. — Horses. — Laws of a Household. — Fines. — The Cook. — The Steward. — Petty Officers of the Court. — Servants' Dinners. — Duties of a Page. — The Serving-Man. — Their Manners. — The Chaplain. — Poor Tutor. — Laneham and his Duties. — An Archbishop's Servants. — Habits of the Jester. — The Dinner. — The Kitchen. — Mythological Pastry. — Cooking. — List of Dishes. — The Royal Diet. — Receipts. — Cock Ale. — The Queen's Dinners.

The plays of Shakspere are filled with invectives against the servants of the sixteenth century; only a few scenes

before the one which we have quoted, honest, irascible Kent (half Menenius and half Falconbridge) denounces Oswald, the steward, as "A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one trunk-inheriting slave; one that would be a bawd in way of good service, and nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar."

Indeed, with the exception of the faithful steward of Timon and Orlando's trusty Adam, Shakspere's serving-men, always drawn from the age, are generally witty, quibbling, foolish, gaping domestics — sly and pilfering in Coriolanus, quarrelsome and turbulent in Romeo and Juliet. In the Taming of the Shrew and Merchant of Venice, they seem companions and confidantes of their masters. In Twelfth Night they are players of practical jokes and sworn enemies of pompous and meddling stewards. Malvolio and Dr. Caius's Simple, however, present us with a glimpse of a new phase in their character: we mean the austere puritanism that marked out, here and there, among a crowd of noisy pages, one individual as "something given to prayer, something peevish that way," and Malvolio as a precisian.

The whole class of "serving creatures" may be briefly divided into three principal classes, — serving-men or footmen, running footmen, and pages.

The pages of fashionable men were generally French, and sometimes Irish. The running-footmen, chosen for their agility, were generally active "bog-trotters," who wore jackets, trimmed down the shoulder and skirt with orange-tawny or other coloured lace, and, like other footmen, the silver badge of their masters half-way down their left arms — much like the Thames watermen of the past and the railway porters of the present time. They were sent as messengers and couriers, or ran three or four of them by the side of the much-abused, ponderous, gilded "land-ships," as the Water Poet calls the then newly-imported Dutch coaches, carrying staves in their hands to act as levers to lift the vehicle out of the frequent slough with which the miserable country roads then abounded, or torches to guide the coachman by night. They were light-footed, nimble, tight-belted men, that could caper forty miles in the day to the tune of the coachman's whip and the chorus of his shouts and curses. Their jackets were sometimes velvet, silver-laced or embroidered back and side with gold twist. Their food was oat-bread, bacon, and buttermilk; and, like

Neapolitan fishermen, they could throw their dangerous skeans (knives) * to a hair's breadth.

The favourite nicknames of the populace for the running men were, "Pumps," "Linen-stocking," and "Dusty foot;" and jokes were not unfrequent at their speed of three score mile a day or their seven miles an hour.

These Irish servants kept St. Patrick's day with great rejoicing, and decked their hats on that national festival with the green tuft of shamrocks that the London Celts still wear on the festival of that vermin-hunting saint. They were amorous and fond of dancing, and do not seem to have been notorious for any greater vice than a love of usquebaugh. They were generally called Denis, Daniel, Dermot, Patrick; and were known by their broken English, which was a greater novelty to the happy Elizabethans than to us; the old dramatist always made them speak in this manner, "Phair ish te King?" "By Chreesh, shave me thou lyesht!" "Creesh pless ty shweet faish!" Sometimes to humour their master they would dress in the long yellow mantle peculiar to the Irish chieftain and dance the fading (a national dance), or sing, as exiles, the songs of their bleeding and widowed country.

* A Mad World, my Masters. The Water Poet's Works.

The favourite horse of our gallants was the Irish hobby-horse, and his attendant was most frequently an Irish horse boy, who stood shivering at the theatre door, while the gallant went warm into the play.*

From Sir J. Harrington's (the translator of Ariosto) rules for servants, we obtain a very clear conception of the internal government of a country gentleman's house in 1566.

A servant who is absent from prayers to be fined. For uttering an oath, 1*d.*; and the same sum for leaving a door open.

A fine of 2*d.*, from Lady Day to Michaelmas, for all who are in bed after six, or out after ten.

The same fine, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, for all who are in bed after seven, or out after nine.

A fine of 1*d.* for any bed unmade, fire unlit, or candle-box uncleaned after eight.

A fine of 4*d.* for any man detected teaching the children obscene words.

A fine of 1*d.* for any man waiting without a trencher or who is absent at a meal.

For any one breaking any of the butler's glass 12*d.*

A fine of 2*d.* for any one who has not laid the table for dinner by half past ten, or the supper by six.

* Dekker's Gull's Horn Book. Ben Jonson's Irish Masque.

A fine of 4*d.* for any one absent a day without leave.

For any man striking another, a fine of 1*d.*

For any follower visiting the cook, 1*d.*

A fine of 1*d.* for any man appearing in a foul shirt, broken hose, untied shoes, or torn doublet.

A fine of 1*d.* for any stranger's room left for four hours after he be dressed.

A fine of 1*d.* if the hall be not cleaned by eight in winter and seven in summer.

The porter to be fined 1*d.* if the court gate be not shut during meals.

A fine of 3*d.* if the stairs be not cleaned every Friday after dinner.*

All these fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payment of the men's wages. If these laws were observed, the domestic discipline must have been almost military in it.

The red-faced white-capped cook ruled the roast in the kitchen; his sceptre was a rolling-pin, with which he bruised the marmazets and scullery boys as with a rod of iron; he was frequently cholerick and thirsty, for the fire dried him up, and he was always chopping at pilfering fingers with his cleaver, or flinging hot broth at some

* Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ, p. 105.

rebellious subject. When the second course had gone up, at about half-past eleven, if it was summer, he could retire into the cool darkness of the inner cellar, and drink and sleep till four o'clock brought in the bustles and cares of supper. Men like Shallow had regular daily audiences with William, the cook, about what "kickshaws" the coming guests would like best. The marchpanes and the custards fell to the women's care: but we can imagine Shallow saying, after he had told, for the hundredth time, his well known and humorous story of his fight with Will the Warrener: —

> " My masters pray be wary
> And serviceable: look, see all your sauces
> Be sharp and poignant to the palate — than ever
>   Commend you :
> Look to your roast and baked meats handsomely,
> And what new kickshaws and delicate made things." *

The steward was known by his grave face of authority, his great starched beard, and the gold chain of office which either hung from his neck or was hoisted round his cypress crape hatband. If a wine-server, like Malvolio, he was often affected in manner, and spoke in pompous phrases conned out of plays or old dull books: the Kenilworth Laneham was a perfect specimen of this class of servant,

* Beaumont and Fletcher, Elder Brother, Act iii. Sc. 2.

vain of his scraps of language and his inkling of music, conceited of the bows or nods of some passing noble, who had mistaken him for a friend, and proud of his acquaintance with the great,—to the rich fawning, to the poor insolent.* Laneham, who was a gentleman usher to the privy council, describes himself as rising at seven and going to chapel; then, after eight, entering his lord's chamber, and eating the manchet left of the previous night for livery; nothing can equal the foolish contented complacency with which he describes how he kept order in the ante-room on state occasions, with "Peace, sirs, wot ye where ye are?" How he would be down upon unhappy listeners and pryers; or, if the visitor happened to be a friend, how he would invite him into a seat upon his bench; how, when the ambassadors' men came out, they would, he glories to say, ask him what it was o'clock, or bid him call for their lacquey.

The steward was the master's confidant and the terror of pilfering servants.

It was the steward's business, when his lord was expected, to see that the supper was ready, the house trimmed, the rushes strewed, the cobwebs swept, the jacks and gills cleaned, and the carpets laid; the serving-men in their new

* Twelfth Night. Dekker's Gull's Horn Book. Laneham.

fustian and white stockings, their heads combed sleek, and their coats brushed; their garters of corresponding colour, their daggers neatly sheathed, and their shoes unpatched; not to speak of the last new Diggory being duly taught to kiss his hand and make his congé as he held his master's stirrup. When his lord rose in the morning he brought in the grace cup, and was, in fact, the lieutenant and major domo of the Elizabethan mansion.

On all great occasions the stewards provided dinner for their master's poor neighbours; powdered beef and venison for the rich; Poor John (salt fish) and apple pyes for the lower; one board for those who came for love, and another for those who came with money.*

The pages were little Pucks, smart Robin Goodfellows, that served a thousand purposes. They would present a cartel upon a rapier's point, carry a perfumed letter in a glove, or slip a keepsake jewel into a favoured mistress's hands, bear your cloak before you to the play, hold your horse, wait upon you at the tavern, fill your pipe when you lay upon the rushes of the stage, and light you from the tavern; Will was your Argus and your Mercury; he brushed your cloak and polished your rapier, fastened your love favour into your hat, and picked you up if you were unseated in the tilt-yard; he spread your name and de-

* Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ, p. 155.

fended your reputation, tied your scarf and knotted your points, perfumed your rooms and cleaned your tankard; he was the butt and playfellow of the blue-coated serving-man, and the pet of the ladies in waiting; he led out your wife's Iceland dog, and carried her crossbow when she hunted; he was generally a scapegrace and crackrope, addicted to petty thefts, pert, malicious, and quarrelsome, affecting all the swagger of a man, and employed in masques to play the female parts.

The common herd of serving-men were generally distinguished by their blue coats and silver badges. A gentleman who kept a good house maintained some twenty or thirty tall sword and buckler men, a dozen of whom, on great occasions, would follow, armed, at his heels; these men, eager for their master's honour, were always as eager to draw swords upon the servants of a rival house as Sampson and Balthazar were in Romeo and Juliet. Every day in Cheap or Fleet Street there would be a repetition of the scene in Henry VI. between Gloster's men and the Cardinal's: a blue coat saw a tawny coat walking proudly down the opposite side of the road; he gave a shout of the "bear," or the "swan," or whatever was his master's badge, and the fight began, till the prentices cried "clubs, clubs," or the watch, if it was night, stopped the fray.

If Sampson and Gregory came swinging past Paul's, just as Abram and Balthasar were stepping from the Si Quis door, one party or the other jostles for the wall, jeer and bite their thumbs till the least prudent or the hottest-blooded draws his sword and strikes a swashing blow, and the fray begins while the crowd look on applaudingly.

The real London-bred servant was famous for his good leg (bow), and for keeping his head uncovered in his master's presence; at a tavern for his bragging and loose jests, and the use of hawking and racing terms, picked up from his better's conversation; in the servants' hall for his neat foot and curly pate, his smart way of carrying his napkin on his shoulder, and the quick and clean shifting of trenchers. Sometimes his language was ridiculously affected and euphuistic, and he would say, for instance, "fructify" for enjoy, and "contentation" for content; he was often thievish, and not unfrequently a spy and an informer. A writer of the day describes in glowing terms the gay crowds of serving-men that would throng the palace courts on days of reception; small regiments, drawn up in lines, and exchanging mocks and insults, if their masters were rivals for the Queen's favours.

The Elizabethan chaplain held an anomalous position: he was respected in the parlour for his mission, and de-

spised in the servants' hall for his slovenliness, he was often drunken, and frequently quarrelsome; now the butler broke his head in a drinking bout, and now the Abigail pinned cards and cony tails to his cassock. To judge from Sir Oliver Martext and Sir Hugh Evans, the parish priests of Shakspere's day were no very shining lights; and the poet seems to love to fall back, as in Romeo and Juliet and the Two Gentlemen of Verona, to the ideal priest of an earlier age. It is indeed true that he always mentions the old faith with a certain yearning fondness; but we cannot believe that this arose from any attachment to popery, when we remember his King John's masterly denunciation of papal tyranny, an allusion peculiarly felt, when the Pope's blessing had perhaps just wafted a Spanish fleet to our shores, or the papal bull had been lately affixed to the very gates of the bishop's palace.

The poor tutor slept in a truckle bed at his master's feet, sat below the salt, never had but one clean trencher, seldom dared flog his pupil, and got five marks a year.*

One of the most amusing sketches extant of the minor officials of the Court is to be found in Laneham's letter, describing the magnificent pageants presented before the Queen at Kenilworth Castle. The author, Master Robert Laneham, "as great a coxcomb as ever blotted paper," as

* Beaumont and Fletcher, Scornful Lady.

Scott terms him, was a mercer by profession, but preferred by the Earl of Leicester, the Black Prince, as he was called from his swarthy complexion, to be Clerk and Keeper of the Privy Council chamber door. His letter is written to his good friend, Master Humphrey Martin, mercer, and is full of interest, as illustrative of Elizabethan manners.

It begins, "After my hearty commendations, I commend me heartily to you. Understand ye, that since, through God and good friends, I am here placed at Court, as you know, in a worshipful room, whereby I am not only acquainted with the most, but well known to the best, and every officer glad of my company." Then, alluding to the entertainment given by the "Right Honorable my singular good Lord, my Lord the Earl of Leicester," he says*, "where things for the persons, places, cost, devices, strangeness, and abundance of all that ever I saw, (and yet I have been, what under my master, and what in my own affairs while I occupied merchandise, both in France and Flanders long and many a day,) I saw none anywhere so memorable, I tell you plain."

The amusing jack in office goes on then to describe his rise and progress, which enables us to conjecture the origin and career of many of his contemporaries.

* An Archbishop's retinue was almost equal to royalty's.

Having compared Leicester to the Macedonian Alexander and the Roman Cæsar, he continues: —

"It pleased his Honor to bear me good will at first, and so to continue, to give me apparel even from his back, to get me allowance in the stable, to advance me unto this worshipful office, so near the most honorable council, to help me in my licence of beans, though, indeed, I do not so much use it, for, I thank God, I need not to permit my good father to serve the stable, whereby I go now in my silks, that else might ruffle in my cut canvass. I ride now on horseback, that else might many times manage it on foot; am known to their honors, and taken forth with the best, that else might be bidden to stand back myself: my good father, a good relief that he fares much better by, and none of these for my desert, either at first or since, God knows. What say you, my good friend Humphrey, should I not for ever honor and extol him in all the ways I can? Yes, by your leave, while God lends me power to utter my mind, and having as good cause of his honor as Virgil had of Augustus Cæsar, will I poet it a little with Virgil, and say,

"'Namque erit iile mihi semper Deus, illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuit agnis.'

"'For he shall be a God to me till death my life consumes,
His altars will I sacrifice with incense and perfumes.'"

Elsewhere he bursts into French to stagger his honest correspondent. He continues: — "But, Jesu, Jesu, whither am I drawn now? — but talk of my lord once, even thus it fares with me, I forget all my friends and myself too; and yet you, being a mercer, a merchant, as I am, my countryman born (Notts), and my good friend withal, whereby I know you are compassioned with me; methought it is my part somewhat to impart unto you how it is here with me, and how I lead my life, which, indeed, is this: —

"A mornings I rise ordinarily at seven o'clock, then reads. I go into the chapel soon after eight; I get me commonly into my lord's chamber or into my lord president's; then at the cupboard, after I have eaten the manchet served over night for livery (for I dare be as bold, I promise you, as any of my friends the servants there; and, indeed, I could have fresh if I would tarry; but I am of wont jolly and dry a mornings); I drink me up a good bowl of ale; when in a sweet pot it is deficated by all night's standing, the drink is the better — take that of me; and a morsel in a morning, with a sound draught, is very wholesome and good for the eyesight; then I am as fresh all the forenoon after as I had eaten a whole piece of beef. Now, sir, if the council sit, I am at hand, wait an inch, I warrant you. If any make babbling, 'Peace! say I; wot ye where ye are?' If I take a listener or a pryer in at the chinks of the lock-

hole, I am by and by on the bones of him; but now they keep good order, they know me well enough. If he be a friend, or such a one as I like, I make him sit down by me on a form or chest — let the rest walk in God's name.

"And here doth my languages now and then stand me in good stead — my French, my Spanish, my Dutch, and my Latin; sometimes among ambassadors' men, if their masters be within the council, sometime with the ambassador himself, often to call his lacquey or ask me what o'clock; and I warrant you I answer him roundly, that they marvel to see such a man there; then laugh I and say nothing. Dinner and supper, I have twenty places to go to, and heartily prayed to. Sometimes I get to Master Pinner, by my faith a worshipful gentleman, and as careful for his charge as any man her Majesty hath; there found I very good viands; we eat and be merry, thank God and the Queen. Himself, in feeding very temperate and moderate as you shall see any, and yet, by your leave, of a dish, as a cold pigeon or so, than hath come to him at meat more than he looked for, I have seen him even so by and by surfeit, as he hath plucked off his napkin, wiped his knife, and eat not a morsel more, like enough to stick in his stomach; two days after, some hard message from the higher officer, perceive ye me, being a search, his faithful dealing and diligence had found him faultless."

"In afternoons and nights sometime am I with the right worshipful Sir George Howard, as good a gentleman as any that lives; and sometime at my good Lady Sidney's chamber, a noble woman, that I am as much bound unto as any poor man may be unto so gracious a lady, and sometime in some other place; but always among the gentlewomen by my good will (you know that comes always of a gentle spirit). And sometimes when I see company accordingly, then can I be as lively too. Sometime I foot it with dancing, now with my gittern, or else with my cittern; then at the virginals,—you know nothing comes amiss to me. Then carol I up a song withal, that by and by they come flocking about me like bees to honey; and ever they cry another, good Laneham, another! Shall I tell you when I see Mistress—(ah! see a mad knave, and had almost told all); then she gives once but an eye or an ear, why then, man, am I blest: my pace, my courage, my cunning, is doubled. She says with sometime, 'She likes it,' and then I like it much the better; it doth me good to hear how well I can do. And to say truth, what with mine eye, as I can amorously gloat it, with my Spanish sospiros, my French heighs, mine Italian dulcets, my Dutch loves, my double release, my high reaches, my fine feignings, my deep diapason, my wanton warbles, my winning, my tuning, my timing,

and my twinkling, I can pacify the matters as well as the proudest of them, and was yet never stained, I thank God. By my troth, countryman, it is sometimes nigh midnight ere I can get from them. Then have I told you most of my trade all the livelong day; what will you now? God save the Queen and my Lord. Farewell. I thank you.

"Herewith meaned I fully to bid you farewell, had not the doubt come into my mind that here remains a doubt in you which I ought (methought) in anywise to clear, which is ye marvel, perchance, to see me so bookish. Let me tell you, in few words, I went to school, forsooth, both at Paul's and also at St. Anthony's. In the fifth form passed Æsop's Fables, and was read in Terence, *vos istac intro cum feste,* and began with my Virgil, *Tityre tu patulæ.* I conned my rules, could construe and parse with the best of them; since then, as partly you know, have I traded the feat of merchandise in sundry countries, and so got me languages, which do so little know my Latin, as I thank God have much increased it. I have leisure sometimes, when I tend not upon the Council, whereby now look I on one book never, another glories and delights in,—the more ancient and rare the more likesome tome. If I told you I liked William of Malmesbury so well, because of his diligence and integrity, per-

chance you would construe it because I love malmsey so well. But, i'faith, it is not so, for sipt I no more such sugar (and yet never but with company) than I do malmsey, I should not thirst so much a days as I do; you know my mind.

"Well now thus fare ye heartily well i'faith. I'faith, wishing it could have been ye had had a buck or two this summer; but we shall come nearer shortly, and then shall we merrily meet, an grace o' God. In the meantime commend me, I beseech you, unto my good friends, almost most of them your neighbours, Master Alderman Pattison, a special friend of mine; and in anywise to my good old friend Master Smith. Customer, by that same token, get my horse up to the rack, and then let's have a cup of sack. He knows the token well enough, and will laugh, and hold you a groat. To Master Thorogood, and to my merry companion, a mercer, you know, as we be, Master Denman, —*mio fratello in Christe,*— he is wont to summon me by the name of Ro. La. of the county of Nosingham, Gent.; a good companion, i'faith. Well, once again fare ye heartily well. From the Court at the city of Worcester, the twentieth day of August, 1575."

In another place this Elizabeth Pepys does not forget to allude to his skill in music.

"J'ai bien vû cela, monsieur, que fut grande est la

pouvoir de la très noble science de musique sur l'esprit humain.

"Perceive ye me, I have told you a great matter; now, as for me, surely I was lulled in such liking, and so loth to leave off that much ado, a good while after had I to find me where I was; and take ye this by the way, that for the small skill in music that God hath sent me (you know it is somewhat), I'll set the more by myself, while my name is Laneham, peace of God. Music is a noble art!

"But stay a while, see a short wit; by troth, I had almost forgotten this day was a day of grace."

In 1561 Archbishop Tasker obtained a royal grant to keep forty retainers. His chief officers were his chancellor, who had three under-servants; his steward, who had 20*l.* a year and kept two men and two geldings; his treasurer, who did the same; and his comptroller, who received half that sum. He had also a chief almoner, a doctor and chaplain, and a master of the faculties. The chief secretary kept one man and received 20 nobles a year; the gentleman of the horse, 4*l.*; and three gentlemen ushers, who received the same attendance and the same wages. Then there was a gentleman of the private chamber, with 3*l.* 6*s.*; and three gentlemen for dining waiters, and a clerk of the kitchen and buttery, who

received 40*s.* for wages. The master cook got 4 nobles a year; the larderers, ostlers, and four pages, only 40*s.* a year.

We must add to these the yeomen of the scullery and two grooms, the yeoman usher of the great chamber and hall, eight yeomen waiters; besides pantlers, butlers, carvers, cellarers, and other yeomen officers, yeomen of the horse, master of the barge, porters, gamesters, sub-almoner, slaughterman, and gardener. There were, also, grooms of the presence, of the privy chamber, hall, parlour, chapel, laundry, and walk, with two labourers.

The several wages of these domestics were paid every quarter by the steward.

The Jester—still frequent in Shakspere's days, Elizabeth herself even keeping two—was the dread of the kitchen and the wit of the dinner-table. He stole puddings when the cook's back was turned, and wrung the hawk's necks to prepare them for the spit; he broke open the dairy and stole the cream; he made toys for the children and joked with the players; he wore motley, and had sometimes a napkin and a black-jack hung at his girdle; he was employed to carry presents and to divert my lord's melancholy; he was fond of playing alone at cards and getting behind the arras to string new riddles; he sang songs and performed imitations. Sometimes he

was an idiot, sometimes a knave who affected a cross in his wits. If he was too dull, he was sent away; if too witty, he was sent to the porter to be whipped: sometimes he ran away to escape punishment, and was brought home like a strayed dog.*

At Christmas, when the minstrels were playing above and the Lincolnshire bagpipe rousing the servants below, the jester would stray from the hall to the kitchen, or run in to say that there was a wench there who had eaten garlic and poisoned seventeen men who kissed her. They called their masters by their Christian names, and were often faithful and affectionate.

* In all stories of Will Sommers (Henry VIII.'s jester) we find him capping verses with his master, and amusing him when he was melancholy with riddles and not over decent conundrums.

CHAP. VI.

ELIZABETHAN DIET.

"Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William, cook."

Henry IV. (Part II.), Act v. Sc. 1.

"Tis three o'clock; look to the baked meats, good Angelica."

Romeo and Juliet, Act. iv. Sc. 4.

Elizabethan Diet.—The Dishes borne in Procession. —The Kitchen. —Architecture of the Pastry and Sweetmeats.—Local Dainties. —Curious Dishes.—Drinks.—Calculations of Time in old Cookery Books.—Cock Ale.—The Queen's Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper

In thinking of Elizabethan diet we must remember that hops, carp, and turkeys were all novelties, having been introduced in Henry VIII.'s time. Before that, ale was drunk new, artichokes were scarce, and potatoes mere luxuries, looked upon with suspicion.

The dinner itself had something almost religious in its ceremonial. The great salt-cellar was a barrier of classes, and divided the baron from his jester, his falconer, or his page. Feudality then shone in almost the full brightness of its coat-armour blazonry. The rolling-pin beating the dresser was the signal for the meal.

The dishes entered, borne in procession and to the sound of music; the knight had his taster, his cupbearer, and his carver; there were crowds of blue-coated serving-men with silver badges on their arms, the steward with his chain, and the major-domo with his white staff; the pages and the serving-maidens had all their distinct places, hemmed in by grave chaplains and brawny huntsmen. All the ceremony of royalty was retained in some of these baronial halls; and no wonder the ruffs grew stiff, and the beard grave and solemn; no wonder there were Justice Shallows and pompous nobles inflated by their service, which Burleigh received with such dignity, which to old Sackville, the Nestor of the Court, lent only stateliness becoming his learning and his years, but which to parvenus was dangerous and intoxicating.

The Elizabethan kitchen was a subterranean world, lit by infernal fires, and quite independent of the revelry and pomp and gravity above. There, omnipotent as Jove, ruled the red-nosed cook, over a small army of martyrs with hot faces and white caps: his sceptre was a rolling-pin, a case of knives swung at his side, chests of spices were his crown jewels; all day in this torrid region went up a hissing sound of imprisoned stews and a bubbling of perturbed joints scalding in those large sarcophagi called on earth cauldrons.

The pastry was not then a mere question of vulgar pie-crust, but a work of art requiring much mythological study, when Actæon and his hounds in bas-relief or the siege of Troy were represented in raised paste.

The sweetmeat rose in towers and battlements, and was gay with flags and gilded streamers; nor was the peacock with gold beak and expanded tail yet forgotten, or the white toothed boar with the lemons in its mouth: oxen roasted whole were every day things, and cooking was altogether a science, more epical and Titanic than even Soyer could now dream of.

The Elizabethan cooking was subtle and full of art: local dishes were then more strictly retained and less widely known; Devonshire had its white pot and clouted cream, Cornwall its herring and pilchard pies, Hampshire was renowned for its honey, and Gloucestershire for its lampreys. The Spanish Oglio was, however, not uncommon, and we had French potages and many Dutch ways of dressing fish.

There was stewed broth, wheaten flummery, smallage, gruel, hotchpot, barley potage, and spinage broth, for a commencement.

The second course was say, lampreys, Poor John and mullet, stewed oysters, stock fish, sturgeon, and buttered whitings with eggs.

For the third, marrow puddings and black puddings, white puddings, bag puddings, and quaking puddings.

For the fourth, supposing it a Lord Mayor's dinner, fricassees of veal, stewed beef, capons in white broth, humble pies, Scotch collops, chicken salad, veal toasts, shoulders of mutton cooked like venison, marrow pasties, Pancotto, roast partridges, and wild fowl.

For the last, custards (the great city delicacy), cream and carraway cakes, whipped creams, cheese cakes, warden pies, hartshorn jellies, cherry marmalade, pear puddings, minced pies and white pots, syllabubs, suckets, and almond marchpanes.

Some of the dishes are curious enough: there is one of the kernels of tulip stalks cooked like peas, and soused turkey, boiled in white wine and vinegar, and soaked for a month; the sauce fennel and vinegar. There is pickled goose with cloves and ginger, bran jelly, pickled capons, and horse-radish sauce. Those pear puddings contain no pears, and are formed of cold chicken chopped up with sugar, currants, and spices, made up into a paste the shape of the fruit: there is pith pudding and oatmeal pudding, veal toast fried in butter and basted with currants, sugar, and nutmeg. Beyond that is green goose pie and imitation red deer, and after the pastry white cheese and tansy.

Among the sweets we see pippins preserved whole in jelly, apple syrup, quince cheese, candied apricots in slices, and currants preserved whole in jelly; there are also cordial tablets of pistachios and leaf gold, iced with orange water and flavoured with ambergris and musk, besides omelets of mallow stalks, and rose juleps.*

For the liquids, besides ale and all sorts of beer small and strong, claret, and sack, there is apple drink, and stepony, and honey drink, and bragor, meath and metheglin, and hydromel and strawberry, and cherry wine, and sack, with gilly flower syrup†; the metheglin is full of sweet country perfumes. In white meath alone, so curious are these drinks; there was infused rosemary and thyme, sweet briar, pennyroyal, bays, watercresses, agrimony, marshmallow, liverwort, maiden hair, betony, eye-bright, scabioas, ash leaves, eringo roots, wild angelica, rib wort, sennicle, Roman wormwood, tamarisk, mother thyme, saxifrage, philipendula; and besides all these, strawberries and violet leaves were often added.

The durations of cooking in old cookery books are frequently indicated by "the time in which you would repeat a Miserere slowly, or the time of an Ave Maria;" but

* The Closet of Sir K. Digby opened, 1677.

† Sir K. Digby's Receipts, 275.

this was not for the Puritans, who shunned mince pies and shivered at plum porridge.

Baked wild ducks and pigeons delighted the *dura ilia* of our ancestors, who revelled in buttered eggs, marrow sops with wine, the *haut goûts* of garlick sauce more than in fricassees, and hachys, which were not much known till after the Restoration. Elizabeth breakfasted on brawn and ale, because tea was not known, and chocolate was still confined to Spain. Asparagus and lettuce were then rare delicacies; sibbolds, rocket, and tarragon served for salad, and Holland still retained the endive and the cress.

Cock ale was one of the most singular beverages ever composed, and the receipt for its composition is too curious to bear abridgement. *

"Take 8 gallons of ale, take a cock and boil him well, then take 4 lbs. of raisins of the sun well stoned, two or three nutmegs, three or four flakes of mace, ½ lb. of dates, beat these all in a mortar, and put to them 2 quarts of the best sack, and when the ale hath done working, put these in, and stop it close 6 or 7 days, and then bottle it, and a month after you may drink it."

The Queen's own breakfast consisted generally of wine, and bread and butter, and ale: at least it did so in 1576,—

* The Closet of Sir K. Digby opened, 1677.

not to forget mutton potage, chicken broth, beef, and mutton. Her Sunday's dinner, on the 19th of November, consisted of beef, mutton, veal, swan, goose, capons, conies, friants, custards, and fritters, for the first course. For the second, lamb, kid, herons, pheasant, fowls, goodwits, peacocks, larks, tarts, and fritters.

Her average dinner was varied with plovers, veal pies, custards, boiled partridges, boiled beef, snipes, pheasants, chicken pies, and tarts, and cost on an average 4*l.* a dinner.

As an exception she had baked chickens, sallets, tongues, teal and deer's dowsetts, bitterns, and baked larks, and above all brewis.

Her suppers were of the same kind on fast-days; the fish dinners were of great variety, but much less expensive: the first course included long pike, salmon, haddock, whiting, gurnet, tench, and brill; the second, sturgeon, conger, carp, eels, lamperns, chine of salmon, perch, lobster, tarts, and creams; the side dishes were sturgeon, porpoise, fish collops and eggs, dories, soles and lampern pies, cod, broiled conger, bream, and red fish; the second course sometimes included warden pie, smelts, boiled veal, boiled mutton, pullets, partridges, and panado.

We rather shudder at such rich food as gulls and "great birds," (whatever short of a buzzard they may be,) nor is

porpoise inviting, let alone bream and tench. The powdered mutton reminds us of Shakspere.

The lower tables do not differ in anything but the less number of dishes, and the more frequent occasions of ling, and stock fish, and the cheaper food. The whole charge of diet for the Court in 1576, amounted to 21,639*l.* 3*s.* 5¼*d.* 127 sheep died of the murrain, or were stolen, at a loss of 127*l.* 14 stock fish were eaten by cats and spoilt, at a cost of 14*s.*; the free messes and charities were 500*l.* The stock fish had to be prepared by beating, and is frequently alluded to in old plays.

CHAP. VII.

DRESS.

"With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery."

Taming of the Shrew.

Picturesqueness of Dress. — Distinctions of Classes. — Brilliancy of Colour. — Puritan Outcries. — Vain Queen, vain Nation. — Vanity peculiar Vice of the Day. — Luxury. — Elizabeth's State Dress. — Her New Year Presents. — Allegorical Gowns. — Jewels. — Fans. — Tournament Dresses. — Male Dress. — Doublet and Cloak. — Foreign Fashions. — Armour. — Puritan Fables. — The Story of the Devil and the Ruff. — Female Dress. — Hoods and Fardingales. — Cloaks and Shoes. — Hose. — Perfumes. — Sumptuary Laws. — City Dress. — Law Students. — Municipal Dress.

The dress of this reign was as rich as it was picturesque. Cloak and doublet of scented velvet, the cloak linings of a different colour to the dress, the outside covered with deep bars of lace; the hose of silk; the shoes stamped or slashed, and ornamented with roses of ribbon; the rapier and poniard sheath gilt; the sword-belt richly ornamented; the hat of felt or beaver, adorned with feathers or looped up with a brooch of jewels; and the ruff, stiff and pleated — all contributed to put impassable marks of distinction

between the rich and poor. There was no jostling of classes, and therefore no jealousy or arrogance. The noble was more friendly with his butler than now, when their dress is alike, and the one is certain to be coldly insolent and the other vulgarly familiar. The chain, the jewel in the ear, the slashed velvet, and the Neapolitan scent, might all be imitated by the rich upstart; but he could not so easily hope to assume the airs of the Court or the studied gallantry of the frequenter of the tilt-yard. When merit rose, it rose boldly, and was recognised without a murmur; class, distinction, and dress remaining the same.

A description of the Queen's favourite dresses will convey a faint impression of the most gorgeous apparel of the times.

Our present national colour, black, was in the golden age reserved for lawyers and divines. This solemn and melancholy hue could never have clothed men who delighted in the bright dyes of nature: nature does not use much black either in her skies, trees, or flowers, but a little at night when men sleep and try to forget that they have ever lived, when they rehearse death, and shut the bed-room door, if they can, on griefs, cares, and sorrows.

The bright Italian tint of Shakspere's costumes was never caught amongst a race of undertakers, or the eco-

nomic people who wear black cloth because it is the dearest, hottest, and soonest shabby of any possible material, who shun colour as if colour were a sin and folly, and dread gaiety as if God had intended all men should be sad, and proud, and selfish.

Alas! for the jetting plumes, the jaunty cloaks, so unpractical and impossible, yet so fitting the time and age —before men were all tradesmen and London a mere workshop; before chivalry had died out; when our nation was great, though small; when, with no standing army, we were dreaded abroad, and our fleets rode freely in every sea, to the comfort of the Protestant and the terror of the Spaniard and the Pope.

An Elizabethan gallant revelled in Italian cutwork bands, murry French hats, and gold spangled hat-bands, embossed girdles, laced satin doublets *, taffety lined, paned, embroidered with pearl, and drawn out with tissue, Spanish leather boots, silver spurs, and rich ruffles, and, when Elizabeth forsook cloth stockings, peach-coloured silk hose. In these he flaunted at the China shops, Bedlam, and the Exchange: we see him advance with quaint courtesy, and kiss his friend's daughter upon the cheek, accosting her as "Pretty

* Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, Act iv. Sc. 5.

Mistress Anne;" or he is a country gentleman, who strips the country for miles round to feed his hawks, which he does not care to fly, though his hand is always strapped with jesses; or he is a traveller, and talks of Venice, and prates of the Piazza, and the Procuratia, the Rialto, and the Magnificos, and the Avocatori; or is a soldier, and talks of petronels, and culverins, and Turks, and Strigonium, and the Leaguer.

The grave men of the day expressed loudly and bitterly their disgust at the frequent changes of fashion, so extravagant, unmeaning, and capricious. They despised equally the Spanish guise, the French toys, and the Almain garb, shut their eyes to all Barbary sleeves, Milan gowns, mandillions from Italy, and French hose. They complained the body was pampered, and the mind starved by such fantasies. At every tailor's shop, they curled their lips, and sneered unremittingly at the busy barbers, from whose doors the gallants emerged with hair long as a woman's or rounded like a dish, with beards majestic as a Turk, round as a brush, or spiked and sharp like the Spaniards. The young men's perfume and earrings made them shiver, and drove the Puritan downright to prayers. The satirists, too, in verse and prose were foul-mouthed and stinging, as such gentlemen were bound to be, even before they turned critics and reviewers—

the hangmen of literature and the headsmen of authors. How they laughed at the fanciful colour of the men's vestures and their fantastic names, "the goose green, pease-porridge, tawney, popinjay, the lusty gallant, and devil in the head." They declared it was impossible to tell men from women, and complained that whole avenues of oaks were cut down to line a young heir's satin cloak.

When the Scotch ambassador was in England, Elizabeth appeared every day in the dress of some fresh country, asking Melville which became her best: he replied the Italian, for the wise diplomatist knew she loved to display her auburn hair in the open caul and bonnet of Italy.*

We allow it was a vain age; a vain queen makes a vain nation: there is more attention to dress during the reign of a queen than during the reign of a king, because with women rich dress is a necessary of life, with man a mere luxury. The masculine woman never disregards dress, though she may have renounced the fears and tenderness of her nature: but the effeminate man grows womanly in the care he lavishes upon his person, — a speck of dust is a vexation, a spot a mortification.

A luxurious age and a peculiar state of society con-

* Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England.

ducing to public life and public display, much increased the richness of dress. Elizabeth herself is said to have been the mistress of many million hearts and full a thousand dresses: the real fact is, that brocades and embroideries were too rich to destroy and too well known to give away. We do not believe that vanity ruled despotically in Elizabeth's mind, or she would never have so often alluded to her old age in her speeches to the Parliament. Her weaknesses were all such as she could at any fixed moment trample under foot.

The waxwork figure of Elizabeth at Westminster exhibits her in her royal robes as she may have appeared at Tilbury or at Kenilworth. She wears a kirtle and boddice of very rich crimson satin embroidered with silver, the front of the skirt being wrought in a bold coral pattern, and fringed and tufted with spangled silver fringe; the boddice is very long and slightly rounded at the point; the stomacher embroidered in quatrefoils of silver bullion interspersed with rosettes and crosses of large, round, Roman pearls, medallions of rubies, sapphires, and diamonds, and is edged with silver lace and ermine; the boddice is cut low, so as to display the bosom without any tucker or handkerchief, with a high ruff of guipure of the Spanish fashion and sloping towards the bust; the sleeves are turned over at the wrist with cuffs and reversed

ruffles of the material of the ruff; about her neck is a carcanet of large round pearls, rubies, and emeralds, while long strings of pearls festoon over her neck and descend below the elbow in tassels. Her royal mantle, of purple velvet trimmed with rows of ermine and gold lace, is attached to the shoulders with gold cordons and tassels, and falls behind in a long train: the skirt of her under dress is cut short, to display her small feet, of which she was proud.

She wears high-heeled shoes of pale-coloured cloth, with enormous white ribbon bows, composed of six loops edged with silver gimp, and in the centre a large pearl medallion; her earrings are circular pearl and ruby medallions with pearl-shaped pendants; her light auburn hair is frizzed very short above the ears, but descends behind in rich, stiff, cannon curls, and is thickly beset with pearls; her royal crown is affloriated small and high, and placed very far back on her head, leaving her broad round forehead bare; a gold cordon with large tufted and spangled gold tassels descends nearly to her feet.

As Elizabeth grew older she attempted more and more to hide the dilapidations of nature by the resources of art. In a portrait at a hall in Suffolk, her ruff is smaller, and resembles that worn by Mary Stuart when Queen of France. It is formed of small circular quillings of silver

guipure, closely fitting round the throat, and confined by a rich collar of rubies, amethysts, and pearls set in a beautiful gold filagree pattern, with large pear-shaped pearls depending from each lozenge; her boddice is of rich white brocade, embroidered with bullion in broad diagonal stripes in a running pattern of hops and hop leaves; it fastens down the front, is made tight to the shape, and slopes to a point; it is ornamented between the embroidery with gems set in gold filagree. The boddice is slashed with purple velvet edged with bullion.

The rich sleeves are surmounted in the shoulder with puffs of gold gauze, separated with rubies and amethysts and two small rouleaus wreathed with pearls and bullion; the sleeves are slashed with velvet, embroidered with bullion decorated with gems, and finished at the wrists with quilted ruffles. From her neck hangs the jewel and ribbon of the Garter. The George is a large oval medallion pendant from a pale blue ribbon, and is decorated with rubies and amethysts in a lozenge setting. Round her waist is a jewelled girdle; the skirt of her dress is very full, and faced with three stripes of minever; on her head is an elegant coronal of gems and goldsmiths' work, placed on crimson velvet, surmounted with a transparent wreath of laurel leaves made of gold gauze and stiffened with gold wire; lappets descend from this wreath, formed of

pipes of gold gauze, arranged in lattices edged with vandyked guipure of bullion, and fastened at every crossing with a large round pearl; a white rose confines one of the lappets to the right temple; her hands, of which she was very proud, are ungloved; her gloves were of thick white kid, richly embroidered upon the back with bullion, pearls, and coloured, fringed with gold stiffened with bullion gimp, and slashed with coloured satin at the elbows. In the palm five air-holes are stamped to release the perspiration.

In the Cecil collection she wears a lofty head dress, with a heron plume and two ruffs, and her robe is allegorically covered with eyes. In one of the Tollemache miniatures, taken in early life, probably when about twenty, she wears a simple black dress trimmed with a double row of pearls, and fastened down the front with bows of rose-coloured ribbons; her point lace ruffles are looped with pearls and ribbons; her hair, rolled back from her forehead, is surmounted with a stuffed satin fillet, decorated in front with a jewel and three pearls. From her ears hang pearl earrings.

Her Majesty seems to have lost her jewels upon public occasions almost as frequently as Prince Esterhazy, who used to shake off so many pounds worth of diamonds every time he went to the opera. At Westminster, on one occasion, the Queen drops a gold acorn and oak leaf; on another

two gold buttons shaped like tortoises; on another, a diamond clasp, given her by the Earl of Leicester, and which fastened a gown of purple cloth of silver.

Her list of New Year's presents, for which she always returned suitable gifts of plate, furnish us with many items of her surroundings: one officer we find giving a night coif of cambric cut-work and spangles with forehead cloth, and a night border of cut-work edged with bone lace. The wife of Dr. Julio, the Court physician, presents a cushion cloth and a pillow-case of cambric wrought with black silk; Mistress Twist, the Court laundress, brought three handkerchiefs of black Spanish stuff edged with a bone lace of Venice gold, and four tooth cloths of coarse Holland, wrought with black silk and edged with bone lace of silver and black silk; Mrs. Amy Skelton, a royal kinswoman, six handkerchiefs of cambric edged with passament of gold and silver; Mrs. Montague, the silk-woman, a pair of cambric sleeves wrought with roses and buds of black silk; Mrs. Huggins, six handkerchiefs worked with murry and other coloured silks; Sir Philip Sidney presented a cambric smock, the sleeves and collars wrought with black silk work and edged with small bone lace of gold and silver, a suit of ruffs of cut-work flourished with gold and silver and set with spangles containing four ounces of gold; Fulk Greville brought a cambric smock, the collar and sleeves

wrought about with Spanish work of roses and letters; Mrs. Carr gave a sheet of fine cambric, worked all over with sundry fowls, beasts, and women, in divers coloured silks; and Mrs. Wingfield a night rail of cambric, worked all over with black silk.

On another New Year's Day, Sir Francis Drake presented her with a fan of white and red feathers, enamelled with a half-moon of mother-of-pearl, and within that a diamond crescent studded with seed pearl, with her own portrait on the one side and a crow and a device on the other. *

At Greenwich, in 1598, the year Burleigh died, she appeared to Hentzner's, a German tourist's, eyes, dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls as large as beans, and over it a black silk mantle shot with silver threads, her long mantle being borne by a marchioness. Round her neck was an oblong collar of gold and jewels; her long white hands sparkled with rings and jewels; pearl drops hung from her ears; she wore a wig of red hair; and had her bosom, according to the English maidens' custom, uncovered.

The list of the Queen's wardrobe, in 1600, shows us that she had then only 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 269 gowns,

* Nicholl's Progresses, vol. i. p. 115.

(round, loose, and French,) 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats, and 27 fans, not to mention 96 cloaks, 83 save guards, 85 doublets, and 18 lap mantles.

Her gowns were of the richest materials: purple, gold tissue, crimson satin, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, white velvet, murray cloth, tawney satin, ash coloured silk, white cypres, cloudy colour satin, horse-flesh coloured satin, Isabella coloured satin, dove coloured velvet, lady blush satin, drake's coloured satin, and clay coloured satin.

The cloaks are of perfumed leather, black taffety; the petticoats of blue satin; the jupes of orange coloured satin; the doublets of straw coloured satin; the mantles of white blush, striped with red swan's down.

The most characteristic dresses are the following *: —

A frock of cloth of silver, checquered with red silk, like bird's eyes, with demi sleeves, a cut of crimson velvet twisted on with silver, lined with crimson velvet.

A mantle of white lawn, cut and turned in, embroidered all over with works of silver, like pomegranates, roses, honeysuckles, and acorns.

One French kirtle of white satin, cut all over, embroidered with loops, flowers, and clouds of Venice, gold, silver, and silk.

* Nicholl's Progresses, vol. iii. p. 502. (from M. 11.)

One round kirtle of white satin, embroidered all over with the work like flames, peascods, and pillars, with a border likewise embroidered with roses.

The stomacher (fore part) of white satin, embroidered very fair with borders of the sun, moon, and other signs and planets of Venice gold, silver, and silk of sundry colours, with a border of beasts beneath, likewise embroidered.

Other gowns we find adorned with bees, spiders, flies, worms, trunks of trees, pansies, oak leaves, and mulberries; so that "Bess" must have looked like an illustrated edition of Æsop's Fables.

In one case she shines in rainbows, clouds, flames of fire, and suns; in another, with fountains and trees, snakes and grasshoppers; the buttons themselves, in one instance, assume the shape of butterflies, in another of birds of Paradise.

The fans were of white and coloured feathers, with gold handles set with precious stones, or of crystal and heliotrope; one of them contained a looking-glass, another Leicester's badge of the bear and ragged staff. Her swords had gilt handles and blood-stone studs; her poniards were gold and ivory, ornamented with tassels of blue silk; her slippers of cloth of silver, and of orange-

coloured velvet, embroidered with seed pearls; her parasol was of crimson velvet damask, striped with Venetian gold and silver lace, the handle mother-of-pearl.

Her jewels were both numerous and curious; the head ornaments resembling a white lion with a fly on his side, a golden fern-branch with a lizard, ladybird, and a snail upon it, an Irish dart of gold set with diamonds, a golden rose with a fly and spider upon it, a golden frog set with jewels, a golden daisy, and emerald buttons, gown studs of rubies and pearls, and a chain of golden scollop shells, with chains of agate and jet. A sumptuous magnificence was the characteristic of the costume of this reign. When Elizabeth visited the Earl of Hertford at Elvetham, that nobleman met her with 3000 followers, with black and yellow feathers in their hats, and most of them wearing gold chains. When she visited Suffolk, 200 bachelors in white velvet, with as many burghers in black velvet coats and gold chains, and 1800 serving-men received her on horseback. For the French ambassador's amusement, in 1559, 1400 men-at-arms, clad in velvet, with chains of gold, mustered in arms in Greenwich Park; and on another occasion there was a tournament on Midsummer (Sunday) Night at the Palace of Westminster, between ten knights in white, led by the Earl of Essex, and ten knights in blue, led by the Earl of Rutland. The beauty

and delight of colour, as one of God's special means of adorning His world, was then understood.

The great essentials of Elizabethan dress are soon summed up; the detail would require a volume to itself. The ladies wore low dresses and stomachers, ruffs and hats, fardingales, scarves, and velvet masks, frequently carrying scented gloves, feather fans, and mirrors, at their girdles. Countrywomen wore plain small quilled ruffs, unadorned hoods, or simple broad-brimmed hats.

The men wore long, tight-fitting doublets, trunk hose, shoes with roses, and short cloaks, not forgetting the inseparable swords and daggers always swinging at their belts; the hat and feather, and frequently jewel earrings, completed the attire. In 1579 the large ruff, long cloak, and trailing sword, were all curtailed at Elizabeth's special decree; to use her own words, they were "foul disguise and monstrous," insupportable for charges, and indecent to be worn. Officers were placed at the corners of streets to clip these swords and collars, and a rencontre is known to have taken place between the clippers and the retinue of the French ambassador.

The doublets were of various fashions, and frequently perfumed. The Italian, long and peaked, tight and padded, was called by the wits "the peasecod," and the "shotten-bellied."

The French hose were round and narrow, and gathered with a series of puffs round the thigh; the gallygaskins, or plain hose, were large and wide, reaching down to the knees, and guarded (or striped) down each thigh. The Venetian hose reached beneath the knee to the garter, and were also guarded and tied with silk points. Sometimes the trunk hose were globular and widened from the waist; the ruffs were trained on wire supporters; the skirts, of costly needlework, cost sometimes as much as 10*l.* a piece; the sleeves were open, and tied down the middle, or were merely banded at the shoulder. Sometimes they were round, swelling, and slashed. The hats had coloured bands, and were stuck with feathers; the stockings, of silk, were ornamented at the sides, and embroidered with gold clocks at the ancle; the cloaks were covered with lace and embroidered, and the shoes had high cork heels. Looking-glasses in the hat, fans, muffs, gilded rapiers and spurs, and stays, were the peculiar fantasies of the Elizabethan fops.

The poorer men wore plain belted doublets of cloth frieze, and leather low hats or caps, start-ups, or short laced boots, long loose trowsers, or tight cloth stockings, and a pouch by the girdle. A shepherd wore a russet jacket

* Fairholt's Costume, Holinshed, Bulwer's Anthropomorphi.

with red sleeves, a blue cap on his head, and carried his tar box and knife.

During this reign the bishops wore the high hat and ruffs of the day; and on state occasions the old Popish copes, richly embroidered, and a border with figures of saints, or the badges of the Tudor race, the portcullis, rose, and lion. Lawyers wore the tight-fitting coif and plain gown.

The armour, now gradually dropping off bit by bit, was being thrown aside as an useless incumbrance, that shielded sometimes from a pellet, but crumbled before a ball. Except in the tilting-yard, it seldom reached below the knee; the chased breastplates were long, like the doublets; the arms were defended by rere braces and vam braces; the helmets had still sometimes visors. The foot-soldiers and pikemen wore morions, the crest serrated, and the brim curved up at each end. The yeomen of the guard also had golden roses embroidered on the back and front of their doublets, and carried halberds. Sword and buckler sport was less common, and Rowland York, a ruffian of the day, introduced the rapier, which soon superseded the old heavy cut-and-thrust sword, with its ponderous guard.

The younger Puritans of Elizabeth's day railed at the vanity of the rich dress of the period; the old men at its

want of patriotism. They were always denouncing the luxuries of fashion; starch was to them "a devil's liquor;" mirrors, "the devil's spectacles;" scarfs, "flags of pride," although they made them; feathers, "ensigns of vanity," although they lived by selling them. Ruffs, they said, the devil himself would not wear, — they were the cart-wheels of his chariot of pride, leading the direct way to the dungeons of hell.

They were always depreciating the present by praising the past, saying, in the days of their fathers, "men were stronger, healthfuller, fairer complexioned, longer lived, and hardier." When they heard of ladies making washes for the face, they asked in horror if they thought they could improve God's work; when they used hair dye, if they remembered the text, "Thou canst not make one hair white or black." Women's curls they considered snares to entangle poor souls in the nets of perdition. When they saw ruffs, they told frightful stories of how the devil had appeared to a gentlewoman at Antwerp, whose laundress would not set her ruffs to her mind; the devil set her ruffs, and she, looking in the glass, became at once greatly enamoured with him, for he had appeared in the shape of a brave and proper young man, who demanded a kiss for his pains. He then strangled her, so says Stubbes, with a solemn and, we hope, believing face, and

"she died miserably, her body being metamorphosed into blue and black colours, most ugglesome to behold; and her face, which before was so amorous, became most deformed, and fearful to look upon. When the day of her burial came, four men attempted to lift her rich and sumptuous coffin, nor could six stir it from its place; the bystanders marvelling, prised up the coffin lid, and found the body to be taken away, and a black cat, very lean and deformed, sitting in the coffin, setting of great ruffs and frizzling of hair, to the great fear and wonder of all beholders." *

Men who could believe such stories were fitting prophets to rail at a harmless folly, that at least injures no one, and benefits the poor. Even in these days we were borrowers of fashions.

The ladies' hoods were French and Italian; the gallant's doublet was French, his hose German, his ruff Italian, his shoe Flemish, his hat Spanish, his sword-blade came from Toledo, his socks from Granada.

The hats, to enter into detail, were high and peaked, or low and flat, and were ornamented with bands, black, white, russet, red, green, and yellow. Sometimes the feather was looped up with a jewel, at other times a gold

* Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, p. 37.

chain was wound round the band and fastened with a cameo, or a row of pearls. These hats were of velvet, taffety, scarscenet, wool, or of beaver, then a great rarity, and worth 40*s.* a piece. Even serving-men and countrymen wore velvet or taffety hats, curiously pointed and shaped, much to the disgust of all Puritans. Some adopted the French fashion, and wore them without bands; the greater number of these were adorned with spangled feathers, which were seen even on children's caps.

The ruffs were of cambric, Holland, or lawn, many a quarter of a yard deep, that flapped in the wind, but looked very miserable after rain, much to Master Stubbes's delight; they were stiffly starched, and supported by frames of gilt wire; these were richly worked with silk, and laced with gold and silver. The shirts were of the finest linen, worked with silk, and stitched with open seams, costing from 10*s.* to 10*l.* a piece, the poorest shirt not being purchaseable at much less than a noble. The old men were always deriding these effeminacies, and talking of the time when their fathers wore black and white frieze coats, and hose of undyed housewives' kersey, that lay close and tight to the leg.

The doublets were very long and quilted, and very hot, and made from necessity loose, being stuffed with five or six pounds of bombast; they were generally of

satin taffety, silk, leather, chamlet, and gold and silver cloth, slashed, jagged, cut, carved, pinched, laced with various colours, and studded with precious stones and buttons. The hose were of silk, velvet, satin, and damask, and were sold at from 20 nobles to 100*l.* a pair ("God be merciful unto us," says a Puritan writer).

The socks or nether stocks were of Jansey worsted, crewell, silk, thread, or of the finest yarn. Silk stockings, when once worn by Queen Elizabeth, soon grew common, though they cost a royal, or 20*s.*, a pair. "Satan is let loose in the land," choruses Stubbes, with uplifted eyes, upon hearing this.

Their cork-heeled shoes were of white, black, and red leather, or of rare-coloured velvets; some were of green embroidered with silk and gold and silver thread. Slippers were often worn abroad.

The coats and jerkins were made close to the body or loose like mandillions. Some were buttoned down the middle, and others under the arms, and some down the back. Many had flaps over the breast, and some had none; some had great sleeves, some small, and some none; some were pleated behind, and some were not.

The cloaks were of a thousand colours, white, red, tawney, black, green, yellow, russet, purple*; some of

* Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, p. 28.

cloth, silk, velvet, and others of taffety and satin; some in the Spanish, others in the French or Dutch fashions. Some were short and reached scarcely to the girdle, others to the knees, and many were trailing to the ground. Some had capes, and others none; they were striped with velvet, or bordered with gold lace or silk, three fingers deep down the back, or round the skirts. They were generally richly lined, and of a different colour, and were hung or studded with bugles or points, and tassels of gold and silver.

Their boot hose was of the finest linen, worked with various coloured silks in various patterns, and devices of birds and beasts, and cost often as much as 10*l.* a pair. The hilts of the swords were sometimes silver gilt, and the blades rested in velvet sheaths.

Good stories were told of the large trunk-hose. Thieves were said to conceal all their plunder in them: poor bullies kept their small wardrobe in the same portable repository. At a certain banquet it was laughingly reported that a certain gallant, having torn his hose with a nail unknown to himself, rose up dripping sawdust till all his stuffing had run out like the sand of an hour-glass, and left him, chap-fallen and unfashionable, to be slowly restuffed at his leisure. "The doublets are full of gaps and rents, and the sleeves of all shapes and

colours," cried the critics. "In the old times," said the economist, "men were satisfied with fine kersey hose leather jerkin; coat, gown, and cloak of brown, blue, or pink velvet and fur: doublet of sad tawney. Merchants yielded least to the corruptions of the times; but, as to their wives, they rivalled the ladies in their caps, and ruffs, and fardingales.

The ladies not only painted and rouged but used false hair of various colours, which was frequently changed without regard to consistency; their locks were trained on wire frames, and wreathed with gold and silver curiously wrought. Besides this, they wore pendant ornaments of bugles and brooches, rings and jewels. To supply the great demand for wigs women went round to buy the tresses of country girls, and in London female thieves not unfrequently decoyed children up lonely archways and robbed them of their hair. Out of doors these mountains of art were crowned with French hoods, hats, caps, and kerchiefs. The artificer's wife flaunted in her velvet hat; the merchant's wife in her French hood; and the peasant in her taffety or wool hat, lined with silk and velvet. Cawls of gold and silver network or rich glittering tinsel were not uncommon; others wore lattice caps coming to a point above the forehead. Their ruffs were of the finest cambric, stiffly starched, and often

in three or four layers, and frequently covered with quaint emblems or with stars of gold and silver thread. Some were wrought with borders of openwork and others with purled lace.

The ladies often wore doublets and jerkins, tight-bosomed like a modern riding-habit and made jaunty like those of a page, buttoned down the breast, and trimmed with wings, welts, and pinions at the shoulders. The gowns of the finest cloth frequently cost 40*s.* a yard. They were embroidered with lace three fingers broad, or with velvet stripes; many wore trailing sleeves, others had them tight, slashed, and pointed, with silk ribbons tied in true-love knots. Some had long capes, faced with velvet or fine-wrought silk taffety, and richly fringed; while others' gowns were simply peaked down the back. The petticoats were of the finest cloth, but the greater part of taffety fringed with silk; and their kirtles were of the same rich materials.

Their stockings were of all bright colours, curiously worked; and their slippers were of black, white, yellow, and green velvet, or of English or Spanish leather embroidered with gold and silver thread. The Elizabethan ladies were curious in scents, and peculiarly fond of musk and civet, sweet powders and pomanders, which they wore in chains. The lover knew of his mistress's ap-

proach a stone's cast off by an odour as of the dawn of spring. "The bed," says Stubbes, the Puritan, sneeringly, "whereon they have laid their delicate bodies, the places where they have sat, the clothes and things which they have touched, shall smell a week, a month, and more after they be gone."

In the summer, a gentlewoman seldom stirred without a posy to smell at and one to stick in her breast. The beauties of England revelled in earrings, bracelets, chains, armlets, and gold-embroidered perfumed gloves — as women in most ages have.

To keep them from sun-burning, they cast round their faces silk scarfs tasselled with gold, and, when they rode abroad, wore black velvet masks that fastened with agate clasps, or very enticing and attractive veils.

By a sumptuary law to restrain luxury (1582) the London apprentices were ordered to wear plain woollen caps without any silk about them; no ruffles, cuffs, or loose collar, but a simple ruff round the neck a yard and a half long; their doublets were to be of canvass, fustian, sackcloth, plain leather, or English cloth, without gold, silver, or silk adornment. Their hose or stockings were to be white, blue, or russet; their breeches of the same stuff; and their doublets were not to be laced or broidered; their surtout, a cloth gown lined or faced with

cloth, cotton, or baize, with a fixed round collar; their shoes were to be of English hides unpinked; and their girdle and garters to be cloth or leather. They were to wear no sword, but merely a knife; and no ring or silk ornament. Offenders were to be publicly whipped in the Halls of their Companies, and their term lengthened six months, and a master conniving fined 6*s.* 8*d.* No apprentice might attend either dancing or fencing schools, or keep chests for clothes out of his master's house. These laws, we need not say, were not always obeyed.

The students at Lincoln's Inn were fined for wearing long hair, and ruffs, cloaks, boots, and spurs, going abroad without their gowns, or for wearing any white or gay-coloured doublets or hose.

The municipal dress was of different descriptions. The bailiffs and aldermen of Colchester received their Queen clad in damask and satin coats, with satin sleeves in their scarlet gowns, with caps and black velvet tippets; while the Town Council were in grogram and silk cassocks, with silk doublets, and gowns, and caps. On great civic occasions the London archers, to the number of 3000 men richly dressed, 942 of them wearing golden chains, would march from Merchant Taylors' Hall through Moorfields to Smithfield, there to shoot at the target. In 1588, when Hugh Offly, the merchant adventurer, was

sheriff of London, he raised a body of 300 archers, and clad them in black satin doublets and black velvet hose, making a very gallant show.

We hear of five sorts of starches; and ruffs were sometimes yellow and goose green.

CHAP. VIII.

CHEATS, THIEVES, AND BEGGARS.

"My traffic is sheets; . . . Being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles: my revenue is the silly cheat."

Winter's Tale, Act iv. Sc. 2.

Elizabethan Thieves, desperate and daring. — Statutes of the Reign. — Severity of Law. — Cock Lorel. — Punishments. — The Egyptians. — Their Dress and Manners. — Moon Men. — Maunderers and Clapper Dudgeons. — Haunts and Festivals. — Gipsy Gangs. — Priests and Kings. — Jugglers. — Oaths and Laws. — Language and Songs. — Orders of Rogues. — Banditti. — Dommerers. — Hookers. — Anecdotes of each. — Tinkers. — Abram Men. — Sham Sores (Poor Tom). — Counterfeit Soldiers. — The Crank. — Story. — Freshwater Mariners. — Fraters. —Palliards.— Horse Stealers. — Rogues *par excellence.* — The Wild Rogue. — The *Upright Man.* — The Ruffler. — Female Thieves. — Sham Sick. — The Tavern Bully and Bravo. — The Farmer in Paul's Churchyard. — Cross Biting. — Gamester's Tricks. — The Travelling Conjuror. — The Composition of a Gang. — The Barnacle and his Dupe. — Welsh Men. — The avenging Shoemaker. — Gull-groping. — The Woodpecker and his Crew. — The Eagle and the Deluder. — Gil Blas Tricks. — Ferreting. — Usurers. — Falconers and Poor Scholars. — Jacks of the Clock House. — The Visitor. — The Shifter. — The Rank Riders. — The Horse Tricks of Smithfield. — Lamb Pie. — The Jingler. — The Jacks in the Box. — Tricks on Carriers. — Faun Guests. — Drappage. — Cut-Purses. — Foster's Lift. — Bat-Fowling. — Chop-Chain. — Spoon Dropping. — Stone Carrying. — Country Gentlemen at Paul's. — Cheap

Travellers. — Quack Salvers. — Porters and their Thefts. — The Parasite. — Miscellaneous Tricks. — Courtesans. — Cruel Laws. — Burleigh and the Watchmen. — The Arrests. — Tricks of the Bailiffs. — The Prisons and their Wards. — Gaolers' Cruelties. — Escapes. — The Prison Council. — Beadles and Watchmen. — Voluntary Prisoners. — Prison Doles.

We are afraid this chapter will be the longest in the book, not from any personal interest of ours in the subject, but from the raciness and abundance of our materials, and the singularly graphic way in which they paint the manners of everyday life.

The adventurers, the swindlers, the thieves, and the gipsies, though unknown to each other, were united by the common tie of a common interest; and with much greater earnestness, industry, and perseverance than men ever show in a good cause, combined to pick the world's pocket and supply their own necessities. They were found at the taverns and in the streets; they bivouacked in country lanes; they spared neither town nor country; with a true respect for equality, they visited rich and poor; they made the world pay a toll that was remorselessly and daily exacted.

The feigned madmen, the horse-stealers, the tavern cheats, were much more picturesque rogues than England can now boast. Shakspere's Autolycus, the parasite that gulled Gil Blas, and the galley-slaves that behaved so

ungratefully to Don Quixote, we shall meet with under fresh names.

The statutes of Elizabeth's reign are directed chiefly against the stretchers of linen, the stealers of hawks' eggs, and the wearers of long swords, long ruffs, and long rapiers. Government interfered too much, and these edicts were vexatious in the extreme. In one decree the worsted-makers of Norwich, and the drapers of Shrewsbury, and the clothiers of Barking, Dedham, and other places in Essex, were specially protected. Poor laws were passed; and certain men were allowed to beg with a license: no butcher could be a tanner. It was forbidden to import cattle, tallow, or raw hides, girdles, rapier sheaths, horse harness, points, and gloves. River fish was preserved; and so were partridges and pheasants. It was forbidden to hawk before harvest; hours of work were fixed, as from five to seven in summer and an hour later in winter; two hours and a half were allowed for rest and sleep. Laws were made against disbanded soldiers who took to robbing and murdering; and the pursuit by hue and cry, on horse and foot, was rendered imperative in every township. Servants could not be dismissed without written testimonials. The manners of the people were regulated as if they had formed but one patriarchal family.

We begin with the gipsies, as *par excellence* the here-

ditary beggars of the age, the bearers of the noisy wooden clap-dish: and when we remember that, according to trustworthy Holinshed, 22,000 persons were put to death in Henry VIII.'s reign for theft alone, we may easily conceive the number of these survivors of the "Army of Martyrs."

The severity of our early codes had driven the dark sons of Pharaoh to despair. By the 22 Henry VIII. they were given a month's notice to leave England, and condemned to be hung as felons if apprehended after that time. Vagabonds were burnt in both ears, unless some respectable man offered to take them into his service, and on the second offence were punished with death: the 2 Philip and Mary re-enforced this law, and it was again revived by Elizabeth.

Their great chief in Henry the Eighth's time was Cock Lorel, a thief about whom pamphlets are still extant; then came Ratsee the Highway; Brown, the cut-purse; and Justice Greybeard, a masked highwayman, whose robberies at Gadshill Shakspere probably had in view when he wrote of Falstaff's valour.

In this stern age forgers' ears were cut off, and traitors disembowelled; poisoners boiled to death, and female murderers sometimes burnt at the stake; vagabonds were sent to the galleys, or whipped at the cart's tail. At this time

the statute-book mentions with alarm the increase of vagabond bands; children were stolen or decoyed to join the parties; purses were cut at churches, in courts of justice, and even in *the presence;* clerks and justices were bribable, and under-sheriffs and constables were accomplices of thieves.

The Egyptian gipsies in Elizabeth's reign were a very different race from the tawny wanderers who now infest our green lanes and purple heaths. They called themselves Egyptians, and still bore traces of their Indian origin and of having fled into Europe, scared by the trump of Tamerlane. They were not then mere poachers, terrible only to the poultry yards, but were half banditti, lying out under bushes, and dreaded by the wayfarers as a strange ferocious people. Decker calls them a people more scattered than the Jews, and more hated, beggarly in apparel, barbarous in condition, beastly in behaviour, and bloody if they meet advantages. Both Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher founded plays upon their adventures.

They were sometimes called moonmen or madmen, and were supposed to paint their faces of the Moorish colours, and not to be born of a swarthy complexion; they seldom stopped in a place more than a day, and went in companies about fourscore strong, and dividing into foraging parties of five or six; the elder children were carried in panniers,

or tied together, seven or eight, upon a horse, while a brood of boys and girls ran at their heels; they generally invaded the same county about the same time, and, however scattered, contrived to meet again by means of small boughs and other tokens which they left on the road to indicate their line of march to those who followed.

The men wore coloured scarfs of calico, hung with morris-dancers' bells and spangles, to attract the people.

The women were clad in patched and filthy garments, and generally carried long dangerous knives.* They were sworn enemies to lambs, sheep, calves, pigs, and poultry; and if seen by any traveller cooking the stolen food in the centre of a ring of their people, they would pretend that they were assembled round a woman in labour; if hard-pressed, they would surrender the thieves to the constables, but rescued them by open attack or by means of an ambush, fighting desperately for their relief.

Sometimes they kept greyhounds and turned deer-stealers, and they were known to burn a farmer's ricks if he refused them shelter in his out-houses. The simple country people used to come running out of their houses to gaze upon these wanderers, when some of the gang would steal in and carry off all they could lay hold of.

* Decker's English Villanies, ch. 18.

Upon holidays they dispersed in small companies through towns and villages; and when the striplings and maidens gathered round them to have their fortunes told, they picked their pockets or cut their purses. They were frequently joined by thieves, pedlars, and itinerant cheats, and occasionally their gang would seduce a farmer's daughter to join their troop. It was at one time indeed feared, during this reign, that, if not soon checked, these bands would grow too powerful for the country justice to dare to chastise.

The wandering rogues, not gipsies, though often associates with them, were divided into two classes — Maunderers and Clapper Dudgeons. The former had taken the beggars' oath, the latter were beggars born. They had all certain taverns or bowsing kennes, and stalling kennes or houses for receiving stolen goods; the innkeepers of these places were generally horse stealers, cut-purses, cheats, or retired highwaymen. Here the gipsies baked their stolen sheep, cutting them up into earthen pots; here were brought the proceeds of their house-breaking; and here they divided their spoil at midnight, the host and hostess being chief sharers, as soon as the hue and cry had ceased.

Their great annual rendezvous was the Holyrood fair at Durrest, near Tewkesbury.* To this came all the beggars

* Decker's English Villanies, ch. 18.

that Ireland produced, and all the rogues that had been whipped at the London cart's tail; hither they flocked from a hundred miles' distance, and from all parts of England. The ragged booths were full of stolen clothes, which were sold at night and removed before daybreak. The sturdiest thief was chosen lord of the fair, and led about his needy army from ale-house to ale-house. The day ended generally with a battle royal; some tore down the booths and flung up the empty cans; others broke their jugs over their fellows' heads; the women swore and stabbed, and the men cursed and fought. At this fair the gipsies bought clothes and new stamps (shoes) for the whole year; here they came to hear the news, and to learn what gentry were good at giving and who were naught.

Every gipsy gang had its jackman or captain, and *patrico* or priest.* According to Ben Jonson, some spot in the Peak district of Derbyshire was the place of their frequent muster. He represents the olive-coloured spirits attracting a crowd of countrymen by their dances and capers, Cockrel, Clod, Townshead, and Puppy; and for lasses, Frances o' the Castle, Prue of the Park, Long Meg of Eaton, and Christian of Dorney, who bring with them Puffin the bag-piper, and Tom Tickle Foot the tabourer.

* Greene's Groundwork of Coney Catching, ch. 15.

The gipsies tell fortunes and pick pockets; one loses a race of ginger and a jet ring; another, a gilded nutmeg and a row of white pins; a third, some hob nails, bodkin and a bride lace; another, a thimble and a skein of Coventry blue thread; a fourth, "The Practice of Piety," and the ballad of "Whoop Barnaby;" a fifth, his knife and sheath, and dog's leather gloves.* The patrico, in a song he sings, details all the exploits of a daring young Egyptian: how he deprived the sultan of the hen-roost of his wives, the mother sow of her darlings, cleared the hedge of the linen bleaching in the moonlight, and milked the cows before the dairy maid had risen.

Sometimes, rubbed with walnut-juice and hogs' grease, the gipsy visits noisy fairs as a conjuror, and spits fire, eats flax, draws ribbons from his nose; he professed the art of legerdemain, and his words were, "Hey! pass! presto! Begone there! *ascentibus malentibus!* silver ram! trim tram! come along bullets, three with a —— " and such magical phrases as, "Hocus pocus!" Sometimes it was, "Hey! come aloft! sa sa! flim flam! taradumbis! east, west, north, south! Now fly! like Jack with a bumbis." He very often united in one person the three characters of

* Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggar's Bush, Act iii. Sc. 1.

juggler, piper, and thief, and was the very Mephistopheles of the rustics.

The chief resorts of the Egyptian wanderers were St. Quentin's, the Three Cranes in the Vintry, St. Tibbs, and Knapsbury — all places within a mile of London.* In Middlesex there were "Draw the Pudding out of the Fire" at Harrow-on-the-Hill, the "Cross Keys" at Cranford, St. Julian's in Thistleworth, and the "House of Pity" at Northhall. The "King's Barn," between Dartford and Rotherhead, and Ketbroke, a lonely place near Blackheath, were also favourite haunts. At these latter places they would boldly lift the latch at any house, and, if the family were at meals, sit down and share them with them; they slept at night by the hall fire or, if the house was full, in the barn, in which as many as forty would often congregate. If the door was bolted or locked, or the people refused to let them in, they burst it open, threatening to burn the farmer in his bed if he repeated the trick. In other houses they would seldom resort to violence unless the barns or outhouses were locked up. Their beds were made of straw and hay, their wallets and scrips were their pillows, and their coverlets were rags and old clothes, and, in winter, straw

* Greene's Groundwork of Coney Catching, 1592.

heaped over all; and these coverlets were often stolen by the more dexterous and light-fingered thieves, less sleepy * or less drunken than their fellows.

Their chief had various nicknames; as, Olli Compoli, Dimber Damber, Hurley-burley, General Nurse, the High Sheriff, the Constable, the Great Bull. The White Ewe, the Lamb, were names used by female beggars. Their haunts were also rechristened; one Sheepcote they called Stop-hole Abbey, others the Blue Bull, the Prancer, the Cow's Udder, the Green Arbour, the Blazing Star; and these stations were generally at an equal distance apart.

The oath of this order of knighthood consisted of nine articles, which all companions and messmates took, if we may credit Decker, who says that he founded his book from evidence sent him and from his own examinations of thieves brought before him as High Constable of a County:—

"Thou shalt, my true brother, be keeping thy faith to the other brothers, as to myself, and keeping my secrets.

"Thou shalt take part with me and my brothers in all matters.

* Greene's Groundwork of Coney Catching, 1592.

"Thou shalt revenge me when ill-spoken of. (Sensitive beings!)

"Thou shalt see me want for nothing thou canst help me to.

"Thou shalt share thy winnings with me.

"Thou shalt keep true appointment by day and night.

"Thou shalt teach no householder to cant, nor confess to them anything.

"Thou shalt do no hurt to any Mawnder but with thine own hands, and mill (kill) any who betray secrets of the brotherhood.

"Clothes, hens, geese, pigs, and bacon are thy wages, and thou shalt take them wherever thou canst have them."

All orders of this ragged brotherhood mustered in strong numbers at assizes, to hear if the prisoners confessed and to guard against their treachery.

The slang language, or Pedlars' French, was said to have been invented by a thief who was hung about 1550.* The gipsey language we know to have a Sanscrit basis. The thieves' language seems a mere Polyglotic chance combination of German, Spanish, French, and even Welsh and Irish words. The following specimens will illustrate the genus of this still-living speech.

* Decker's English Villanies, ch. 19.

"Stowe you ben cove and act ben whids, and bing we to Rome (hold your peace, good fellow, and speak good words, and go we to London) to nip a bung; so shall we have lower for the bowsing ken (to cut a purse; so shall we have money for the drinking house); and when we bing back to the Dewse vile, we will filch (and when we go back to the country we will filch) some duds of the ruffman, or mill the ken for a lag of duds (some linen from the hedges, or rob a house for a lot of clothes)."

The following canting song is a still better example: —

"The ruffin cly, the nab of the harman beck.
(The devil take the head of the constable.)
If we maund pannam, lap, or ruff peck;
(If we beg buttermilk, milk, or bacon;)
Or poplars of Yarmer he cuts, bring to the ruffmans,
(Or pottage, he bid us off to the hedge side,)
Or else he swears by the lightmans,
(Or else he swears by the daylight,)
To put our stamps in the harmans,
(To put our feet in the stocks.)
The ruffian cly the ghost of the harman beck.
(The devil take the soul of the constable.)
If we heave a booth, we cly the jerk;
(If we rob but a booth we are whipped at the post;)
If we mill some duds from a bowsing ken,
(If we steal but some clothes from an ale-house,)
Or nip a bung that hath but a coin,
(Or cut a purse that hath but a halfpenny,)
Or drop the jigger of a gentry cove's ken,
(Or open the latch of a gentleman's door,)

To the queer buffer we bring;
(To the magistrate we go;)
Then to the queere ken to scoure the crampe ring,
(Then to prison to scour the chains bright,)
And then to be bleached on the chares in the lightmans.
(And then to be hung on the gallows in the daylight.)
The pannakin and ruffian cly, the harman, beck, and harmans.
(The plague and the devil take the constable and his stocks.)"

Another song, worthy of the ragged revellers of barns, runs —

"Bing out bien morts, and towre,
(Go out brave girls and watch,)
Bing out bien morts, and towre,
For all your duds are bringed awast;
(For all your clothes are stolen;)
The bien cove hath the lowre,
(The brave cove's got the money.)
I met a dell, I viewed her well,
(I met a drab, I liked her well,)
She was ben ship to my watch;
(She was a good mate for a beggar;)
So she and I did stall and cly
(So she and I steal and filch)
Whatever we could catch.
The boyl was up, we had good luck;
(The hue and cry was up;)
In frost, and in the snow,
When they did seek, then did we creep,
And plant in ruffmans low.
(And hide ourselves in the hedges.)"

A canting love song begins: —

"Doxy, oh! thy glaziers shine,
(Doxy, oh! thine eyes shine,)

As glimmer by the salomon.
(Like fire of the stars.)
* * * * *
What though I no caster wear,
(What though I have no hat,)
Nor togman have nor slate
No sheet or shirt,
Stores of strommel we'll have here,
(Plenty of strawe we have here,)
And in the skipper lib in state.
(And lie in state in the barn.)

Bien darkmans then to bouse and mort,
(Good night to lass, and tap, and drink, and ken,)
The bien coves bings a wast,
(The brave coves gone away ;)
* * * by Rome coves dine,
(* * * by the London coves,)
For his long lib at last.
(For his long home at last.)

When the lightmans up doth call,
(When day awakes,)
Margery prater from the nest,
(The cock from its roost,)
The cackling cheat with all.
(And her hens too.)
In a bowsing ken wilt feast,
(In an ale-house wilt feast,)
There if lowre we want, we'll mill
(Then if we want more we'll steal)
A gage, or nip for the a bung ;
(A quart pot, or cut a purse ;)
Ben bowse then shall bouse thy fill,
(Then shalt have thy fill of good drink,)
And crash a grunting cheat that's young.

(And eat a sucking pig.)
Bing a wast to Rome vile, then.
(Come then to London.)
O, my Doxie, oh my dell,
Will heave a booth, and both agree,
(Rob a booth, ——)
And tryning scape, and all is well.
(And escape hanging,)" *

Of these words many are still retained by modern thieves: as, cly, boose, stow, flag, kens, &c.; others have been promoted into the current language: as queer, cove, &c. Their derivation is not difficult to ascertain; some are French; as ben (bon), vile (town).

Many of the words are mere synonyms, as glaziers (eyes), stamps (shoes), glimmer (fire), lap (milk), prancer (a horse), ruffmans (bushes).

Amongst the Elizabethan thieves' words still retained, we find mort (a woman), bord (a shilling), cant-drawer (hose), fumbles (hands), ruffian (prig, &c.).†

Leaving the gipsies, we will now pass on to the great family of rogues in general.

Of the various orders of rogues there were the following organised divisions — rufflers, upright men, hookers, wild rogues, priggers of prancers (horse stealers), pallyards,

* Decker's English Villanies, ch. 19.

† Decker's Lanthorn and Candle Light, ch. 1.

fraters, prigs, pedlars, curtals, Irish rogues, ragmen, jackmen (petition carriers), Abram men, mad Toms of Bedlam, whip jacks, cranks, dommerers (feigned mutes), and glimmerers (men who pretended they had been ruined by a fire).*

Some of these were really banditti, travelling in bands, dangerous to meddle with and still more dangerous when meddling. They were men who carried knives, who could ride unbridled horses, who had seen Spanish blood shed, who had known all classes of life, who would stab your enemy for a crown or serve you as spy or servant. The wild and unenclosed country afforded lurking places to these bands in green dingles, bare heaths, gravel pits, and shaded lanes. They were any moment at the mercy of the next justice, who, with or without law, could have their ears cut off, their noses slit, their hands branded, and have them whipped through the jeering town; he could load them with irons, throw them into damp and putrid cellars, or freeze them in the stone towers of the castle prison.

These cruelties hardened them from rogues into assassins. Not knowing where to begin in this ragged army, we commence with —

* Decker's Lanthorn and Candle Light, ch. 1.

The *dommerers* were a class of men who pretended to be dumb. They indicated by signs or on slates that their tongues had been cut out by thieves at such a place; they carried short sharp sticks in their hands with which they secretly made their tongues bleed, and then, turning them up to the roof of their palates, pretended to show the wounded stump; they roused the pity of the poor by moans and inarticulate sounds, but a constable's whip commonly restored their voice at the second lash.

The real *clapper-dudgeon*, or beggar-born, was known by his peculiar costume. He wore a patched cloak, a gown with high strong shoes, and carried a brown dish at his girdle and a tassel to clean it; his head was covered with two greasy nightcaps and a hat. His doxy generally went with him, and a dog ran at his heels. In his hand he held a filch, or short staff with a hole in which an iron hook could be screwed; this staff was as serviceable as Hudibras' dagger — it could beat a purse out of a traveller, knock down a plump goose, or hook clothes through a window. The female beggar carried a pack at her back, covered with a patched saveguard.

If simply hookers or anglers, they wore frieze jerkins and gally slops pointed beneath the knee. They begged by day and stole by night, marking out at noon any window at which clothes or linen hung; they hid their spoil for

some days, and then conveyed it to the alehouse, where they obtained about half its price. One of these men once came to a farmer's house at midnight, and opened a draw window of a ground-floor room, near which stood a bed in which slept a man and two boys; the hooker drew off all their coats, and coverlets, and sheets, and left them still asleep, lying in their shirts, to awake and believe that Robin Goodfellow had paid them a visit. They carried their hooks concealed by day, and kept their hands over the hole of the top of the staff into which they fitted.*

The real dommerers were generally Welshmen, and craved charity by groaning and lifting up their hands in a piteous and beseeching manner. One of these men was once stopped, near Dartford, by Greene and a servant of the Lord Keeper, a gentleman very cunning in the science of surgery. "I will work a miracle," he said to Greene, "and make this dumb man speak." They agreed, at first, to tie his fingers together and then rub a stick between them till he spoke, but, finally, led him into a neighbouring house and, tying a halter to his wrists, hung him for some time over a beam till he cried for God's sake to let him down; they then took from him a purse

* Decker's English Villanies, ch. 18.

containing 15*d.* and gave it to the poor people of the house, and the rogue and his companion were then taken to the next justices, exposed publicly on the pillory and well whipped.

Travelling tinkers, generally thieves, were notorious for picking up stray kettles, chafers, or pewter dishes, when called in to a gentleman's courtyard to do some work. A drunken tinker, with a dog, once stopped six thieves and stripped them of 4*l.*, and, hiding for a day or two in a thick wood, escaped all pursuit. The pedlars were often thieves; and Greene reminds us of Autolycus when he says, "Of late it is a great practice of the upright man, when he hath gotten a booty, to bestow the same upon a packful of wares, and so goeth a time for his pleasure because he would live without suspicion. False beards and wigs were the ordinary disguises of these smooth-tongued rogues, who must have been often Spanish spies and Jesuit emissaries."

Among other classes of beggars were the common maunders or beggars, the Abram men or discharged madmen, the counterfeit soldiers, and the men who carried petitions, and the men with artificial sores.

In the Abram men * we recognise Shakspere's Poor

* Greene's Groundwork of Coney Catching, ch. 9.

Tom, a well-known class of impostors in his day, who affected to be either idiots or madmen lately discharged from Bedlam. Tom went generally half-naked, without shirt or hose, his legs and arms bare, and a sheet hung about his body; his eyes were staring, his hair long and filthily knotted, and he carried in his hand a stout staff of ash or hazel, or sometimes a crooked stick from which he hung his dole of food. Women, children, and villagers fled from these cheats, who were the bugbears with which nurses frightened peevish infants to sleep. These Abram men generally tatooed * F. R. * upon their arms, pricking their flesh with an awl and rubbing it with brown paper, urine, and gunpowder. Sometimes they bore red marks of manacles, or wore iron rings upon their wrists; they generally carried a horn, in which they put any liquor they could get. Each man had a peculiar way of playing his part, affecting idiotic gestures and crazed looks, and generally using some unmeaning words, as "well and wisely," in every sentence to evidence a decay of wit; some whooped and bellowed, others spoke in a piteous hollow voice, and a few danced and gambolled. These two modes of petitioning, according as they played the cured or incurable madman, we here subjoin: —

"Now dame, well and wisely, what will you give poor Tom now? One pound of your sheep's feathers to make

poor Tom a blanket, or one cutting of your sow-side no bigger than my arm, or one piece of your salt meat to make poor Tom a shoeing horn, or one cross of your small silver towards the buying of a pair of shoes, well and wisely. Ah! God bless my good dame! well and wisely, give poor Tom an old sheet to keep him warm from the cold, or an old doublet or jerkin of my master's, God save his life!" Then he would dance and sing, "Good dame, give poor Tom one cup of the best drink, well and wisely, God save the Queen, and her council, and the governors of this place!" &c. The other form was, "Good worships masters, or good worships rulers of this place, bestow your reward on a poor man that hath been in Bedlam without Bishopsgate these three years, four months, and nine days, and bestow one piece of small silver towards his fees which he is indebted there, the sum of three pounds thirteen shillings seven pence halfpenny, and hath not wherewith to pay the same but by the good help of worshipful and well-disposed people, and God reward them for it."

The *counterfeit soldiers* generally represented themselves as wounded in the Low Countries fighting against Spinola, with Essex at Cadiz, or Drake in St. Domingo. These fellows went in troops of two or three, generally carried bandillions, and showed artificial sores in their shoulders

or left arms below the elbow, as if caused by pike or ball. They went armed with short crab-tree cudgels, and were the boldest and most impudent of beggars, knocking boldly at any door, and accepting no repulse. "Gentle rulers of this place," these bearded men would whine, "bestow your reward upon poor soldiers that are utterly maimed and spoiled in Her Majesty's late war, as well for God's cause as Her Majesty's. And bestow one piece of your small silver upon poor men as somewhat towards a meal's meat to succour them, in the way of truth and for God's cause." These men always exhibited a sealed letter which they called their discharge from the colours.

Their artificial sores were produced by plasters of unslacked lime and soap, mixed with the rust of old iron; this, in a few hours, raised a red bleeding sore, which was easily cured by brown paper smeared with butter and wax.

Many of these cheats were discarded serving-men. The sore of the sham soldiers was on the left arm below the elbow; of the sham masons, above the elbow; of the sham grooms or running footmen, on the back of the hand as if crushed by a horse's foot.*

* Their worst sores were made by applying plaisters of crow-foot, spearwort, and salt bruised together, the raw flesh being then strewn with ratsbane; this, from long usage, ceased to give them any inconvenience, though they kept it unhealed from week to week.

The writers of petitions and begging letters were as numerous then as now; they paid a scrivener half-a-crown for writing them, and sealed them with the counterfeit impression of noblemen's, gentlemen's, or justices' seals.

These letters generally contained certain stereotyped phrases, as "Some have entertained angels unawares," or "Solomon saith, 'He who giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.'" They generally contained also directions to constables to help them to lodgings, or to curates begging them to persuade their parishioners to charity.

The crank's favourite illness was epilepsy, or the falling sickness; and they frequently carried testimonials signed by "five men of worship in Shropshire;" sometimes they went half naked, wearing rag bandages about their heads, and keeping a piece of white soap in their mouths, in order to foam at the mouth to excite compassion.

The following story is related by Greene: "Upon All Hallow Day, 1566, early in the morning, a counterfeit crank came to the cloister at Whitefriars, where several great ladies lay without the liberties of London. Here he began lamentably lamenting, and pitifully crying to be relieved, declaring with rueful moanings his painful and miserable disease: except an old patched loose leather jerkin, he was naked from the waist upwards; about his

head was wound a foul cloth, his beard and chin were also tied up; and in his hand he held an old felt hat, to receive alms; his face was streaming with fresh blood, as if he had fallen in his agony; and his dress was besmeared with mud. 'Good masters,' quoth he, 'I have the grievous and painful disease called the falling sickness;' he then went on to say, he had fallen down in a lane by the water side, and had shed almost all the blood out of his body; as it had rained very fast all the morning, and he was smeared with mud, a poor honest woman that dwelt near, brought him a cloth to clean himself; but he refused to use it, saying, he should then fall a bleeding again, and not be able to stop himself. In answers to questions, he said, his name was Nicholas Jennings, he was born at Leicester, and had had the falling sickness eight years. 'I can get no remedy for the same,' said he, 'for I have it by kind: my father had it, and my uncle before me; and I have been these two years here and about London, and a year and half in Bedlam:' a bystander, suspecting him, sent to Bedlam, and found no such man had been a patient. Two boys were then set to watch him. He begged all day about the Temple, then went into a lane leading into some fields, at the back of Clement's Inn; there he smeared his face with fresh blood, from a bladder full that he carried about him, and daubed fresh dirt on

his jerkin, hat, and hose: he then returned to the water side, where some gave him groats, and some more. When it began to grow dark, he took a sculler, passing over the water, not going into St. George's Fields, nor into Holborn, or St. Giles's in the Fields, as had been expected; one boy took a boat and followed him, the other returned to tell his master; the other who followed him, not having a penny, left his penner and inkhorn in gage with the waterman; his master followed at a distance. In the fields near Newington they stopped the crank, and gave him in charge to the constable, as a malefactor and dissembling vagabond. The constable would have put him at once in the street cage; but it being a cold night, took him into his own victualling house; they then searched him: he swore, as he wished God to save his soul at the day of Judgment, he had but a little purse of 12*d.*; they soon, however, found another purse of 11*d.* He then swore he had no more; but they came upon a purse of 8*s.*, and finally collected 13*s.* 3½*d.*; they then stripped him entirely naked, and found him a handsome man, fair skinned, and healthy, with a yellow flaxen beard; and wrapped in an old cloak, he sat down with a jug of beer in the chimney corner: but while the constable left to search a barn for rogues at some distance, Jennings slipped out, and escaped naked across the fields. He soon

after turned fresh water sailor; and was next seen begging in Whitefriars, as a distressed hat-maker, not many months after his first capture. He was then dressed in a good black frieze coat, a new pair of white hose, a good felt hat on his head, not to forget a shirt, worth some 25*s.*, of Flanders work. Being again given in charge, the constable refused, at first, to apprehend so respectably dressed a man; and the deputy of the ward required security of his prosecutor before he would send the crank to Ludgate. On his way to prison, the rogue escaped, but was again captured."

"His house, in Master Hill's rents, was searched, and found to be well furnished; containing a good joint table, and a fair cupboard garnished with pewter. His wife was 'an old ancient woman,' and well to do. At the Counter, the man confessed his deceit; and after three days was removed to Bridewell; he was then stripped naked, and being clad in his loathsome crank dress, exposed in the Cheapside pillory, in both his costumes. He was then sent to the mill, and, his portrait being taken, was whipped at the cart's tail through London to his own door, with his picture borne before him. After some further imprisonment in Bridewell, he was released on promise of henceforth leading an amended life." *

* Greene's Groundwork of Coney Catching, ch. 11.

The ships of the fresh water mariners *, an old writer quaintly says, were sunk on Salisbury Plain; the men were generally Irish, and sometimes from Somersetshire; they carried petitions, with the forged signatures of five or six gentlemen, deposing that the petitioners had either been shipwrecked or robbed by pirates near the coast of Cornwall or Devon, and set on shore at some haven town. They seldom visited those counties, but haunted Wilts, Hants, Berks, Oxfordshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, and London, as if going down the Thames to seek their ships and goods: or else went into Surrey and Sussex, or by the sea coast into Kent; begging alms to return to their county. They sometimes counterfeited the seal of the Admiralty, which they could get forged at Portsmouth for 2*s.* The magistrates used frequently to burn these licenses, and confiscate the money found in the petitioners' pockets.

Fraters carried a black box at their girdle, containing copies of the Queen's Letters Patent, given to some spital house, for the relief of the poor men, too often neglected by the idle and well-fed proctors of such poor houses: Greene mentions a constable, who told him that he had heard great carousing at midnight in one of these houses; the

* Greene's Groundwork of Coney Catching, ch. 16.

men were laying wagers, pitching the bar, and casting the axletree; going in, he found a pig roasting by the fire, and the men fallen to blows. They were strong and sturdy lubbers, he says, who would have carried off the prize at any country games.

If also *Abraham men*, they told pitiful stories of the cruelties they had suffered in Bedlam: Stradling, one of these knaves, pretended to have been a servant of Lord Stourton's, and to have gone mad for grief at his execution: "he first fell into a deep pensiveness, and then for a year or more lost his wits. Lastly, he was taken with a marvellous palsy, that shook both head and hands."*

The *palliards* or *clapper dudgeons*, like the dommerers, were generally Welshmen; a nation now remarkably free from mendicancy: they took their wives with them, and carried forged marriage licenses in their pockets. If they were Irishmen, and were detected, they feigned to speak no English. They also exhibited artificial sores, produced by spearwort, or real sores, produced by arsenic.

Horse-stealers † generally dressed in jerkins of leather or white frieze, and carried a holly wand in their hands, walking through meadows and pastures where they might find

* Greene's Groundwork of Coney Catching, ch. 7.

† Ibid. ch. 6.

horses. If they were asked by the farmers what they did there, they would complain they had lost their way, and inquire how far they were from the nearest town. At gentlemen's houses they asked for charity, and offered their service; declaring they could clean three or four geldings, and wait upon a gentleman. Their stolen horses they generally sold fifty miles or more from the place of the theft. A gentleman once returning from London into Kent, alighted in a certain village to speak to a farmer, who lived near, and his servant with him engaged a beggar, who was standing by, to walk the horses up and down, supposing him to be a man of the place; promising him on his return a penny to drink: as soon as they were out of sight, the beggar leaped into the saddle, and rode, we suppose, where beggars generally ride, as the proverb says, when they mount on horseback.

Rogues, *par excellence,* wore white bandages on their heads and walked lame, groaning out their story and carrying a staff. Some feigned to be in search of a brother who dwelt in that shire; others carried a letter to an honest householder in an adjoining county; others bore a justice's passport declaring that they had been soldiers, and were compelled to return to their native place; and a few wore short cloaks and varied their disguises.

Two of these rogues once entered an ale-house in East

Kent and saluted the company courteously, treating the parson of the parish to some October, and staying till every one was gone. They then begged the goodman of the house and his wife to sit down with them, and requested to know where that priest dwelt, as they had an uncle in orders living somewhere near, and they thought it must have been him though they had not seen him since they were six years old. The goodwife said cheerfully Master Parson was an honest man, well beloved, and of good wealth, and resident in the place fifteen years at least. "Mercy of God! then you're twins," said the foolish woman; and, taking them into the hall window, pointed out the parson's house with her finger. "He is not only my uncle but my godfather," said one of the pair; "but we are weary, and mean not to trouble our uncle to-night, but to-morrow, God willing, we will see him and do our duty." Finding that he kept no servants but an old woman and a boy, and lived in a lonely house, they at last allowed themselves to be persuaded by the honest ale wife to go there that night and find better lodging than she could give. Having taken a grace cup, they departed late, and, viewing the house, retired into a wood to arrange their attack. Finding it stone-walled and the windows thick with mullions, they determined on policy rather than force, and about twelve of the clock approached the parson's chamber

window. The dog barking, the parson awoke and began to cough; the boldest rogue then groaning loudly begged, "for Christ's sake, some relief for the hungry and thirsty, and am like to lie without the doors all night," unless he were relieved with some small piece of money, being safe of the stocks if he ventured into a house at that time of night. The parson, giving him twopence, bade him lie in his outhouse till morning. "God reward you," said the rogue; "and in heaven may you find it." As the parson then put his hand to shut the window the rogue slipped on a horselock that prevented it repassing through the small mullions, and declared he would chop off his fingers if he did not give them three pounds. The parson, much alarmed, agreed to give four marks, all he had in the house, having lent six pounds to a neighbour not six days before. Then, calling to the old housekeeper, who slept in the loft over head, he sent for the money, and they released him on the condition that he should spend twelve pence next day at the ale-house on the hill, which he did.

"Benedicite," quoth the ale wife, "they be merry thieves by the mass, and, I warrant you, they mean to buy no land with the money."

A wild rogue* was always a born beggar. On one

* Greene's Groundwork of Coney Catching, ch. 5.

occasion one of these men met a poor honest huckster riding homeward from a London market, and demanded a penny, for God's sake, to keep him a true Christian. Seeing a tall man carrying a quarter staff and one fit to serve in the wars, the huckster took out his purse to give the knave a penny; but observing him draw out eight shillings, the rogue bade him deliver it all or he would beat out his brains, for a penny would not quench his thirst. He then leapt over a hedge into a wood and disappeared.

The *upright man* had very often been a serving creature, but sometimes an artificer or mere labourer; idle or vicious, with ear cropped at the pillory, or seared in the hand, he had determined to prey upon mankind. Their favourite counties were Somerset, Wilts, Berks, Oxfordshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Surrey, and Kent. Despising whipping, the stocks and even the triple tree, they wandered about in companies, one third beggars and two thirds thieves. At a husbandman's door they stoutly demanded charity, declaring that they had served in the wars, that they sought service and would be glad to work for their living. If offered meat and drink, they would generally refuse it with scorn and demand money. As they strolled about the yard they took care to mark the bolts and gates and the places where the pigs and poultry were kept, knowing that, if an ill star

was not over them, they would have a rich feast within a night at the loft in the next thieves' ale-house — happy and noisy as Burns's beggars. Here, as also at fairs and wakes, they met by agreement, carousing in winter in barns and in summer under hedges. Their wives robbed booths and met them with their plunder. The upright men generally lingered in the suburbs, being whipped if they were caught stealing at a fair.

They seldom passed openly by a justice's house, unless he were weakly manned or dwelt alone, and then went, with heads and arms bound up with rags, and armed with good cudgels to keep off the dogs and resist capture. They lived chiefly by stealing clothes off hedges and breaking open houses when their owners were at market or church. After a robbery they lurked in woods or copses for several days, having food brought them by their wives, and only creeping out at night to steal. They had receiving houses where they carried stolen goods by night, to pick the marks out of the linen. These landlords trusted them to the amount of 20*s.* or 30*s.*, and helped the thieves to prove *alibis*. Sometimes the upright man hired himself as a servant, and so contrived to rob his master and learn the habits of the house. Some of them kept certain shires in which they had worked honestly for farmers, and would resort there in time of danger. The upright man had the power

of conferring a sort of rogues' knighthood upon young thieves; they called it "Stalling to the roge." Taking the novice to an ale-house, he pawned his best garment for some twenty pence, and then, calling for a "gage of ben bowse," a quart pot of ale, he poured it over his head, saying, "I stall thee to the roge, so that from henceforth it shall be lawful for thee to cant in all places." Greene mentions a copper cauldron of his, full of pewter dishes stamped with his arms, which was stolen from his outhouse and carried half a mile off by an upright man, and hid in a fir bush on a heath. The thief, learning that 20*s.* reward had been offered to all the tinkers of Southwark, Kent Street, and Barmesie Street, and notice to the ferrymen on the Thames, left it there for two years untouched, and it was at last found by a man hunting for rabbits, who, striking his staff into the bush, hit the cauldron, and thought at first he had discovered a treasure.*

The name of *upright* man was of course ironical.

The Ruffler was declared King of the Empire of Vagabonds, by 28th Henry VIII.: he was generally a disbanded soldier, or a discarded serving man; his demand for alms was alternately imperative or meek, as he met with concession or resistance, fear or defiance: he exhibited

* Harman's Caveat for Common Cursitors, 1573.

sham wounds, either received in drunken frays, or produced by acrid herbs; always declaring in a piteous voice, that he had been maimed and bruised in the wars. Old soldiers of this reign, however, seldom disgraced themselves by begging, and oftener took to desperate robberies, escaping the bullet, only to die at last of the tight rope. These rufflers, when begging failed, robbed from their own companions, or plundered old women going to market, old men, or children: the ruffler, in a year or two, was ennobled, and became, what was called, an upright man. An old fruit-seller, who was in the habit of going twice a week to London to sell peascods, was once met near Shooter's Hill by two rufflers; one of whom seemed the master, and the other a servant, carrying his cloak: the old man, who had made a good market, and had 10*s.* in his purse, was glad of their company, and entered into conversation; when they reached the top of the hill, and saw all the coast clear, they seized the old man's bridle and led him into a wood: "Now by my troth," quoth the old man, "you are a merry gentleman indeed: I know you mean rather to give me, than take from me:" the servant, with angry words, threw the cloak over the gardener's face, and demanded his money; he told them he had but ten shillings in white money; not knowing of an old angel which he had told his wife to lay up safely:

the gentleman thief then searching him, began to curse him, saying: "Good Lord, what a world is this! how may a man believe in the same! what an old knave and a false knave have we here!" they then left the old man, to return alone and sorrowing, to scold his wife for her neglect.

The female thieves carried sheets at their backs; and wallets in which to put the malt, wool, bacon, or bread and cheese, which they obtained as alms: they would often join in robberies. Sometimes they would carry for sale, baskets and cap cases, with laces, pins, needles, thread, and round bright-coloured silk girdles: they bought rabbit skins, and stole clothes off hedges, and obtained meat and cheese from dishonest maid servants: they took children with them, who were useful to creep through small windows, and to do the more delicate part of a burglary. Many of these women knitted or made bed vallances as they walked along the road. They were accustomed to leave their money in various places in the hands of friends. The most notorious of these Amazons was a woman with one hand, named Bess Bottomly, who was known to have murdered, at least, two children. Occasionally a runaway servant joined these bands: the older women carried the children on their backs, slung in sheets. Huffing Kate is also a well-known name of this age.

As they walked, they knitted or made balls and shirt strings; and wore a needle and thread in their hat: they stole clothes, and fished for poultry with peas and crooked pins: their business was to tell fortunes, and recommend remedies to farmers' wives and children.

The sham sick beggar generally exhibited an artificial sore. At the lattice window of farm houses, he would reel to the ground, and with groans and cries, pray for charity. "Ah! the worship of God: loook out with your merciful eyne; one pitiful look upon sore, lamed, cold, impudent, (impotent) people; sore troubled with the grievous disease, and have no rest day or night, by the canker and worm that continually eateth the flesh from the bone: for the worship of God, bestow one cross of your small silver, to buy some salve and ointment, to ease the poor wretched that never taketh the rest, and God to reward you for it in heaven."

These men went generally two or three together; and as the first finished, the second began; concluding with howls and groans, and repeating the Lord's Prayer, or the Ave and Pater Noster, at Roman Catholic houses; and never ceasing till something was given them.

The tavern bully of the worst class was always an ally of the thief: he was known by his ruffianly long hair, greasy satin finery, ostentatious dagger, and loud

oaths.* He was always boasting of having been on the roll of Tilbury; and was generally at the smoking shop, or playing at cards: he defied the constable; though Dogberry called for the lanthorn to see the fellow, and bade the beadles tell him the rogue's name. He was the terror of the drowsy bell-man; and was known in the smoking alleys around Bedlam, and in the infamous haunts of Pick thatch and Turnbull Lane. His sanctuaries were Ram Alley, in Fleet Street; Fulwood's Rents, Milford Lane, Strand; Ely Rents, Cold Harbor, Savoy; St. Bartholomew and Montague Close: he was the roaring boy, who tore the ale wives' ruff, and flung his dinner at the gaoler; and who ended his days on a gallows at St. Thomas a Watering's in the Borough: his threat was always to give the stab: he wore a dirty feather in his hat, which he swore came from a countess's fan: his rapier was always given him by the Great Turk. He was often found at noon asleep on the ale-bench; and was known to be able to swallow more charnico than one hundred Flemings, or more than a dozen of those Dutch sailors who eat pickled herrings at St. Katherine's. When he was drunk, he talked of Drake; and declared he once took a prize, that contained enough rubies to pave Cheapside:

* Rowland's Look to It, or I'll stabbe Ye, 1604, p. 29.

he was always a great gambler; suspected, hated, and feared by every one.

Some thieves attended fairs dressed as serving men and lawyers' clerks; and visited St. Paul's, Westminster, and the two Exchanges, with religious punctuality. Their female accomplices carried papers in their hands, and passed for religious farmers' wives; or attended the markets, with a basket of eggs on their arms; complaining loudly of thieves, "The world being never so bad, or so full of those villainous cutpurses."

A good story, that reminds us of some of Gil Blas's shifts, is told of a farmer, who, coming to a London tavern, began, over his wine, to laugh at his companion's fears of being robbed; he showed his broad pieces; rang them on the table; and then driving his dagger through the board, challenged any thief in the born world to dare to touch his purse. A thief sitting near him immediately went out, and told his gang of the farmer, who had denied their power; and a plan was instantly laid to entrap the unfortunate countryman. The next morning he had not taken three steps in St. Paul's Churchyard, before two sergeants laid their hands on his shoulders, and arrested him, on account of a sham action, which the rogues had entered against him. Spluttering and indignant, the farmer swore, struggled, and remonstrated; a crowd began to assemble, and

the thieves were foremost in it: they told him the arrest was shameful and illegal; the churchyard was safe sanctuary, and always had been; no sergeant had right to put foot in it: the sergeants getting hustled, became alarmed, and raised the terrible war cry of the city, "Clubs." The 'prentices of Fleet and Cheap flocked to the call, and took part for their masters against the rescuers: the crowd was at last driven away, and the sergeants, hot and torn, dragged the farmer to a neighbouring tavern: on arriving there, he found he had been robbed of 10*l.* in gold, and 3*l.* in white money: but there was no help: in such crowds robberies were always frequent; and at this moment a letter arrived from the thieves, bidding the sergeants to release their prisoner, as by some accident they had mistaken their man: bruised, angry, and penniless, the farmer, much chopfallen, regained his cloak, and hurried home to be laughed at by his neighbours, and scolded by his wife.*

This sort of trick was called *Cross-biting,* from the thief's name who first elevated it into a science.

The watch were not always old men of the Dogberry stamp, though often pompous, cowardly, knavish, and ignorant; their cry was, "Down with them," and their bills were formidable weapons.

* Greene's Thieves Falling Out, 1637.

Gamesters had a thousand ways of cheating, especially by confederacy; the novice was sure to lose if any bystander were allowed to watch the game. Sometimes they set the gull upon a bench against a wall, on which was a looking-glass that reflected his cards. Sometimes a woman sewing by his side would give notice of his plans by certain prearranged motions (slow or swift) of her needle; occasionally a drop of wine spilled on the table served to reflect the antagonist's hands.

Not unfrequently the gamesters allured their pupil into the company of some woman, who drove him to gamble for her sake, declaring she was always so fortunate and there was much in woman's luck.

If a stranger obstinately refused to play, the gamesters would treat him to wine and would not allow him to pay. At last, some one present would say with a yawn, after a moment's silence, "What, my masters, what shall we do? Shall every man play his 12*d.* while our apples roast on the fire? and then we will drink and depart." Another accomplice would then refuse, until it was agreed that none need lose more than 12*d.*, wishing to win, each said, only enough for his supper. If the stranger still objected, one of them whispered in his ear, "Tush! man, stick not in our company for 12*d.* I will bear your half, and here is my money."

If he happened by any chance to win, one of the party would change the good dice for a pair of false ones, and crying out that he was a cheat, fly at him with his dagger. If he won, the lights were put out and the gamblers fled with the stakes, stabbing all who dared to stop them.

The miscellaneous stratagems of Elizabethan cheats are endless. The following is one of the best: —

A swindler of this age, having worn every trick threadbare, travelled with his boy into Yorkshire, at his wits' end even for a meal. The page, seeing his master sad, said, "Master, take no care; for, when all is gone and nothing left, then hey! for the knife with the dudgeon heft. I am young, and have crotchets in my head; and while I have my five senses we will not want. Take lodgings in the fairest inn in York; call lustily, spare no cost; and leave me to pay for all. The master gladly assented to the boy's plan. They repaired to the best inn; took the best room — for the boy whispered to the landlord that his master was no common man, and would need extraordinary provision of victuals; the tapster said the Chief Justices of the Shire were then sitting there about a commission, but that he should have what attendance was possible. The boy soon after, prowling up a pair of stairs, found his way into the

commission room, where a good store of plate stood at a side-settle. Peeping in, the boy hurried the largest gilt goblet under his cloak, and, descending to a back court, threw it into an old well; then, stepping into the kitchen to watch the dinner, he told the landlord that his master was Doctor Pinchbeck the great physician; upon hearing which the tapster went up to bid him welcome.

Dinner over, the goblet was missed; the servants and guests were searched, but all in vain; the goodman and his wife were ready to weep to think they kept such knaves about them as to let a cup worth 9*l.* be stolen without any hope of recovery. The boy said, if they entreated his master to take the pains, he could cast a figure and fetch it again with heave and ho! "but not a word that I told you." The landlord then ran up in haste, and besought Master Doctor, for the passion of God, to stand his friend, or else he were undone; understanding that, by a special gift in astronomy that God had given him, he could tell of marvellous matters; promising him, as he was born of woman, 40*s.* for his labour. The Doctor at first pretended to be afraid of the law, but at last consented, for friendship's sake, to strain a little his conscience, requiring only to be left alone for two hours.

This time the Doctor spent in painting his face a livid colour, which he kept for such purposes, telling the host

when the time was up, that he had, with much danger to himself yet with great good-fortune, discovered that the cup had been thrown into a well in the back court. In an hour the well was drawn dry; the landlord descended in the bucket; the cup was found; and the astrologer's fame established. The Doctor got in return his 40*s*. and a month's board.

Soon afterwards, a country gentleman, attracted by the report of Pinchbeck's cunning, came to learn if his next child would be male or female. The Doctor shook his head, and answered, "From meward, it is a boy; to meward, it is a girl." The gentleman, much offended at so ambiguous and foolish an answer, called him dolt, patch, ass, coxcomb, and knave, and went his way. Four days after, the gentlewoman fell in labour and was delivered of a boy and girl; the gentleman, deeply repentant at his violence, came and craved pardon of the Doctor and offered him lodging and board in his own house. Great tales ran through the country of the cunning of Doctor Pinchbeck.

A fair was soon after held near the gentleman's house; and a countryman, laughing at the skill of the Doctor, offered to venture twenty nobles that he should not be able to tell what he held in his hand. Several took the wager, and they went in a party to see the Doctor. On

their way as they passed through a meadow, an unbelieving man stooped down unnoticed by any and took a grasshopper in his hand. The Doctor, hearing the wager and not knowing what to do, determined to escape by a sleight, and, his own name being Hopper, said, "If I take this fellow by the hand I may swear he hath a hopper in his hand:" when he was found to be right, his fame spread wider than before. Some said he was a cozening knave; others that he could do anything or tell anything that was done in any place; that he could go round the world in a moment, or walk at nights in the air with spirits; while others declared he had a familiar. The gentleman, growing proud of his guest, offered him his daughter in marriage, with 400*l.* dowry and the reversion after his death of 200 marks a year. The Doctor at first refused the offer, declaring he had already rejected many fair and personable gentlewomen with large dowries; but the marriage, nevertheless, eventually took place. In a month's time the Doctor obtained the dowry, and left, as he said, to prepare his house and see his friends, promising to return in a few months to fetch his wife. The Doctor and his boy then started on two of the gentleman's best geldings, and rode into Devonshire, but came back no more.

At the end of about a year, a friend calling at the

house, told the gentleman that he had just seen the Doctor executed at Exeter for a murder; and this news explained his previous tricks.

To the subtilties of the Elizabethan gamblers * all classes fell victims: the poor 'prentice; the country gentleman, who had come to London about his lawsuit; the merchant; the young law student; and the farmer, each in turn.

The gangs of gamblers consisted generally of four men: the setter or decoy duck, the verser and barnacle, the accomplice, and the rutter or bully, who used his sword to fight or intimidate the ruined man, if he attempted to draw his dagger: these men, dressed as honest civil gentlemen, lay wait for their victims in Paul's, in Fleet Street, or the Strand.

As soon as they spied a plain country yeoman, well and cleanly dressed, in homespun russet in summer, or stout frieze if it were winter, and with a pouch at his side, they cried, "There is a cony:" the setter then walked up to him, and saluting him, said: "Sir, God save you; you are welcome to London; how do all our good friends in the country? I hope they all be in health." The countryman, pleased but surprised, would answer: "Sir, all

* Greene's Art of Coney Catching, 1591.

our friends in the country are well, thanks be to God; but truly I know you not; you must pardon me:" the setter then discovering his country by his manner of speaking, answered: "Why, Sir, are you not from (such a county)?" If the yeoman said, "Yes," the acquaintance was formed at once. If he said, "No," the setter was equally prepared, and replied:

"In good sooth, Sir, I know you by your face, and I have been in your company before; I pray you, let me crave your name, and the place of your abode?" Having found out this, the swindler had the cony thoroughly in his grasp; he would then apologize for having mistaken him for a friend of his, and beg him to come and share a quart of wine, as some amends for having been delayed in his business. If the yeoman consented, he was lost. If he did not, the setter left him; and joining the verser, his accomplice, informed him of the countryman's name, and of the names of his neighbours, and sent the verser off to meet the countryman at the next turning.

"What, goodman Barton!" says he, "How fare all our friends about you? You are well met: I have the wine for you: you are welcome to London." The yeoman craved pardon, but he knew him not. "Not me, goodman Barton?" said the rogue, "Have you forgot me? Why, I am your neighbour's kinsman; and how doth Mr.

—— my friend? Good Lord, that I should be out of your remembrance; I have been at your house a score of times." They then agree to go and have some wine at a tavern, and the cards were soon produced. If this trick failed, one of the accomplices dropped a shilling in the yeoman's way, and when he picked it up claimed shares; they then went and had a bottle of wine together, and the snares were set. If this stratagem also failed, a third man would come running up, and ask the countryman if he were not of such a village, and if he would for twelve pence do a mere stranger such a favour as to carry back a letter to the parson of the parish. Then as the letter was not yet written, they adjourned to a tavern to drink while he wrote it, the verser meeting them on their way.

Once in the tavern, the verser and setter agreed to play at cards for a pint of wine; while the former ran to call for a pack, the latter told the cony when he cut the cards to mark which of all the greatest pack was undermost, and when he bid him call a card, name that; and they would soon cheat the fellow who was absent out of a quart of wine.

On the accomplice's return, a game at mum chance or decoy was proposed; a game "without policy or knavery, and plain as a pike staff;" the setter not knowing how to play was taught the rule; and the cony, the honest stranger, was invited to call a card; and following the

verser's advice, the setter, to deceive the cony, pretends to mistake every card for a trump, and constantly loses, declaring it was all fair hazard, and that no butter would chance to his bread. The cony would then deny that there was any connivance, and prove himself such a rogue, that we look forward with much delight to the moment of his being stripped.

The setter then calling for another pint of wine, loses all, and begins to chafe, having missed every called card in the cuts, and "Were it not," says he, "that I care not for a quart of wine, I could swear as many oaths for anger as there be hairs on my head, and forswear the game for ever."

The verser then explained to him the trick, at which the setter pretended to seem amused and astonished: "Truly," says the cony, rubbing his horny hands with foolish glee, "it is a pretty game, for it is not possible for him to lose that cuts the cards. I warrant the other that shuffles may lose. By St. Peter's cope! I'll carry this down with me into the country, and win many a pot of ale with it."

The verser then calls for more wine, and promises to show him a better trick before they part. "I put," said he, "these three knaves, one on the top, one in the midst, and one at the bottom, of the pack, and yet cut where you

will, I can make them come together again. It is done thus: when you have taken out the four cards, lay two together above, and draw up one of them that it may be seen, put another in the midst, and the third at the bottom; so cut where you will, three come together, for the bottom knave is cut to lie upon both the upper knaves. Not one in a thousand perceive at first that the cards are not the ones first showed; that requires a quick eye, a sharp wit, and a reaching hand." "Now grammercy, Sir, for this trick;" says the delighted cony, "I'll domineer with this among my neighbours, when I get home." Soon the game changed; as they sat drinking, the barnacle thrust open the door, looked in, and stepped back like one afraid to intrude. "I cry you mercy, gentlemen," he said; "I thought a friend of mine had been here; pardon my boldness." "No harm," said the verser; "I pray you drink a cup of wine with us and welcome." The barnacle then sits down and drinks to the cony, and proposes a game of cards till his friend comes—primero, primo visto, sant, one and thirty, or new cut. The verser said he was but an ignorant man at cards, and began at mum chance. They play five up, and the verser wins five games. "Leave to speak," says the barnacle; "I believe the honest man spies some card, therefore I'll prick the bottom card." He does so and wins two of the set, swearing 'tis his ill luck

and there was no deceit, and he would play twelve pence a cut. The verser then winning two or three shillings, the barnacle said, "I came hither in an idle hour, but I'll either win my money back or lose all in my purse;" and as he says this he would draw out a purse holding three or four pounds, and dash it upon the board. The verser whispered the cony to go half; he consents, and now his ruin was complete. "Twelve pence upon this card; my card comes first for twelve pence," cried the barnacle; and the cony wins. He loses three or four times, and at last wins a good stake. "Away with the witch," cried the winning cheat; "I hope the cards will turn at last." "It was only chance," thought the gull; "there was forty to one on my side;" and the next time the cony wins. Now came the time to strike the death-blow. The barnacle, chafing, borrowed some money of the tapster, and the following trick is played. He first looked at the bottom card, but shuffled after, still keeping it unchanged, and then set down the cards. The verser, to encourage the cony, cut off three cards, of which the barnacle's card is the uppermost; then showed the cony the bottom card of the other heap and set it upon the barnacle's card; and then the barnacle called his card; the cony, knowing his card is the third and fourth card, pawned his rings, his sword, and his cloak; then comes the barnacle's card out

and strikes him dumb, and he rushed out of the room sighing and perhaps a beggar.

Sometimes a hardy and subtle man would defy the cheats, refuse to pay and bring them before a justice; but they generally contrived to escape by some twist or other.

A story is told of a Welsh gentleman who was stripped even of his sword, but, discovering their tricks, drew his dagger on them at Ludgate, and would have stabbed one of the robbers, because he would not restore his money. Some passers-by interfered, and the rogues escaped into Paul's: here the irascible victim followed them, a card in one hand, his bare dagger in the other, crying out in broken English, "A card! a card to lootness!" but as he was searching for them, one of his own countrymen came up and persuaded him to put up quietly with his loss.*

On another occasion they robbed a poor shoemaker †, who had come to buy leather at St. Edmondsbury fair, of twenty marks. Soon afterwards one of them was taken up on suspicion and brought before the justices at the Bury sessions, where the shoemaker happened to be present. The rogue being examined and asked his profession, replied, "Marry, I am a gentleman, and live on my

* Greene's Art of Coney Catching. † Ibid.

friends." "Nay, that is a lie," cried the shoemaker, "under correction of the worshipful the bench, you have a trade, and are a cony catcher." The justice laughed, asked "whose warren he kept." "The conies this fellow catches are worth twenty marks a-piece," said the man, and related his robbery. The cheat was found guilty and sentenced to be whipped by the shoemaker, who, we are assured, laid it on with a heavy hand, saying, "'Tis a mad world where poor conies are able to beat their catchers."

The Gullgropers were gangs of gamblers who frequented London ordinaries in search of silken fools, poor lackwits from the country, dishonest apprentices, and hair-brained spendthrifts. These gangs consisted of four men, called respectively, *the Leader*, *the Eagle*, *the Woodpecker*, and *the Gullgroper*.

When the dinner was off and primero proposed, the gang prepared for action, waiting, however, till the vexed players began to tear up the court cards and throw the dice out of window, when they struck in and the real game commenced.

The gullgroper was generally an old gambling miser, who frequented the ordinary to save the charge of housekeeping, under the pretext of meeting with travellers and seeking company, and carried in his pouch some hundred

or two hundred pounds in twenty-shilling pieces. By long experience he knew to an acre how much the losing player was worth, and as he scratched his head and paced uneasily up and down the room as if he wanted the ostler, he takes him to a side window and tells him that he was, forsooth, sorry to see so honest a gentleman in bad luck, but that "dice were made of women's bones and will cozen the wisest," and that, for his father's sake, Sir Luke Littlebrain (he had learned the name from the drawer), if it pleased him, he need not leave off play for a hundred pound or two. The youth, eager to redeem his losses, accepted the money ordinarily with grateful thanks. The gold was poured upon the table, and a hard bond was hastily drawn up for the repayment at the next quarter-day, deducting so much for the scrivener's expense at changing the pieces. If he lost, the usurer hugged his bond and laughed in his sleeve. If Sir Andrew won, the gullgroper would then steal silently out of the noisy room to avoid repayment. The day that the bond became due Hunks was sure not to be within, and, if seen, in some way contrived to make the debtor break the bond, and then transformed himself into two sergeants who clapped the youth in prison. From thence he usually escaped shorn of a goodly manor or fair lordship worth three times the money, and which was to be entered upon by Hunks three months after his young

friend came of age — an unpleasant thought when the ox was roasting whole, the bells ringing, and the tenants shouting.

The Woodpecker * was a parasite hanging about ordinaries, who, observing a lucky player, would offer him a jewel, a cloak, or a diamond ring, rating it at, perhaps, 15*l.* when it was worth 6*l.*, and bargaining to receive 10*s.* at every hand he drew. By this means he often realised 40*l.* a night.

When the leaders heard of a young gallant newly come into 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* ready money, they met in solemn conclave and discussed how best to besiege him. Scouts were sent to discover his lodging, to go in ambush and mark his apothecary's shop, or the place in Fleet Street where he took his pipe of smoke in the afternoon. The wit of the band was chosen to scrape acquaintance with the novice, who, after a few days of interchanged compliments, invited him to an ordinary and introduced him to the gang. They embraced him, bowed to their garters, kissed his hand, and at last inveigled him to play; the false dice were not at first produced, and he wins. The Eagle, who was the best player, picked him bare; the Woodpecker aided his new friends; and the Gullgroper

* Decker's Lanthorn and Candle Light, ch. 3.

appeared with his friendly and exhaustless bag. But the most impudent cheat of all was the Bully, who affected bluntness and sincerity. He roared and cursed for wine, beat the drawers, and twirled his moustaches, as if he were a man-eater. He was rude and bold, and cared not on whom he spit, or whose cloak he tore with his spurs; he had scars on his face, and a singular mark on the ball of the left thumb — supposed by his enemies to be the hangman's brand badly erased — and was always clapping his hand with grisly oaths to the hilt of his rapier. If the gallant were of the Master Matthew breed, and rather white in the region of the liver, this Boabdil began by picking a quarrel with him, then, making it up, turned his champion and bosom friend, praising his dress and carriage, imitating his gestures, and introducing him to drunken masters of fence.

By and by he taught him certain mysteries of Gleek and Primero, just sufficient to tempt his dupe to play, but not sufficient to enable him to win. He now sits at his elbow, and advises him the card to play, helping his accomplices by preconcerted signs. A motion of the glove meant five and thirty; curling a lock of hair, prime; rubbing the nose, nine and twenty; and each finger represents a separate sum. The woodpecker steps in next, and lends him jewels or garments, to be paid for by so

much on each stake or main. When the last stiver was on the board, it was Boabdil's turn to arise in a fume, throw down the lights, swear the whole gang were cheats, and escape in the confusion with the money.

Sometimes the *Eagle* was what is called a *Deluder*, who, handsomely dressed, came in, as if by accident, and joined in the game. He wore a square topas, or flat table diamond, on the little finger of his left hand, which reflected every card he drew, so that he could make his choice with as much confidence as if they lay with their faces up before him: the advantage of this trick was, that it required no loaded dice or marked cards, which a young man of quickness, however unpractised in gambling, might easily detect. If the Deluder could not afford a ring, he wore a bright polished silver rapier, which he laid across his wrist, just under his left hand, and which served the same purpose.

Ferreting* was another class of fraud, and was only practised on needy prodigals and gallants in want of money. The Ferreters formed a gang of four; there was the Tumbler, the Purse-nets, the Ferret himself, and the Rabbit-sucker. These names were borrowed from the science of rabbit-hunting, just as the gamblers' aliases

* Decker's Lanthorn and Candle Light, ch. 3.

were drawn from the phraseology of the falconer, and the science of hawking.

Ferreters were often spendthrifts who, unable to obtain any more credit, were reduced to use some gull of their acquaintance as a means of extortion. They induced him to run in debt and determined to raise a loan. If he cannot get money he must get commodities,—part wine, or part clothes; the gang then send out a tumbler, to borrow 500*l.* at some goldsmith in Cheap, or some tailor of Birchin Lane. To excite the gull's impatience, the tumbler (a mere agent, only caring for the interests of the gang) would generally come back and declare the citizens were hard pressed and would lend nothing. They then sent him out again with fresh hopes, like a dove from the ark, to borrow anything, brown paper or lute-strings, so he raised the sum. After much running about, to give an idea of the trouble he had taken, the tumbler pretended to find a citizen, and the five names are handed to a scrivener. He inquires if they were good men and true, and finds immediately four of them are ruined men, but the fifth was still firm and good. The citizen then puts in the names of four men of straw as makeweights, relying himself upon the gull, whose expectations he takes care to investigate; the bonds are then sealed in haste, and the goods delivered. The tumbler was then again all on

the stretch to resell the goods, and obtain any sum, however small, of ready money; but the tradesmen generally refused to take the goods again but at a reduction of 30 per cent. The tumbler, trying several other men, then went back to the gang, the open-mouthed gull being the most eager of all, and declared that no one in the city would take the wares, but by good fortune he had met a friend (himself) who, for 10*l.*, would procure them a chapman to buy the goods at the 30 per cent. reduction. "Fall a pest on these curmudgeons!" cry the rogues, and consent to the bargain; the money is then paid down on the tavern table, and the payment made. By the wares the gull loses 150*l.*, the unseen friend of the tumbler gets 10*l.* more, and the tumbler himself another 10*l.*: divided amongst five, the gull gets only 66*l.* Sack and sugar ends the night, and wine washes out regret.

The usurious tradesman always began his game by appearing extremely backward: he disdained bonds, — he would rather trust a gentleman on his word; he had been often deceived; he had debtors, — now in sanctuary in Paul's, in Milford Lane, — his estate would not bear such losses. Discouraged by this repulse the gallant bowed himself out, and spent the evening in disconsolate festivity.

The next morning, however, a broker would come and

offer to get him goods as a loan from the very obdurate tradesman of the day before. The broker, in reality a friend of the usurer, pretended to be entirely in the service of the youth, and over a cup of wine they arrange what they are to say when they visit the rich man at the shop. The gallant is to be an eldest son with large expectations, or the suitor of a rich widow, who could be carried easily if he but spent a few hundred pounds in satin and dress.

They go to the citizen who, at first, takes no notice of them; then asks what they lack, and what they would buy, but at last listens to the gallant's entreaties, and the broker's assurances. "The citizen would be glad to do any man a pleasure, tho' he hath had many losses lately: he will let him have a hundred pounds' worth of commodities if he can be paid at the end of six months; one thing only he desires, another name to the bond, for man's life is frail and brittle, and then where is his hundred pounds?" After much persuasion the broker signs the bond, on a promise of receiving half the goods, obtaining another share for his trouble in disposing of them, the goods themselves not being worth 50*l.*: the bond once broken, the usurer invited the gallant to supper and then arrested him, releasing him perhaps on condition of his paying 500*l.* for the 100*l.* on his father's death. The last resource of the unhappy gull was then Newmarket

Heath, Royston Downs, or those narrow paths that led to Tyburn Tree.

The old dramatists are full of jokes on the stores of paper and tobacco accumulated by young masters in search of money. One Hopeful is said to have taken up, on a particular occasion, 100*l.* in brown paper, and sold it for 40*l.*; another 100*l.* in hobby-horses, and sold them for 30*l.*; and 16*l.* in joints of mutton and quarters of lamb ready roasted, and sold them for three angels. The day of repayment come, the merchant bore down upon the luckless scapegrace, now deserted by his boon companions, — a whole army of bailiffs and marshal's men were despatched in search of him. To save himself from prison the distracted gull sealed any bond, — entered into any statute, — mortgaged any lordship, — did anything, — said anything, — promised to pay anything, — and so, plucked and featherless, returned sighing to his country rookery.

Falconers went generally in pairs, and were often a pair of pickt-hatch rogues, who, finding the city too hot to hold them, hired a couple of hack-jades, and, soberly dressed as scholars, rode into the country, the one passing off as the squire to the other. At the first Justice Shallow's house we will suppose they alight, and, knocking at the gate, are let in, the pseudo-squire walking the horses in the outer court.

Marching boldly up to the Hall, the scholar salutes the steward or singles out the decentest of the blue coats, asks him for the good knight his master, and says he is a gentleman come from London on business which he must deliver to his worshipful ear only; he then mounts up the stair behind the servant, and, with a low congé addresses the staring justice thus:—

"Sir, I am a poor scholar; and the report of your many virtues hath drawn me hither, venturously bold, to fix your worthy name as a patronage to a poor short discourse, which here I dedicate (out of my love) to your noble and eternal memory." As he concludes, he produces a book bound in vellum and richly gilt, tied with ribbons at the four corners, and with his worship's name and a long dedicatory epistle on the second leaf.

The knight, having been previously informed that the scholar has a servant and horses, begins to thank him for his love and labour; and, remembering what cost he has been at and how far he has ridden to come to him, cherishes his young and tender muse with four or five angels, inviting him to stay breakfast or, if the sundial of the house points towards eleven, to dinner. With thanks and bows, and kissing of hands, and smiles at the patron's pretty daughter, who is much struck by the London scholar, the rogue leaves laughing in his sleeve. The first

question of his companion as he takes horse is, "Straws or no?" He cries, "Straws;" and they ride to a neighbouring town, and at the first ivy bush enter the fairest room and sit down to the best dinner they can order, sharing profits before they speak a word. The cozener then tells the whole story; how he bore himself, what the patron said, and how well he came off. Then both clink their glasses together, and call the knight a noble fellow, and cough, and laugh, and swear they were glad they had gulled him; and that, by their troth, they had never known a merrier day. They then open their budget of books and lay a fresh scheme for the next day.

The Falconer and the Mongrel, as they were called, were generally poor hack writers — the one patching up the book, and the other superintending the printing. They then obtained a list of the names of the gentlemen of some particular county; and, using the same dedication, attached a fresh name to each copy of the book. In term time and during a Parliament, the tricksters confined themselves especially to London. If a gentleman suspected the trick, and sent off to the stationers in St. Paul's Churchyard and from thence to the printers, they still contrived to foil him; for the books at the printers contained no dedication, and the Mongrel took good care to

say that the dedication was not printed till the patron's consent had been obtained.

A still lower class of these rogues bought up old forgotten books, particularly sermons, pasted in a printed dedication, and with an alphabet of letters which they carried about printed the name of any gentleman whose name they could obtain from the host of the inn at which they stopped.

The *Jacks of the clock-house* * were cheats of nearly the same stamp; they, however, carried about manuscripts and illuminations with dedications flourished in gold and colours. This roguery appealed too strongly to the gulls to be ever unsuccessful, unless the patron proved an author or a retired actor who knew the trick.

The Visitor † was a thief whose stratagems are well described in the following story. An honest youth, a servant in London, had leave of his master at Whitsuntide to go down into the country to see his friends, who lived fifty miles from Temple Bar. At a country wake he made acquaintance of a Puritan scholar, whom he invited to stay at his mother's house and to return with him to London, as their journey both lay that way. The honest-seeming man stayed at the house all the

* Decker's Lanthorn and Candle Light, ch. 6.

† Greene's Groundwork of Coney Catching, 1592.

holidays, where he was kindly used; and at length the youth, having received his mother's blessing with 10*l.* as gifts from his friends, was entrusted to the young Puritan as to a faithful guide who would bring him safely and wisely to London. As they rode towards St. Albans the visitor disclosed the excellent insight he had into magic, and how he could recover what had been lost or stolen. At St. Albans they supped, and having caroused some quarts of wine, went to bed. In the night the Puritan stole the youth's money from his sleeves and hid it in a safe place. Morning came; up rose the couple; the money was missed; the chamberlain and other servants were examined; the goodman, suspicious and vexed, threatened to send for the constable, and to have them both searched first and then his servants' chests examined.

In the meantime the visitor calling his young friend aside, bade him never grieve but take horse, for he warranted ere they be three miles out of the town he would help him to his money by art. "In inns like these," he said, "ye see how we shall be outfaced, and being unknown, however wronged, shall get no remedy." He then paid the reckoning; and, in good hope, the gull rode off. Being some two miles out of the town, they went a little from the ordinary way, the visitor saying

constantly that he was unwilling to enter into the action had not the money been lost in his company. He then drew a circle on the ground, and, having uttered many strange words and cabalistic mutterings, cried three times in a sort of divine fury, "Under a green turf by the east side of an oak, go thither, go thither;" the gull, thinking him mad, shook horribly for fear. Suddenly stopping, the visitor asked the youth if he had heard nothing cry? "Cry!" replied the other, "you cried so as for twice these 10*l.* I would not hear you again." "Then," quoth the other, "'tis all well if ye remember the words." The young man joyfully repeated them. Upon that, the friend repeated, "Go to the furthest oak in the highway towards St. Albans, and under a green turf on the hill side lies your money and a note of his name that stole it. I may not stir till you return, nor may either of our horses be untied, neither must ye run but go an ordinary pace." Away went the young man; the rogue flinging himself on the turf, as soon as he was out of sight, laughed his fill, and then rode off with both horses, the money, and the confiding youth's full cloak-bag. The lad, returning and finding himself cozened, went quietly off to London, but never found the visitor.

The *Shifter* * was a thief who ran away from taverns

* Greene's Groundwork of Coney Catching.

without paying reckonings, and was generally a man of wit and ingenuity who was seldom contented with the mere obtaining of money unless he could win it by art or stratagem. The following story is told of one of the craft.

The knave, going booted and spurred, got leave of a carrier to ride a little way out of London on his hackney. Coming to the inn where the carrier that night would lodge, he set up his horse and entered the hall where three-and-thirty clothiers returning to the north were about to dine. Struck by his courtesy and gentlemanly bearing, he was unanimously placed by them at the upper end of the table, by the hostess. His conversation delighted the table; and, some musicians entering and beginning to play, he requested the hostess to lay down to the fire for them a shoulder of mutton and a couple of capons; he then collected a noble for them, and on the bill coming to half-a-crown a man he ordered a posset of sack to each of the company, and jestingly offered to serve the hostess as her deputy and collect the reckoning. Suddenly feigning to run out and hasten the posset, he slipped off, mounted his horse, and was never heard of afterwards. This jest was attributed to a wit of the day, but was really the bold achievement of an anonymous and penniless rogue.

The Rank Riders * were cheats akin to the German guests who took in "mine host of the Garter." They generally went six or seven in company, their purses well-filled, well dressed, booted and spurred. The inn-keeper they cheated they called the Colt; the gulled farmer, the Snaffle; and the plunder, the Ring. Two of them dressed as gentlemen, and the rest wore blue coats as servingmen. They generally entered the best inn of the place, dirty and dusty, asking their servants if their footman had gone back with their horses, to which the blue-coats answered, "Yes." Here, then, they stopped several days—living in clover, keeping the rust off the spigots, and never bating the reckonings a penny — to show they were gentlemen of noble extraction. In the meantime their servants ascertained from what county the innkeeper came, where the ostlers and chamberlain were born, and what other country gentlemen were their fellow-guests. They then, in the gaping circles round the sea-coal fires, bragged of their masters' estates in some remote and unknown shire, described how many hawks they kept and how many hounds, and began to swear that they had come up to receive some hundreds of pounds upon land which they had lately sold, and would harbour

* Decker's Lanthorn and Candle Light, ch. 7.

in that inn (liking the situation and the host) some quarter of a year at least.

These reports spread, and widening as they spread, the head cheat got better attended, and was soon dubbed your worship at every sentence; and to please Boniface, he would refuse to sit down to dinner till his host took the upper place at the board.

In the middle of supper, just at "the pippins and ale," or very early in the morning, rushed in an accomplice, dressed as a running footman, and fiery hot with haste, sent up a message that Sir somebody something had wished to see his worship, and that he must be with him at such an hour, the journey not being more than twelve or fourteen miles. Upon receipt of this message (from so dear and so noble a friend), one who stands so well at Court look you, the cheat sweated and chafed because all his horses were out of the way, cursed the sending them back, and the fool who proposed it; offers to give any sum if his cousin, himself, and his man, could be reasonably horsed. Our host provided them all horses (if he had none himself, borrowing them of his neighbours, passing his word for their forthcoming in a day or two), and with grace cups, and kissing of hands and ruffle of ribbons, the cheats spurred away.

Three days or so having passed, and his worship not yet

returning, the host began to smell a trick. He runs up and down as busy as a constable on Shrove Tuesday, with a hue and cry at his heels, and a plentiful store of stout cudgels. But alas! by this time our friends had changed their dresses four score miles off, had sold their horses at some country fair, floated away half the money in seas of wine, and started off in search of fresh confiding hosts and pleasantly situated inns.

Running at the ring was a trick frequently practised by these Rank Riders when afraid to continue their game till the cheat was in some degree forgotten. Having harboured themselves in some country town, they would first make inquiries what gentlemen of worth or rich farmers dwelt within half a dozen miles of their ambush; they then arranged their routes, and divided east, west, north, and south, like pirates branching off from a rendezvous. The Strollers, as they were then called, having arrived at the gate of their intended gull, boldly knocked, inquired for him by name, and stepped freely in. The blue-coated servant, tying his points as he comes just fresh perhaps from the brewery, seeing a gentleman in full feather, tells his master a gentleman wishes to speak with him. The master coming bustling out, salutes him with ceremony; but looking up, finds he has not the honour of knowing his visitor. "No, sir, it may be so," says the stroller, "but I

pray you, sir, to walk a turn or two with me in your orchard or garden." The gentleman consenting, with a bow, the rogue begins: — "Sir, I am a gentleman born to better means than my present fortunes allow me; I served in the field, and had command there; but long peace (you know, sir,) is the canker that eats up soldiers, so it hath me. I lie here, not far off, in the country at mine inn, where, staying upon the despatch of some business, I am indebted to the house in monies, so that I cannot, with the credit of a gentleman, leave the house till I have paid them. Make me, sir, so much beholden to your love as to lend me forty or fifty shillings, to bear my horse and myself to London, from whence, within a day or two, I shall send you many thanks, with a faithful repayment of your courtesy."

The honest man, touched with this tale, and seeing a courtier of good address and fashionable doublet, believes his words, is sorry that he is not at the present time so well furnished as they could wish; but if a matter of twenty shillings would stead him, he might command it, as it were a pity any honest gentleman should for so small a matter miscarry. If they could not obtain their first request, the strollers would abate a little of their dignity; and falling from twenty shillings to ten—from ten to five—take at last even two shillings, or may be a sixpence,

from a poor husbandman, who might offer it with an apology. At night the strollers met at their rendezvous, and laughed over the rogueries of the day.

But for horse tricks *, Smithfield (famous for martyrdoms) was the notorious locality; "a servant in Paul's and a horse in Smithfield" was a proverb indicating a thief and a jade. The horse coursers of this market purchased their nags (good-looking, but diseased) at small country fairs, preferring attractive colours, a milk-white, coal-black, or the dapple-grey, and choosing those which were conspicuous by white stars, white heels, a blaze, or a stocking. These being gentlemen's horses, generally sold for some incurable disease. These men, if the horse were but young, and the disease could be hidden for an hour, would be sure to obtain a purchaser. One of their favourite modes of saving their honour, as the Irish witness kisses his thumb instead of the Bible, was, to clap their hands upon the beast's flank, and pray the black plague should take them if the horse was not "under five" (years old), meaning five fingers, not five years. These jinglers, as they were called, on a market-day rode boldly prancing into Smithfield, having previously prepared their steeds by various tricks: if it had glanders, they blew a sneezing

* Decker's English Villainies, ch. 9.

powder up its nostrils, tickling them with goose feathers dipped in garlic, and washing the mouth with garlic, mustard, and ale mixed together, which would keep the head up bravely for eight or ten hours. The way to detect this doctoring was to gripe the jade suddenly by the weasand close to the root of the tongue till it coughed twice or thrice; then, if sickly, its jaws would begin to shake, and the foul disease show itself.

Old jockeys could even alter the marks upon the horse's teeth that indicated the age, by burning two black holes in the two side teeth; if these teeth were missing, they would stroke the horse's chin, and then prick its jaws with a nail or pin till they were so tender that it would not allow any one to touch its mouth.

If a horse was foundered, the jingler would, before entering the market, ride him up and down till he was well heated, and then the infirmity was not for a time visible. It was also a favourite plan to keep tickling a foundered horse to keep him moving, and prevent his staggering.

If a horse halted, they took off the shoe of the lame foot, and pleaded that as the only cause of his halting, the accomplices bearing witness to it with oaths. Obvious defects they splashed over with mud or paint.

A slow horse that no spur could move, or whip rouse, they cured by a feed of "lamb pie." This was done by

thrashing him in the morning till he got so sore and tender that the shaking of a bough would drive him into a gallop. Every time the groom approached the horse he struck him, beat him early and late, full and fasting, till the horse grew mad at his very voice. Having thus scared him, he rode him into market. The way to detect this trick was, that a horse fed on this diet galloped whisking his tail up and down instead of keeping it still, as horses of good breeding and contented dispositions are in the habit of doing. The sham bidders and accomplices of the jingler were called "goads;" the boys that rode the horses "skipjacks."

Races, although scarcely a national amusement till Charles II. established Newmarket, were common in Elizabeth's time. It was not uncommon for men of the Aguecheek stamp to lose 100*l.* on a race, or 1000 marks on a trot of five miles.

The Jacks in the Box* were another class of swindlers, who practised chiefly on the tradesmen between Ludgate and Temple Bar. A Jack scented and gilded would visit a goldsmith's stall, drawing a silver box from under his page's cloak, poured from it twenty or forty angels in new gold: he would then say that he himself, or some gallant

* Decker's English Villainies, ch. 10.

(whom he served), had occasion for 40*l.* for a few days, but being about to start for Venice, he could not willingly be disfurnished of gold, and so prayed the demure citizen to lend him white money upon this gold for six days, and for his good will he should receive any reasonable satisfaction. The goldsmith, thinking the pawn better than any bond, threw down 40*l.* in silver, and the cheat left with thanks and many congees.

The days expired, Jack, true to his word, returns the borrowed money, the citizen sends one of his 'prentices for the box, and counts the angels, which are safe and of full number; the box is then set on the counter, and, while the citizen is busy reckoning, Jack changes the box for another of similar shape, containing the same number of coppers. The unsuspecting, spectacled citizen, in the mean time, finds a deficiency of 30*s.*, and tells the gallant of the fact. Jack, starting back as if suddenly recollecting a mistake, says he had laid by that 30*s.* for a certain business, and had forgotten to return it to the bag; then, entreating the citizen to keep the gold, he hurries off to fetch the sum, promising to be back in two hours, and that is the last he sees of him.

Some of these fellows at Christmas time repaired to the country, supplied with false dice, to take part in mummings, and strip the revellers at taverns. Another of

their favourite tricks was to dress as a lawyer or client, and enter a shop with a budget of writings under their arms. They then commenced a conversation with the tradesman about their suits at law, and at last informed him that their writings were bonds, signed by the chief dealers in London, Norwich, or Bristol, and who would not pay a penny. The tradesman, knowing the name of a merchant mentioned, offered to buy the debt, get it how he could. The lawyer then pulled out his bonds, and showed the hand and seal; upon this they compounded, and 10*l.* is paid upon a bond of 20*l.*, besides the forfeiture. He then generally said, "Faith! these lawyers think me as dry as a sieve, and I have money to pay next week, and I doubt shall not be able to compass it. Here are all the leases and evidences on my lands lying in Oxfordshire; I would you would lend me 40*l.* on them till the next term, or even for six months, and then it shall be repaid with interest, or I will forfeit my whole inheritance, which is better worth than 100 marks a year."

The wealthy citizen, greedy of the bargain, and hoping by some unobserved clause to cheat the borrower of all, would lend him the money, and trick out a fair bond on the lands before a judge, — discovering, at last, that he has lost 40*l.*, and gained nothing but experience.

Another class of cheats frequented ordinaries round the

Exchange, where merchants came to dine. At table they would say that they had two or three coal ships just arrived from Newcastle, and that they were looking out for a good chapman. "What's your price?" cried one. "What's your price?" cried another. The cheat, at first, bid high, but eventually came so low that every one competed who should give him earnest money first. Having received from one of them 40*s.* he puts it in his pocket, and bade them inquire for him at a certain false address which he leaves, and then quitted the room.

The *carriers** were often cheated by men who would hire a horse to ride with them to Cambridge, Oxford, Bury, or Norwich, and particularly Rochester. At the first bye-road they turned off, settled down at an inn, eat out the value of the horse in wine and capons, and then, when they could raise no more upon it, sent word to the carrier to reclaim it, and stole off, leaving their gull to pay a bill of 50*s.* or 3*l.* for board and lodging. These men would not unfrequently enter a tavern in the Kent Road, with a cloak bag of stones before them, as if they were gentlemen of worth, then hire a horse to Canterbury, and carry it off as spoil.

Another class of rogues were called Faun-guests.†

* Greene's Ghost-Haunting Coney Catchers, 2. † Ibid.

Having obtained some information of a young gallant's address and friends, they would accost him in the street, saying, that a certain common friend of theirs had sent them to do commendations to him, and had given them a bowed sixpence as a token to drink a quart of wine with him for his sake: once in the tavern the bill was left to be settled by the raw youth who had been so foolishly deceived.

One of these men went one day into a tavern in Aldersgate Street and called for a pint of wine. As soon as the drawer had brought it and left the room, the faun-guest called out with a contemptuous voice, "Why, what a goblet hath this fellow brought us here; it will not hold half a draught. Ho! ho! What, no attendance here? Then I'll carry it myself; for, of all things, I love not to drink in these squirting cups." He then ran out of the room, as if to call the drawer, slipped the goblet under his cloak, and was heard of no more.

Two of this class of thieves met a 'prentice one day in Cheapside carrying a bag with 100*l.* of his master's, and, in full noon, stopped and spoke to him as if they had been friends, thrusting their cold hands playfully into his neckband, and throwing the skirts of their cloaks over his face. Suddenly one of them throttled him by the windpipe, rendered him insensible before he could utter a groan,

and ran away laughing with the bag, as if the whole had been a jest.

It being open market at the time, the people perceiving a youth lying on the ground unable to move, raised him up, chafed him, and gave him aqua vitæ, till he became sensible: at last, looking about him, he screamed for his money; a hue and cry was then raised, but all in vain.

The thieves were generally followed by partners who, if they were refused a share, gave information of the robbery. Their great theatre of action was Westminster Hall and country fairs. On one occasion, a young thief being refused snappage, as it is called, dressed up a friend as a serving-man at Weyhill Fair, and hearing that the violator of the laws of his trade had just taken a purse containing thirteen nobles, sent him a message as if from the gentleman, threatening his life, till he surrendered the purse, and was laughed at for his pains. The watchmen were sometimes sharers of this sort of snappage with thieves.

At the great Stourbridge Fair the thieves met regularly, and held their revels at the neighbouring town of Botsham, in what Greene calls "an odde house."

At this very fair a celebrated cutpurse performed a feat considered little short of miraculous, even by his own dexterous fraternity. Having bought a large cheese, he

paid for it, and then desired the tradesman to cut it in pieces and put it in the hood of his cloak: while the cheesemonger was carefully packing it in, the thief cut off the front pocket of the tradesman's apron, containing 12*l.* The pickpocket celebrated this adventure for some time by an annual feast.

Society was preserved, however, by the discord of these cheats; for had they been united, all the world had been cozened.

Every distinct trick had a name and was in itself a profession; the following stratagem was called, for instance, the *James Foster's* lift, from the name of the thief who originated it, and was practised in the following way:—

The thief would go into a scrivener's shop to have a letter written to his mother, saying that his wife had run away with a knave and had carried off all that he had, and that he had rather be hanged than troubled any more with such a baggage. The letter must be written in a hurry, he said, because his father, who would carry it, was just going to start. While he was dictating to the scrivener he cast his eyes about the shop, to see if there was any doublet or hat lying on a settle, or any boots that he might carry off under his own cloak. Then leaning against the wall with his hands behind him, he

gathered up the spoil, and, suddenly starting off, cried, "Yonder is my father, who will carry it; and I will run after him to call him again;" and off he ran with the cloak: the scrivener, busily writing with his eyes fixed on the paper, seldom discovered his loss till some time had elapsed.

Bat-fowling was practised about dusk, when the rogue pretended to have dropped a ring or a jewel at the door of some well-furnished shop, and, going in, asked the 'prentice of the house to light his candle to look for it. After some peering about, the bat-fowler would drop the candle as if by accident: "Now, I pray you, good young man," would he say, "to do so much as light the candle again." While the boy was away the rogue plundered the shop, and having stole everything he could find, stole away himself.

One William Smith invented the following lift. He used to attend fairs, in a blue coat, dressed as a serving-man, or in doublet and hose, and generally without a cloak. He then hovered about inn doors watching the arrival of travellers; when any rich yeoman or gentlewoman had left their cloak, cap-case, saveguard, or portmanteau, he observed their directions, marked to whom they were delivered, and, about half an hour after they had gone out, ran into the place puffing and blowing, and asking in

his master's name for the luggage, giving the tapster or ostler two pence or a groat for the trouble of guarding it. Sometimes these sort of thieves waited about inn gates bareheaded, and when a traveller arrived held his stirrup as if they were the ostler or chamberlain, following the gentlemen out as if they were his servingmen. In about half an hour, when the traveller was busy at the fair, they came running back to the inn, pretending their master had sent them for his cloak-bag as he was about to settle for some purchases; the landlord, believing them to be the gentleman's servant, gave them the luggage, with which they disappeared.

Chopchain was a trick frequently practised on London goldsmiths. A thief first hired a chain for some days on credit or on his friend's bond; he then went to St. Martin's, and bought for a few pence a copper chain of the same size and shape, next went to a goldsmith and, producing the gold chain, offered to borrow 20*l.* upon it. The tradesman applied the touchstone and, finding it good, tendered him the money; and while the chain was lying on the counter the thief entered into conversation with the tradesman and, pretending to play with the chain, substituted the copper for the gold, and then left the shop.

Spoon-dropping was a trick practised with success even

in 1626. A man, dressed like a clown, walking in Silver Street, London, late in the evening, dropped a gilt spoon wrapped up in paper; and, pretending to stumble on it by chance, got a crowd round him envying him his luck. The simple man, however, much to every one's surprise, cared nothing for the spoon. "Now, a God's will!" he said, with a stupid stare, "what shall I do with such a gewgaw? Would some other body had found it for me! for I know not what it is good for." "Why," said a bystander, "wilt thou take money for it?" "Aye!" quoth he, "I would I had a crown for it." "I will come somewhat near you," said the other, "for I have four shillings in my purse." The bargain was agreed on, and the crowd dispersed. The clown appeared contented with the bargain, and went away, saying, "Ay, marry, this money will do me more good than twenty spoons, and let them keep such toys that list, for I had rather have one groat in my purse than a cartload of such trumpery."

The purchaser, rejoiced at cheating the silly countryman, hastened to a goldsmith with the spoon, to discover to his dismay that the spoon was mere brass gilt and worth about seven pence at the most.

Stone carrying was the art of cheating ale-wives. The men who practised this trick generally did it by intimidation, if they were detected or arrested threatening the

landlord with prosecution. The host they selected as a victim was generally a receiver of thieves, or an old Popish servingman whom they had heard inveighing against the state that had imprisoned his master, or against some severe justice; but these threats were only used in extremities.

At first they would bring crowds of friends to their house, force the goodman or goodwife to dine with them daily, feasted on beef, veal, stewed capons, and rabbits, and everything of the best. They seldom stopped longer than two months in any house. The name of this cheat originated in the following story: — A pretended gentlewoman came to the Norwich carrier, telling him that she was about to give up her household and remove into the country, and wanted her things transported to Norwich. Two servingmen soon after brought a large chest weighing three hundredweight, which, she said, contained linen, jewels, money, and plate. She would not depart till she saw it safe packed: it was to be placed in the middle of the cart, secure from thieves, and to be sure and be kept from rain.

A few hours after she came and wanted the cart again unloaded, to get five or six pounds from the chest to pay for some trifles before she started. The carrier, rather than unload, lent her the six pounds, and the same evening

she and her man began the journey; but at Windham they disappeared, and the chest being opened at Norwich was found to contain nothing but freestone and flints lapped in straw.

A not unfrequent cheat, was for a sham justice and half a dozen bill-men to surround an inn, and pretend that some young unsuspecting guest was a Seminary priest, and release him for certain bribes, or stealing his clothes obtain a ransom to allow him to escape wrapped up in a blanket like an Irish beggar.

Among other tricks the following is curious, as having been practised on a country gentleman, while walking in Paul's. The "Sir Roger de Coverley," whom we mention, had a lawsuit pending, and was pacing soberly up a side aisle, meditating where he could dine cheapest: his purse, well filled with crowns, in the pockets of his trunk-slop, was spied by two light-fingered rogues, who determined to make him their prey: one of them stepping suddenly behind him, clapped his hands over his eyes, saying, "Who am I? who am I?" while the other with a gentle jerk drew out the purse and escaped on tiptoe: the old gentleman, thinking it some country acquaintance, cried: "Now, for the passion of God, who are you? who are you? tell me I pray you. I shall never reckon while I live." "Oh!" said the cavalier, "you shall know by and

by;" and pulling away his hands, first laughed, and then started, as if he had made a mistake. "God forgive me," he said, "what have I done? I cry you heartily mercy. I have mistaken you for my acquaintance; an as like you as two peas: therefore, I pray you, pardon me." "No harm done, no harm done," said the gentleman, good-naturedly but a little ruffled, and walked away: soon after this he went to Bull's, the celebrated ordinary, and took dinner with the rest. Presently the drawer, with a clean trencher in one hand, followed by the tapster, in a suit of greasy fustian, with his apron on his shoulder and his knife at his girdle, entered and demanded the reckoning; many hands were thrust inquiringly into many pockets, and our country gentleman discovering his loss, began to fume and chafe and run up and down like a madman: crying, "Well-a-day, that ever I was born! Who am I? who am I?" he then related his story, and discovered that he had been robbed by a cutpurse. That night, however, he devoted to planning a stratagem to recover his crowns, and the next morning put it in practice: he bought a fair new purse, with white strings and large tassels, filled it with brass counters and put it into the pocket of his slops, letting the strings hang out as a bait. He had not taken three turns in Paul's, before an old woman, ague-struck, begged for charity; he gave her a penny, taking care to

display his purse, that it might be seen by any thieves who were lurking near; placing two servants at either end of the aisle to watch; as he paced along, observing under his eyebrows any one who jostled him, the rogue of yesterday, who had been sitting under a pillar as if asleep, ran hastily by, as if he was a 'prentice on an errand, and, without Sir Roger's knowing it, again sliced off his purse; one of the serving men, seeing the stroke, followed the thief, and dogging him into a cook's shop in Thames Street, apprehended him as a cutpurse seen in the act: the man swore, and stared, and denied it all; and his accomplice coming down stairs, declared the "gentleman" was done wrong to, and would answer any accuser, and that the varlet, if he were well served, should be stabbed, for discrediting an honest man at his own lodging. While they were threatening the serving man's death with many oaths, the master arrived, who threatened to bring the rogues to Tyburn, unless his purse was restored; on hearing this their courage fell, they restored the money and made a recompense for the trespass, but they were soon after taken up for another robbery, and were both hung.

There is a good story told of a thief who, hearing that a merchant had invited three or four friends to dinner, came to the house before the goodman had returned from the Exchange, and asked boldly of the guests if his cousin

were yet come in? they told him no; he replied, "Methinks he is very long, it is past twelve of the clock:" then walking a turn or two, he said, "In faith, gentlemen, it were good to do something whereat we may be merry against my cousin comes home, and to that intent I will take this salt (cellar), that when he misses it, we shall hear what he says to my cousin his wife."

The fellow then put the salt in his pocket, and when the company were engaged in talk ran down stairs and got into the street: the citizen coming home and bidding his friends welcome, missed the salt, and asked his wife, who was busy cooking, where it was. "Where are your eyes?" said the wife, vexed at the interruption: the guests, to prevent a quarrel, told him of his friend's trick, and the theft was discovered.

In Pedlar's French a trick was called "trimming;" the cheats, "sheep shearers;" the gold, "the fleece;" the silver, "white wool;" the gulls, "the bleaters."

The *cheap travellers* were rogues who, procuring maps of the country, marked out certain agreed routes, and well-dressed and on stout geldings sallied forth, east or west, they cared not; animated by a chivalrous spirit of adventure worthy of the hidalgo of La Mancha, knowing that for them every chimney smoked and every table groaned: at the entrance of a town or village one traveller

strips off his cloak, hides his hat in his hose, and slips his sword into a bush; then spurring his horse, he rides into the place, and breathless, with wild distracted looks, declares to the first knot of farmers he sees in the market-place that he has been set upon by ten villains, and robbed of thirty angels in good gold; he then narrated the object of his journey and the gentlemen of his acquaintance, and with a lively appearance of distress, sighed and wept; the more compassionate and credulous generally gave money liberally to the unfortunate gentleman, who offered them bill or bond, and named the lodging in London where he could be found.

A lower sort of cheat, ascertaining the relations of an inn-keeper or tapster, would bring false letters of recommendation from his kinsmen, and would then sponge and live upon him for a week or two.

A worse form of imposters * were the itinerant quack-salvers—mountebanks, who set up their bills in country market-places, and were generally attended by a zany or jester.

It is not improbable they often sold philtres and poisons, and were frequently pretenders to skill in alchemy and astrology.

* Decker's English Villanies, ch. 10.

Strolling schoolmasters were not uncommon also, men who, to show their skill in writing, hung up round their booths "specimens of various hands" which they had purchased of some poor scrivener.

The mountebanks of the age, with their oils and drugs, antimony and lies, are well sketched by Ben Jonson. We subjoin fragments of the jargon which they delivered on temporary stages erected in country market-places, accompanied by the buffooneries of their zany, and with a trunk full of medicines at their feet. We see the Professor with his copper rings, shining chain, better than gold but not quite so valuable, his yellow jewel, his dirty feather, embroidered suit, grave look, and starched beard. Hush! he begins: —

"Most noble gentlemen, and my worthy patrons!

"I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell, though I protest I and my six servants are not able to make of my precious balsam so fast as it is fetched away from my lodging by the worthy men of the town. O health, health, the blessing of the rich, the riches of the poor, who can buy thee at too dear a rate? And since there is no enjoying the world without thee, for when a humid flux or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder, take you a rose noble or angel of gold and apply to the place affected; see what good effect it can

work. No, no; to this blessed unguent, this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes; to fortify the most indigest and crude stomach, aye, were it one that through extreme weakness vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place after the unction and fricace; for the vertigue in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears, a most sovereign and approved remedy; the mal caduco, cramps, convulsions, paralepsies, epilepsies, tremor cordia, retired nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stopping of the liver, the stone, the strangury, hernia ventosa, iliaca passio; stops a dysentery immediately, cureth the torsion of the small guts, and cures melancholia and hypochondriaca, being taken and applied according to my printed receipt (shows his bill and vial, and the zany sings a song). It will cost you eight crowns, and has cured all the kings in Christendom. Many have attempted to make this oil, wasting thousands of crowns in the ingredients (for there go to it sixty several simples, besides some quantity of human fat for conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists); but when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow! puff, puff! it flies in fumo, poor wretches. Gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will undertake, by virtue of chemical art, out of the honourable

hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For whilst others have been at bowls, I have been at my books, and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour and reputation. You all know, honourable gentlemen, I never valued this ampulla or vial at less than eight crowns, but for this time I am content to be deprived of it for six; six crowns is the price then in courtesy. I know you cannot offer me less; take it or leave it, howsoever both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns, so the great Duke of Tuscany has given me; but I despise money, having neglected everything to come here to present you with the fruits of my travels. (Zany sings another song.)

"Well, I am in a humour at this time to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains to the rich in courtesy, and to the poor for God's sake; wherefore, now mark, I asked you six crowns, and six crowns at other times you have paid me: you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one, nor half a one, nor a shilling; sixpence, it will cost you, or 60*l.*: expect no lower price, for I will not bate a jot; and this I take away as a pledge of your love to carry

something from amongst you to show I am not condemned."*

The porters, who were known by their white frocks, seem to have been great rogues; their costume was often assumed by thieves, who, armed with this protection, broke open unguarded houses at noonday, and walked out impudently with their plunder on their back. There is a story told of two of them who, pretending to be sick of the sickness (plague), drove every guest out of a country inn, and then pillaged the house. When they entered any town one of them would run away pursued by the other, who cried out that he was delirious, and had "the plague-tokens on him;" the pretended dying man then took shelter in some house where he could frighten away all the inmates, and in the night levant with his spoil.

By some cheats the decoy-bird was called the Beater, the tavern where he was taken the Bush, and the gull the Bird. Cozening, they termed Bat-fowling; wine Strap and cards, Lime twigs.

A common trick of the day was for a rogue to dress up as an apparitor or sumner, and, visiting a house in which some intrigue had been discovered, obtain money by threatening process, citation, or the white sheet. To save

* Ben Jonson's Fox, Act ii. Sc. 1.

their honesty the young merchant, or old usurer, scraped a round sum together, which the sham officer took, after urging the strictness of his oath, and the danger of concealment; they then, in a few days, sent a confederate for more money, and then another, till the fraud grew suspected.

Another sort of cheat would visit a retired country place, and, pretending to be a young merchant in search of a wife, marry some rich widow, and strip her of all she had.

But a still more dangerous class of swindlers was the plausible sponging parasite, who laid wait for simple Inn-of-Court men, and young students in Paul's Walk, or at the theatre. They would first enter into conversation with them, and praise their new acquaintance's taste. If you were covetous, they would talk of the philosopher's stone, professing to know great secrets if they had but two or three hundred pounds to set up stills. If you were fond of travelling, they knew every corner of France; of Venice they knew every part from the Rialto to the Gudecca, using Italian phrases every moment, and telling stories of Madame Padillia and Romana Impia. When they saw the gull mad to start, they pretended they must leave them, as a nobleman had sent for them from the Court; then such a conversation as the following fre-

quently ensued, if the youth had requested his friend to join him as a travelling companion: —

"In faith I cannot tell, though I would sooner spend my life in your company than in any man's in England; but at this time I am not so provided of money as I would, therefore I can make no promise; and if a man should adventure such a journey without money, it were miserable and base, and no man would care for us."

"No money? take no care for that, for I have so much land, and I will sell it; and my credit is worth so much, and I will use it. I have the keeping of a cousin's chamber of mine, which is an old counsellor, and at this vacation time is gone down into the country; we will break up his study, rifle his chests, dive into the bottom of his bags, but we'll have to serve our turn; rather than fail, we will sell his books, pawn his bedding and hangings, and make riddance of all his household stuff, to set us packing."

"There are some hopes then yet, but I shall go with you, and you have money, and I none; but you will domineer over me at your pleasure, and I shall be well set up to leave such possibilities in England to go and be a slave in another country."

With that, his victim of course offered either to lend him money or let him be his treasurer, rather than he

should think his offers were insincere. The swindler would then, with some feigned reluctance, accept the invitation, promising to husband the money, so as to spend with the best, and yet make it go twice as far. Then away to the Low Countries, and so up into Italy. In the first town of garrison the rogue threw off his companion, and leaving him penniless, compelled him to turn gentleman of a company, and enter the army. For fear of pursuit, the cheat changed his name, and assumed that of some nobleman; when pursued he escaped by the alias.

These fellows' manners were pleasing, and adapted to every taste; if you were amorous, they gave you receipts for philtres, or presented you with rings that would procure the affection of any lady upon whose finger they had once been placed. If you had an enemy, they would undertake to stand on the top of Paul's with a burning-glass, and strike him dead, as if with lightning, as he walked under; or they would propose to fill a letter with needles laid in certain mathematical order, which, when the packet was opened, would spring up and fly into the reader's body, as if discharged with gunpowder. A smooth tongue and a graceful manner was the peculiar characteristic of these rogues: it was almost impossible to shake them off; as they would lend you money, study your humours, imitate your dress, and contrive to meet you at every turn.

If they saw their dupe melancholy that he could not rival them in dress, they would call him their noble spirit, and entreat him to use their tailor, and exchange Devonshire kersey for satin, cloth cloak for velvet, Dutch felt for beaver, worsted stockings for silk, and weather leather shoes for russet boots. At last, some day, as they were drinking in a tavern, a scrivener entered with a 500*l.* bond for one of the youth's chief friends, but demanding another name to the deed. The swindler, fuming at his credit being slighted, asks some of his friends to enter into bond for him; they refused, but offered to subscribe 100*l.* for him. He declared he was going to purchase a lordship, and had 2000*l.* ready, and had merely wanted a little to make up. The gull would at last sign the bond, without reading it, and be soon after arrested as principal.

In some writers we hear of the rogues' soap, with a piece of which in the mouth cheats fell foaming at villagers' doors, affecting to be seized with the falling sickness (epilepsy); but we have no room to recapitulate all their tricks — their useless crutches, bandaged heads, false bellies, wooden legs, and withered arms: occasionally we may believe they turned rank highwaymen, bound travellers to trees, and put them to the torture to make them confess where they had hidden their money. Thieves sometimes obtained admission to houses in the garb of

strolling players, and robbed the foolish gentleman while he sat expecting the comedy to begin.

The London cutpurse often carried meal in a bag, and, entering a shop as a purchaser, would suddenly fling a handful of the white dust in the merchant's eyes, and whip off with a bale or a salver.

Of the Courtesans we can say little. They generally dwelt in the suburbs, particularly in the Bishop of Winchester's rents in Southwark; a taffeta gown was their favourite dress. The more artful occasionally entered the city and played the Puritan, plainly clad, and lodging at the house of some scrivener. Sometimes one resided with a scrivener under pretence of having a bond drawn up. If her lovers were gallants, then she was a lieutenant's wife in the Low Countries, and her friends young soldiers bringing letters; if merchants, then her husband was master of a ship and had sent tidings from Venice, Alexandria, or Scanderoon; if shopkeepers, then she was buying goods to send to her husband at Rye, Bristol, or York; if mere apprentices, then a sempstress who starched their bands. If stopped at night by the halberdiers' rug gowns, her lover was her uncle or her brother, and her absent husband was then a justice's clerk or a nobleman's servant. Sometimes she turned music mistress, or kept a shop for "complexions" and face washes.

The old law was rough-handed, and deaf to the cries of the prisoners. The Tower had its rack to induce confession, its Scavenger's Daughter, and its Little Ease with its rats and bilge water, where if the wretch, pale and strained by the torture, refused to plead, he was pressed to death. Vagabonds were dragged over the Thames at the stern of a boat; poisoners were boiled to death; sheepstealers had their hands cut off; rogues were burnt in the hand; and pirates were hung at low-water mark, and exposed to the washing of three tides. At Halifax the guillotine was in use; and a thirteen penny felony brought a horse-loving Yorkshireman's head to the axe. In spite of all this severity, law was powerless. Innkeepers were in constant combination with highwaymen, and it was dangerous to let an ostler touch your cap-case, or cloak bag. Villagers often refused to leave their work and join the noisy hue and cry, which is now reserved for mad dogs; and would, on such occasions, answer an angry interrogation with a stolid, "God restore your loss! I have other business." Highway robberies were very numerous about Christmas, when needy spendthrifts wanted money to revel.

Of the bailiffs, watchmen, gaolers, and prisoners we now treat:—

The city watchmen * were worse than useless. Burleigh himself, on one of his journeys to London, observing watchmen at every town end, and a plump of twelve with long staves gathered under a penthouse at Enfield, stopped and asked them for whom they waited, thinking they were merely drinking or standing out of the rain. They said they were watching for a young man with a hooked nose (one of Babbington's conspiracy); they had been placed there by one Bankes the head constable, and had nothing but the hooked nose given them as a means of detecting the offender. The vexed statesman writes to Walsingham, the Secretary, thus: "As I came from London homeward in my coche, I saw at every town's end the number of X. or XII. standynge with long staves; and, until I came to Enfield, I thought no other of them but that they had stayed for avoyding of the rayne or to drink at some alehouse, for so they did stand under pentyces at ale houses. But at Enfield, fyndyng a dozen of a plump where there was no rayne, I bethought myself that they were appointed as watchmen for the apprehending of such as are missing; and, thereupon, I called some of them to me apart, and asked them wherefor they stood there? Some of them answered, 'To take

* Shakspere Society's Papers.

three young men;' and, demandynge how they should know the persons, one answered with these words, 'Marry, my lord, by intelligence of their favor.' 'What mean you by that?' quoth I. 'Marry,' said they, 'one of the party hath a hooked nose.' 'And have you,' quoth I, 'no other mark?' 'No,' sayth they. And then I asked who appointed them? and they answered one Bankes, a head constable, whom I willed to be sent to me. Surely, Sir, whosoever hath the charge from you hath used the matter negligently; for these watchmen stand so openly in plumps as no suspected person will come near them, and if they be no better instructed but to fynd three persons by one of them having a hooked nose they may miss thereof. And thus I thought good to advertise you, that the justice that had the charge, as I think, may use the matter more circumspectly."

A better illustration of Dogberry, who tradition says was sketched from life, could scarcely be conceived. The year was the year of Babbington's conspiracy, a time of great danger.

An arrest was accomplished by the magical touch of the shoulder, and the words — "Sir, we arrest you in the Queen's name, and we charge you to obey us." The catchpoles were generally uncouth wretches, compared by the wits to those Jews who are pictured in the arras as

whipping Christ; their hair hanging about their ears, and their hose fastened with pewter buttons.

They usually began by inveigling their victims into a tavern, by entreating them to be of good cheer, and apologising for being compelled to perform their duty. They were, they would say, but ministers of the law, and would do what kindness lay in their power to provide bail or soften the creditor.

When the Counter gate was opened the prisoner's name was enrolled in the Black Book and he was asked if he was for the Master's Side, the Knight's Ward, or the Hole. At every fresh door a fee was demanded, the stranger's cloak or hat being detained if he refused to pay the extortion, which in prison language was called "*garnish.*"*

The first question to a new prisoner was, whether he was in by arrest or command; and there was generally some knavish attorney in a threadbare black suit, who for 40*s.* would offer to move for a Habeas Corpus and have him out presently, much to the amusement of the uncombed villanous-looking men who filled the room, some smoking and some dressing. At dinner a vintner's boy who was in waiting filled a bowl full of claret and compelled the new

* Fennor's Compter's Commonwealth, 1617, 4.

prisoner to drink to all the society; and the turnkeys, who were dining in another room, demanded another tester for a quart of wine to drink the new comer's health.

At the end of a week, when the prisoner's purse grew thin, he was generally compelled to pass over to the Knight's side, and live in a humbler and more restricted manner. Here a fresh garnish of 18*d.* was demanded, and if this was refused, he was compelled to sleep over the drain; or if he chose, to sit up, to drink and smoke in the cellar with his companions till the keepers ordered every man to his lodging.

If a prisoner was proud, or refused to share his provisions and wine with the keepers, he was generally ill-treated, and frequently locked up for some pretended offence: to generous spendthrifts turnkeys were pliant and obsequious, taking them out with them to arrange matters with their creditors, but demanding a fee of half a crown for such a privilege, besides a dinner at an ordinary. If they ever showed kindness to a sick prisoner, it was only in order to obtain money from his friends.

Cheats, decoys, and informers, if they had money, were better treated than the gentleman of the best reputation; the latter, if he was poor, was thrown into a dark room to sleep on the boards, and if there was no spare bed, was compelled to herd with some ten or a dozen ruffians,

cheating bakers, and lying bankrupts. The more prisoners the merrier the gaoler: the bookkeeper, in slack seasons, would fee the beadles to keep the watch awake and replenish the prison. Deaf to all pity, they allowed the poor debtor to die untended, and paid no ear to his groanings when he was once past paying fees. Yet, with all these exactions, gaolers, like thieves, never got rich, being perpetually forced to compound with creditors for prisoners they had suffered to escape. Of these escapes many amusing stories are told: the best is that of a poor man who, frost-bitten with want and poverty, had pined for three long winters in the Hole, as the most loathsome purgatory of the Counter was contemptuously called; determining to escape, he obtained leave to go out with his keeper and arrange matters with his remorseless creditors. After spending the best part of the day in walking up and down the city, the keeper, seeing they obtained no money, would have hastened his ward back to prison. "Nay," said the prisoner, "seeing you have been so good as to stay out with me so long, I desire you to do me that honest office as to go into a barber's shop and stay while I am trimmed, which I have not been these twelve months; and to recompense you for your pains I will give you your shaving." The keeper, wishing to save a groat, the barber getting out his chair and napkins, combs, balls, and sponges, falls

to and dispatched the prisoner first; he, giving the fellow a tester, goes to the window, puts on his band, the keeper takes his place in the chair. First talking about what news there was in the city, he forgot his care, who, as soon as his guardian's eyes were closed with soap, slipped out of doors, and was heard of no more. The barber presently finished, and, taking off his basin, went to the window to throw out the contents, when the keeper, seeing his prisoner missing, knocked down the barber, who was advancing to him with his razor, and, with white face and napkin on his neck, ran after his charge, pursued by the shaver, who, overtaking the custode, would not release him till he had paid the uttermost farthing.

Another source of complaint amongst the prisoners was the extortions of the messengers, and the villanies of the canteen and paper-room. But all these frauds and cruelties appeared small compared with the sufferings of the poorer sort of prisoners in the Little Hole.* Christmas and Easter were the times of rejoicing to this unhappy folk, though perpetual riots broke out about the respective shares of the prisoners of various standing. These were the times of debaucheries and of transient pleasures; the prisoners had a master-steward to superintend them, a constable

* Fennor's Compter's Commonwealth, p. 79.

and twelve counsellors: prayers were said only twice a day, and they had their punishments and laws. There were to be seen cobblers, and tailors, and saddlers, working physicians that heal diseases, and cooks that cause them; attorneys that help to make laws, and gallants who live to break them.

About nine o'clock, when Bow Bell rang, the council swept out the cock-loft, spread a green carpet on the table before the steward, and went down the ladder with his stoups to fill them in the cellar, and to bring up some papers of tobacco. Then began the supper, and after that the reckoning trials were heard by the council, and offenders were fined or whipped, the drunkard was allowed no sack for a whole day, the thief deprived of his penny loaf, and the liar's credit stopped.

The sergeants frequently changed their dress, appearing as merchants, councillors, butchers, porters, as suited their purpose; if they were in search of a farmer at a London inn, dressing as country gentlemen, with slashed boots and spurs. Various stories are told of their stratagems; of these the following may be depended on:—

A Norwich man being indebted to some London merchants, took great precautions against arrest, admitting no one into his house, and parleying] with all those that knocked from an upper window; the creditors, vexed and

piqued, engaged three sergeants from the Wood Street Compter, promising them an angel a-piece if they could take the man. The wiliest of the band, learning that the Norwich man received weekly letters from home, dressed himself as a porter in a white frock, a red cap, and a rope round his shoulders; he knocked and was admitted, and, while the debtor was reading the letter, he presently pulled out his mace, and declared himself a sergeant. The prisoner died in gaol soon after.

On another occasion, some creditors agreed upon a meeting with a refractory debtor, and promised to bring a councillor and scrivener with them; arranging at the same time that two sergeants should attend them, and represent the barrister and attorney. The day comes, and the councillor appears with double ruff and close-cut beard, the scrivener with ink-horn at his girdle, pen at his ear, and parchment and wax in his hand; half a dozen sergeants are placed in ambush by the door. They go up and find the gentleman surrounded by half a dozen of his men. The councillor requests privacy, and, as soon as the servants are dismissed, the scrivener steals to the window-seat, where the debtor kept a loaded pistol ready for his defence, and discharges it out of the window as the preconcerted signal for the bailiffs, who rush up, sword

in hand, and compel the outwitted gentleman to pay his debt.

Another of their tricks was the following:—A bankrupt merchant, intending to change the air, had prepared all his goods for a sudden passage into the Low Countries. The vats which he had prepared wanting mending, he ordered his maid to hire three or four coopers to repair them. The maid, bribed by the creditors, told them the secret, and half a dozen sergeants were at once sent disguised as workmen. As soon as the merchant came to give them the orders they flung down their hammers, leapt out of the casks, drew out their maces, and dragged him to prison.

These bailiffs were full of expedients to extort money. When they had arrested their man they always began by taking him to some ale-house, where they all drank at his charge and persuaded them that they were his friends; that but for the haste of the creditor they would rather have given another man half a crown to arrest him than have done it themselves for forty shillings; that they were sorry to do their office on him, and only kept him there that his creditor might have time to grow merciful. If the poor gentleman had never been arrested before, they at once marked him down as a milch cow; one of them then, under pretence of fetching the creditor, would go up and

down Cheapside, and find out where the gallant was in debt; he would then tell them that for a piece of gold he could arrest their man, as he knew where he supped. If he got his fee he would then go to the Counter, enter an action, and return to the tavern. They then told their dupe that his adversary could not come for three or four hours, and as they had business to despatch that would bring them in five pounds, they must take him to prison unless he gave them an angel or a mark for waiting. After supper, and when it got late, they would advise the debtor to come and lie at their house, to see whether their adversary would appear or no, as he seemed unwilling. "There," they would say, "you are safe and need fear no other actions; whereas in prison they would all come thundering upon you, and you will be laid up two or three winters." His purse soon exhausted by a charge of a pound a day for lodging, his cloak, sword, and hat one after the other melting from him, the very silly gentleman was at last hurried into prison.

If the debtor was a servingman or poor country tradesman, they would carry him to the alehouse and fill his ears with horrible details of prison cruelties — "he would have to pay an entrance of 14*s.*, he would be loaded with irons, he would be clapped in a place where he could see neither hand nor foot" — but, for a certain fee, they would

entreat the keeper to use him tenderly. If he was refractory they would drag him by the heels a quarter of a mile over the stones and throw him into prison stunned, maimed, and bleeding.

Always brutal, they were generally thievish, and as false to the creditor as they were cruel to the debtor. Sometimes they would arrest a man without warrant in hopes of extorting money. Sometimes, to obtain a bribe, send a gallant warning of their coming; for a brace of angels they would let a prisoner escape from their fangs; and, though their legal fee was but a shilling, would not stir from the Counter gate under a crown or a noble. From a prisoner they had no claim by statute for more than a groat, but a wretch in debt seldom escaped from them with hat, purse, or sword.

If a prisoner jostled them or even called them varlet, they took him before the Lord Mayor, and threw him in prison to pine away for half a lifetime, unless he was fortunate enough to have good friends or a fat purse. If a prisoner struck them in momentary heat or by accident, they instantly entered an action of battery against him, and carried it on to the last. The beadles and watchmen were no less to be dreaded than these sergeants, and were generally in league and in fee with the keepers of the Counters, receiving a groat for every man they arrested.

The rich drunkard, however disorderly, they were in the habit of carrying home; the poor, however quiet, they conveyed to gaol. They were not unfrequently cruel in the discharge of their office, hacking and maiming their prisoners with their ponderous halberds — the sufferers were generally gallants who had sallied from some tavern sword in hand or paraded the streets with torches, shouting, and attacking the watch. The constables' deputies were generally more unjust, more senseless, and more extortionate than even the constables themselves.

"There are as many sins," says an old writer, "looking through the gates of a prison as there are walking through the streets of a city." In that menagerie of crime, the gaol, were crowded the poor knight, the beggarly exquisite, the distressed gentleman, the bankrupt tradesman, the prating pettifogger, the juggling lawyer, and the fraudulent scrivener.

A large class of prisoners were voluntary prisoners, and these included the knavish citizen, the shrewd prodigal, and the crafty bankrupt. The first of these having a good name on Change, would use it to obtain 4000*l.* or 5000*l.* worth of goods, and, selling them for ready money, run into the country a little before settlement day. When writs were out against him he retired into the City, and,

there hiding himself, despatched a bankrupt friend to negociate with his creditors.

By trusting young gentlemen, he said, he had undone himself, and prayed to be allowed to walk the streets to raise his fortune once again; and if the rascal did get into prison, he generally escaped by paying one quarter of the debt in bonds and useless paper.

A second class of these volunteers were spendthrifts wanting money, who paid two sergeants to arrest them in hopes of extorting four or five pounds from their friends, though, if found out, they were often left in prison for two or three years.

A third class were men who were released by charitable legacies, who, about Christmas or Easter, when prisoners owing small debts were discharged, persuaded a friend to arrest them, dividing the charity they received with the sham debtor.

A fourth class were highwaymen, who, when the hue and cry was hot at Newmarket, posted to London and got themselves arrested till the chase grew cool.

The gaolers, generally bankrupt traders, were intolerable purse leeches and cruel extortioners, polite to the rich, terrible to the poor. They demanded as much as 40*s.* at entrance, 12*d.* for dining, a shilling for the porter, 2*s.* for his bed if the prisoner lay alone, and so much to

the porter, chamberlain, and bookkeeper; 12*d.* for wine; and, on your discharge, 4*s.* 6*d.* to the bookkeeper, and 6*d.* to the porter, and three halfpence in the pound on the total of the debt.

In the Knights' Ward a prisoner paid a groat for his bed and a groat for a pair of sheets, being just double their legal charge. In the second ward the gaolers received 14*d.* a week when their due was 7*d.* In one prison alone 500 prisoners were relieved in a year.

The legacies bequeathed to the suffering prisoners in the Hole were kept by the gaolers and given to the richer men who owed them for lodgings. They always persuaded creditors to keep rich prisoners in confinement, but were very earnest in their entreaties for the release of unprofitable fellows whom they had already stripped and robbed. If a young gentleman were arrested, and received a weekly allowance, they took good care to inform his friends of his smallest misdemeanour, that he might be the longer in their clutches; and acquainted the creditors of poor tradesmen of all the intentions of their prisoners, in order that they might frustrate them and let fees a little longer continue. If a prisoner died, even his coffin was not released till all the dead man's fines had been paid.

With these anecdotes we close our chapter, in which

we have beheld the animal instincts of man developed at the expense of every nobler feeling. Hating the vermin, whom we pin down as in a collection, we still stop to dissect them as means of discovering higher truths; we cannot but confess, however disgusted with their vices, that we admire the perfection to which they brought their stratagems, and the energy and untiring perseverance with which they worked them out. Half the intellect expended in virtuous objects would have made them Wilberforces or Howards; half the subtlety, Talleyrands and Metternichs: but a little more constancy and courage, and they might have been Wolfes and Abercrombies: deduct a quarter of their knowledge of human nature, and they would have made prime ministers as good as we are even now blessed with.

About the shifts and wiles of these D'Alfaraches there was a daring and courage beside which modern burglary seems sneaking and contemptible. The gibbet was perpetually threatening these wearers of the dagger, and drove them to despair by the utter hopelessness of a reformation; they staked their lives to Fortune, and the world, who always won by the game, took care the debt was paid.

CHAP. IX.

HUNTING AND HAWKING.

"Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds;
Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is embossed;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault:
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound."

Taming of the Shrew, Act i. Sc. 1.

Romance of old Hunting. — Story of a Stag at Bay. — Elizabeth and her Cross-Bow. — Jargon of the Hawking Field. — Brawls. — Passionate Love of the Chase. — Seven Sorts of Falcons. — Names, &c. — The Barbary and Peregrine Falcons. — Sacre and Laner. — Merlin and Hobby. — Hawks. — Duties of a Falconer. — Signs of good and bad Hawks. — Flight of the Heron. — Description of the Mew. — Training of the Hawk. — Flight to the Field. — To make a Hawk bold. — Surgery. — Characters of Birds. — Sewing up the Eyes. — How to recover a cowed Bird. — Falcon Training. — The Sparrow Hawk. — Flying at the Partridge. — Falconer's Duties. — Bad Habits, and how to cure them. — Diseases of Hawks. — Hunting. — A Huntsman's Duties. — How to track a Hart. — Habits of the Deer. — Subtleties of the Deer. — Mode of Hunting. — Breaking up the dead Deer. — Rewarding the Dogs. — French and English Manner. — Royal Pic Nics. — Age of a Deer known by his Horns. — Hunters' Superstitions. — Hare Hunting. — Subtleties of the Hare.

It must have been rare days at Enfield * when twelve ladies in white satin ambled out upon their palfries,

* Nicholl's Progresses, vol. i. p. 17. (Strype).

attended by twenty yeomen in green, to hunt the hart, and were met in the chase by eighty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, and bearing gilt bows, who presented the Lady Elizabeth with a silver arrow, winged with a peacock's plume, and prayed her to cut a deer's throat with her own maidenly hand. It was at Oatlands that when Queen she shot so many deer with her cross-bow in the paddock, where perhaps the celebrated John Selwyn, the huntsman, who lies buried at Walton-upon-Thames, in the full heat of the chase, leapt bare-headed and with spurs upon the running stag, kept his seat gracefully, and guiding the brute with his drawn sword, stabbed it dead at her Majesty's feet, receiving a bugle horn to wear as his insignia. But the best tale of the old chase and its dangers is that of Wilson, a follower of the Earl of Essex: he says, "Sir Peter Lee, of Lime, in Cheshire, invited my Lord one summer to hunt the stag; and having a great stag in chase, and many gentlemen in pursuit, the stag took soyle, and divers, whereof I was one, alighted and stood with swords drawn to have a cut at him at his coming out of the water. The stags there being wonderfully fierce and dangerous, made us youths more eager to be at him, but he escaped us all; and it was my misfortune to be hindered from hurting him (the way being slippery); and by a fall,

which gave occasion to some who did not know me to speak as if I had fallen from fear, which, being told me, I left the stag to follow the gentleman who first spake it; but I found him of that cold temper, that it seems his words made an escape from him, as by his denial and reparation it appeared; but this made me more violent in the pursuit of the stag to recover my reputation; and I happened to be the only horseman in, when the dogs set him up at bay, and approaching near him on horseback, he broke through the dogs, and ran at me and tore my horse's side with his horn close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse and grew more circumspect, for the dogs had set him up again, stole behind him with my sword, and cut his ham, and then got upon his back and cut his throat, which, as I was doing, the company came in and blamed my rashness for running such a hazard." Then, at night, at these hunting suppers, what talk of harts, of slots, entries, port, frayings and bellings — what a head he bore, and how well tined.*

In a letter still extant from Leicester to Archbishop Parker, he forwards a stag shot by the Queen, which had been parboiled to preserve it in the hot weather.

At Kenilworth Elizabeth hunted, and the deer took soil

* Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, vol. x. p. 612.

in the lake, where the hounds pursued it. Leaving at five, the royal train returned to the castle at nine, in the dusk, lit by torches.

The ban dog was a variety of mastiff, with rough yellow grey hair and shades of black; it attacked on the flank, and its bite was keen and dangerous.

The jargon of the hawking field was much of this fashion.

"Well cast off aloft, ah! — well flown," says one, leaping in his saddle; "now she has taken her at the souse, and strikes her down like a thunderclap."

"Now she hath seized the fowl," says another, "and 'gins to plume her — rebeck her not — rather stand still and check her."

"Aye, but our merlin first plumed the fowl, and twice remewed her from the river, though her bells had not both one weight, one was a semitone above the other, it sounded too full, and spoiled her mounting."

"Mine, too," says a third, "seized a fowl within her talons; you saw her claws full of feathers, both her petty singles and her long singles; the terrial of her legs were stained with blood."

"You lie, Doddypeck, your hawk's but a kestril."

"Scurvy Patch, you have not a good hawk on your perch, or a good hound in your kennel."

"All that love Singleton, draw;" "All that stand for Trevilian, lug out."

And so the brawls of hot-headed country gentlemen, jealous of the reputation of their horses' and of their hawks' fames, were apt to break forth.

Hawking had a charm about it unknown to many modern amusements of the field — the pursuit, the struggle, the suspense, were all inconceivably exciting; no wonder quarrels arose about the merits of peculiar birds, or that wagers were laid upon the success of their flights. Ladies, too, shared in it, and that alone gave it a social charm unknown to fox hunting.

Birding was a science requiring life-long study, as every sort of falcon had it own peculiar food, and required special training and distinctive management. Huge books were written on the disease of hawks, and on their moulting, and other peculiarities. High and low delighted to watch the keen-eyed birds whirl round the crane, shunning its spearlike beak, and at a moment of advantage rushing like a thunderbolt upon their prey.

As for the hunting, it was associated with dewy boughs and bossy oaks, and ladies with bended cross-bows, and the sharp shot of the arquebus, and horns pealing and dogs baying, trampling cavalcades through forest arches, and shout, and laugh, and song.

When Shakspere tells us that Master Ford had gone "birding," he means that he had gone hawking, for hawking was the favourite amusement of gentle and simple for many centuries.

A cast of hawks required almost as much care as a small pack of hounds. The falconer was a busy and important man, and his boys had no idle time of it; there were always young birds to watch and feed; the training, and practising, and education was unceasing, it was all but night and day work; and when they did go out to fly at the heron by the brook side or at the partridge in the stubbles, a grand man was master falconer, with his square frame round his waist, on which his hawks would perch, with their hood and bells on, and their scarlet tufts; and he himself, the birder, conspicuous with his lure, and horn, and gloves, and pouch and sword.

The hunting, too, though slow and intermittent, and not a mad break-neck thing like fox-hunting, was wild and dangerous with stags at bay, and gored horses and trampled dogs. Very wise and subtle, too, were the old huntsmen in tracking the buck to covert, and telling his age and size by the marks of his frettings on the oak trunk. As for their hare-hunting it was tame and spiritless compared to ours, and fox-hunting of those days was mere

butchery; but the rules of the hunt were stately and ceremonious, and not to be broken through with impunity.

There were seven kinds of falcons*,—the hardiest, the Falcon gentle, caring for no weather and no danger; the Peregrine falcon, a high-flyer; the Barbary falcon; the Gerfalcon; the Sacer: the Lanner, and the Tunisian.

The strongest of wing was the Falcon gentle, much used in striking the heron, the shoveler, and the wild goose: a bold bird, if trained early, would attack the crane; its young were trained with the flesh of pullets and pigeons. The falconer required a perfect hawk to have wide nostrils, large eye-lids, a full black eye, a round head, a short, thick blue beak, high neck, and a round fleshy breast; they also looked for broad shoulders, slender tails, full sides, long thighs, large-footed black pounces, and long wings.

Hawks were, like deer, called by different names, according to their age: when in their nest, they were eyasses; when they began to perch, ramages, or perchers, and this name they retained through May, June, July, and August, but they were then generally found difficult to tame.

From August to November they were called sore hawks,

* Turberville's Book of Falconrie (1611), p. 25.

and were then in their prime, for beauty and use; their first feathers were moulted at the end of the first year. From January to April the Italians said that hawks were peculiarly subject to disease.

From May till December they were full-mewers, when their new feathers were come; and they became strong and wild, and almost unfit to tame.

The peregrine falcons came chiefly from Alexandria, Cyprus, and Candia, but were sometimes found about Ravenna, as if driven in by the weather; they were of various colours,—white, russet brown, turtle, and pure white; but these last were rare, and kept for princes. A good haggard, or peregrine falcon, had a flat crown and broad fan-tail, a white garland environing the head, and white linings to the thighs; it moved its wings leisurely and seldom, and excelled most hawks at a long flight, and was less impetuous and rash than the falcon gentle, although a large bird, and with bigger talons.

The Barbary falcon was a small rare bird, known by its red plumes under the wing, and used in May and June; it came chiefly from the Levant, but was not flown much in England.

The Gerfalcon was, however, the largest and most beautiful of all falcons, sitting upright and stately on the fist, and flying at anything, particularly the heron, crane,

goose, and bustard; these birds were brought from the Levant and Alexandria, and sometimes from Russia and Norway. They were of so fierce and hardy a nature that they were very difficult to reclaim, requiring the gentle hand of a keeper who was courteous and full of patience. This keen-eyed, brown-plumed bird was used by the Emperor of Russia to strike the raven; Ivan Vaglavich making his woodmen cut down a pine if the prey took shelter upon it.

The Sacer was found in the Levant, and was used against the hare, the chough, the partridge, the kite, and the bittern; it was supposed to breed in Russia. To attract the kite towards this falcon the huntsman tied a foxtail to the leg of a mallard, and let it fly beneath the rock where the kite dwelt.

The Laners built in France in high trees and forests, or in crows' nests in cliffs near the sea. They killed the pheasant, hare, and daw, and would endure coarser food than other falcons; they were known by their white heads and short thick beak; they were of a mottled and russet colour, spotted with white. Unlike the falcon gentle, they could not be won by kindness, but were slothful, and required severe keepers.

The Tunisian falcon was a bird of sluggish flight, and was used for the hare.

The small merlins were used to strike thrushes, larks, sparrows, and partridges, being fiercer and hotter in flight than any other hawks; they were, however, so difficult to tame, that, in the cage, they would often in a rage tear off their own feet. They were little bigger than pigeons, but very blood-thirsty and cruel in the pursuit, and nimbler than any other bird upon the wing.

The Hobby was the smallest of all hawks, yet one of the highest flyers; the breast was spotted, and the legs yellow. These hawks were carried by men who went out with nets and spaniels, and who sent the bird aloft to drive the larks to the ground, when they were captured. Sometimes the falconer held the hobby on his fist, and merely showed it to the bird, whom he then caught with a running noose and pole. The Tercel hawks were found in Persia, Greece, Africa, and in many parts of Europe. The male was called the tercel, and was used particularly against the partridge; the heaviest were generally the best, and the finest came from Ulster and Tyrone.

The signs of a good bird were clear eyes, a small head, long neck, long thighs, and hard flesh; he must be eager to feed, patient, and fierce. One test of courage was for the falconer to darken the mew, and then touch the bird suddenly; if it leapt at once to its feet without fear it was

a sign of hardiness. When many were kept together, the one that perched highest was the strongest bird.

The Goshawk was often irreclaimable, from being either too timid or too fierce; if the latter, it would fly at men's faces, or wander away; if the former, it would seldom return without much trouble to the lure. The goshawk's prey was the pheasant, mallard, wild goose, hare, and rabbit; but it would even retard the kid. The best goshawk came chiefly from Germany, but was also found in Russia and Italy.

The Sparrow-hawk was much used in France, being serviceable both summer and winter, in killing the pye, jay, chough, woodcock, thrush, blackbird, and fieldfare.

The falconer's life was not one of idleness; he had to study the dispositions of each one of his birds as if they were children, to learn which he should fly early and which late; and he had to clean them, and study their diet. Every night, after the day's flight, he must give his birds fitting medicine, directed by the mewting, or the appearance of their eye or plumage: he had to watch them bathing, and must place them unhooded in a warm room with a candle burning; to trick and oil their feathers. In the morning he must take them out for the air before flying, and he had to take care and not leave them alone

tied to high perches lest they should hang themselves, nor so near together as to fight and peck each other.

At the flight he had to keep his falcons tied on the ground that he might help his brother falconer. At the river-side he had to recall his hawk in time enough to prevent any interference with other men's flights, and to be cautious not to pull down his bird until it had risen to its full height.

He was also obliged to have his pouch well supplied with medicines for his hawks—mummy powder, washed aloes, cloves, nutmegs, and saffron: besides this, he carried a store of lures, hoods, jesses, coping irons, to clip the hawk's beaks and talons, cauterizing "buttons," and many small iron and silver tools.

To keep a hawk in good condition, it was held advisable, not to fly it at first more than two flights in a morning, as it made it greedy and more willing to mount, and hold staunchly after its prey: a young hawk was spoiled by being flown above little brooks, gulleys, and places much shaded with bush and tree, as such places required the use of the dogs and much noise and clamour, which thwarted the hawk in its flight.

The sign of a bad hawk was, when it played the slug-

* Turberville, p. 78.

gard and would not mount, hovering and winding like a kite, and flying from the lure; this was often the fault of the falconer, if he had kept his bird too hungry, and let it fly too soon or too late: it was the duty of a good falconer to observe at what hour and in what weather each particular bird flew best; the constant punishment for a lazy bird was to hood it at once, and keep it without food.

The flight at the heron was considered the noblest and stateliest flight, but not one requiring much education in the bird. The heron returned to the English rivers about the beginning of March; and the young falcons were practised upon a heron whose beak was sheathed in a reed, so that it could not hurt its enemy; it was then rewarded with its brains and heart, with which it was fed upon the glove. If herons were scarce, as they generally were, the falconer covered the heron's head and neck with calf's skin, keeping a live pigeon under its wing to reward the bird for its readiness to attack. After doing this several days, the falcon was at last flown at the unguarded bird, the keeper taking care to hurry soon to the rescue, and disable the heron that it might not kill its assailant. In France it was usual to let fly three hawks at once against the crane, and in England a whole cast of merlins even at the lark or linnet.

The mew or yard where hawks were kept lured and

manned, was a place carefully tended. The mewing season begun about St. George's Day, and in the middle of April. The best mew was a low chamber, far from any noise or concourse, and facing the north. In the middle stood a table, six feet broad, with a rim round it four fingers high; this enclosure was filled with sand and gravel, with free stone pillars about a cubit long, to which the birds were tied, far enough apart to prevent quarrels: the stone they liked for its coolness; the gravel they swallowed to help digestion; and the sand assisted in clearing out their mews: the leash of the falcon was tied to a ring that ran freely round a cord that girded the stone. At night the birds' hoods were removed, and they were also fed bare-headed.

A good falconer slept in the mew to separate any hawks that might quarrel; it was better to have a fresh room for every bird, but with divisions; four might be kept in the same enclosure; each bird required twelve foot space, and each mew two windows, one north for coolness, the other east for warmth; each bird had two perches, one for each window, and every week baths were set for them; they were fed through a small door by the falconer's boys, who used a stick a foot and a half long, upon which the hawk's meat was bound to prevent the bird dragging it away.

The goshawk was trained, first with partridges until November, and then with the raven: to this bird the favourite call was, "Tow tow, how how!" The great difficulty was to stop them from attacking chickens: the word of encouragement to the goshawk was, "Towit towo! ware hawk ware!" If a hawk missed its flight three times running, it was held a mere kite, and either killed or given away: a hawk that would fly at the partridge, was thought to be spoiled by flying at the pheasant; the flight of the latter being comparatively short and weak. When snow was on the ground the hawks' bells were tied to the stern feathers and not to the legs, that they might not fill with snow, and the birds stray and be lost.

The perches in the mews were bound with canvass or cotton; the water during the molting season was changed every three days. The mewing was over about October; the food, which had been live pigeons and quails, was then changed for twenty days to lambs' and calves' hearts; and the taming, watching, &c. had to commence again; the hood had to be put on and off, and the eyelids to be sown up or sealed.

In some mews the windows were latticed to keep out the cats; the perches made one above another, and the ground kept strewed with fresh vine leaves; the young

birds were fed with cut meat, and taught not to hide it from the keeper.

The taming a hawk * required great patience and judgment in a falconer; nor was his task without labour: no mother with her first child could spend more time upon her care than this overlaboured retainer of the noble; he had to watch three days and nights the bird which he had first hooded, taking off the covering to feed her, and gradually as she became more acquainted with him and rather tamer, removing it more frequently, and in places more or less frequented; the birds then had to be taught to come to his fist to be fed, and instructed to mount the perch by having a live pullet tied to it, on which it was allowed to gorge: the lure was rendered attractive in the same way: the bird then was trusted with a wider liberty, and brought to attend to its keeper's call twice a day, each time at a longer distance, and it was then taught to fly to the falconer. Now, the real practice commenced: a live fowl was first released, and the hawk was allowed to seize it, and was always gorged with it upon its lure. At the end of about forty days it was considered a thoroughly trained bird, but before being taken to the field was bathed and fed with clean meat.

* Turberville, p. 199.

In training a hawk for river sport it was necessary to let the bird into the wind, and teach it to strike its prey away from the water, decoying it down with a live fowl if it refused to come or remained still in any degree wild.

The flight at the heron was the crowning sport of falconry; and a falcon that could strike the spear-beaked bird was reserved for this sport alone, for it was found that a hawk accustomed to dare the heron if once taught to attack humbler prey turned sluggard and lost its courage.

The flight to the field was a distinct sport from a flight to the river. The hawks trained to the latter were always accompanied by spaniels, and taught to know the dogs and to like to be amongst them, and the dogs in the same manner were taught to know the birds by being constantly kept in their company. The hawks were instructed by being at first gorged and the reward gradually diminished, being then fed with the head and brains of every fowl it killed.

The third description of flight was called the great flight. In this the victims were cranes, wild geese, bustards, *birds of paradise!* bitterns, and shovellers, which were hunted either with or without dogs.

In the old barons' mansions there were generations of servants who spent their lives in nursing hawks.

The following description, by a royal falconer, of how to make a hawk bold, and hardy, and love its prey, will convey some impression of the way in which the fierce children of the crag and forest were nursed and fondled.

"If you would have your hawk hardy, keep her often all day long upon your fist, and feed her with pullet flesh early in the morning; then set her abroad in the sun, with water before her that she may drink and bathe, as hawks do love; then take your hawk upon your fist, and keep her there till bed time, and then leave a candle before her that she may wake all night. Then, in the morning, if she hath bathed, set her in the sun for an hour; if not, spirt over her with wine and water, then set her in the sun or before the fire till she be well dry: then let her fly and gorge her, but if she kill nothing feed her with a simple leg of a hen washed in clean running water; and, the next day, fly her again and reward her if she kills."

The only danger in this plan was that it sometimes weakened the bird so much that it was unable to kill its prey, and it then lost courage.

It was not unusual for the falconer to take his falcon's first victim and sprinkle the raw flesh with cinnamon and sugar candy, for this made the bird prefer that sort of game ever afterwards.

Young hawks taken from the nest were fed with beef or goats' flesh, and if too fierce, bathed and spirted over with a mouthful of lukewarm water. This practice, however, if repeated too often, weakened the bird, and was found to be injurious.. All these considerations required great prudence, as some birds flew better when they were high, others when low, fed. The black falcon, the blue falcon, and the falcon with the reddish plume had all their several properties; but by many the white falcon was thought the most gentle and the boldest bird, requiring good food, loving its keeper, and showing neither wildness nor forwardness, as the kindly old writers on venerie loudly assert.

A falconer must needs have been a surgeon in a humble way, for he had to sew up gashed flesh and give medicines, tend broken limbs and heal wounds. Newly-taken hawks had their eyelids stitched together, care being taken not to hurt the eye nor the web, a man holding the bird by the beak and tying the thread so that when it grew loose the sparrow-hawk should see only backward and the falcon forward.*

The leather jesses (straps about a foot long with knots at the end) were put on the hawk's feet and a bell tied to

* Turberville, p. 277.

both of them, so that when the bird flew to a bush to feed quietly on its prey the bells might betray it to the falconer; for in trying to scratch up the hood the truant bird betrayed itself to its master. Birds that bore the hood with patience were preferred to the fiercer ones, as they could be carried better in the rain and the falconer could cover them with his cloak; and they did not weary themselves by struggling and pecking at the fist.

Some hawks were of course much easier tamed than others. The wilder bird, if it refused food, had to be coaxed in various ways: the falconer first rubbed its feet with warm flesh, chirping and whistling as he rubbed; at other times he held a live bird to its beak or bruised it against its perch till it cried, upon which the sulker would often strike it with its talons and begin to feed. Sometimes the falconer would pick a live bird's breast bare, and invite the hawk to eat.

It was a good sign if a new-caught bird began immediately to eat. When it began to feed and come to the keeper's chirrup or whistle the hood was put on, the bird being fed every time it was hooded to give it a liking to the custom, and taking care that the hood was large and did not hurt the eyes: when it got very tame and eager for prey, the eyes were unsewn — the falconer watching all night, talking to it and accustoming it to voices and

sounds, and now and then putting on the hood. It was thought thoroughly manned (or tamed) when it would allow the hood to be put on and off before company without bating (ruffling).

The falconer had next to keep the almost reclaimed bird all night on a tressel by his bed's head, waking her often and feeding her with live doves when she was unhooded or saw any one approaching — in fact, for every act of obedience or gentleness.

The holes in the eyelids had then to be healed, the falconer spirting water upon her head that she might rub her eyes with her wings. He began then to tie a line round his bird and trust it to short distances, bathing it and rewarding it for every flight, and feeding it with live birds when it came to his whistle. It was next taught to fly to him out of a tree as he sat on horseback.

A new reclaimed bird was generally flown with at first before sunset feed; for at this time the bird was most eager and sharpest set.

At noon the sun heat made her fierce, and drove her to wild flight and towering fevers, but at evening the near time of roosting rendered its loss less possible. The falconer chose a champaign country far from the woods; then the spaniels were uncoupled, and the bird cast off, when the partridge sprang, whirring up. If it killed its

prey, the hawk was rewarded on the ground with the head, brains, neck, and breast of the bird. The keeper then mounted his horse, and called his hawk, rewarding it if it came.

It was held of great consequence that a hawk should not fail in its first flight at great birds, as this spoiled its courage; and once well entered at great game, it was quickly taught to fly at small birds. Old falconers considered no flight so pleasant as that of the sparrow-hawk after the lark or linnet. Two would sometimes fly together, and one drive the prey down to the other, the lark running among the horses rather than be taken by the hawk.

Great care was taken in watching the feathers of hawks; lime and dirt was removed from them by washing; bruised plumes were straitened, and broken ones were mended and needles thrust into them; lost quills were replaced, and others substituted, by a process called imping.

A falcon required quite different treatment from a hawk, though it also had its jesses, leash, and bewets; the keeper stroked it with a little stick for fear of its beak, for the more a bird was handled the gentler and more familiar it became. A soar falcon was fed with live pigeons, and then with the heart of a pig or a sheep, and hooded and unhooded first in a dark place, and gradually in the light, in the presence of men and dogs. Over watching was

thought the worst mode of taming, and any sudden fright at the first unhooding spoilt a bird for ever. The next reward was a hare's foot flayed and washed, but nothing with feathers on was given the bird till it was thoroughly reclaimed.

The falcon was taught to come to the lure by being always fed upon it, she was then lured in the presence of dogs, afterwards in the sight of horses, and lastly taught to join a cast of already trained hawks. Before taking out a bird for the first flight, it was usual to bathe her at a ford, or in a deep basin in a courtyard or meadow. The first flight was in a morning, when the hawk was the most hungry, and in a field where there were the fewest doves or choughs. If it remained shy even after several flights, it was flown in company with other trained birds, and with high flyers if the falconer wished it to fly high.

If a hawk acquired the habit of flying at checks, the master kept it at home for several days as a punishment; and if this did not cure it, the falconer took the bird it had killed, and rubbed it with gall, myrrh powder, or small worms cut in pieces, to teach it to loathe such flesh in future. When they wished to end the punishment, the keeper dipped the food of the sick bird into sugar-water. Others punished their birds by putting on two pair of bells, or tying their wing feathers together; some, however, con-

tented themselves by throwing the hawk a hurt fowl, and so drawing it away from the check.

The falcon was trained to the dangerous chase of the heron, by being taught to play with a bruised and wounded bird, and afterwards being fed with its heart and the marrow of the wing bone. At the end of two or three days the young falcon could be trusted to attack an uninjured heron, but was generally first flown in company with another hawk at a timid and cowering bird.

Great pains was taken by the falconer to make his birds sociable and fond of playing together. To effect this, the wildest bird and tamest bird were fed on the same perch and with the same piece of meat. Sometimes the unruly bird was set out for several hours on a frosty night, and the tame bird warmed at the fire; the result of this was, that when they were both put back to their perch, the wild bird huddled close to his companion to obtain warmth, and so they became friends. After two or three nights they were put out together in the cold till they gradually grew fond of perching together.

The young sparrow hawk was trained by Italian falconers, who first threw them quails with their feathers half pulled out; then fed them with one that had been injured, and lastly, with the wild bird. If the bird flew at a check it was usual to beat her with it on the head, and then to hood

her without food or fondling. Falcons were also taught with counterfeit cranes and stuffed hares; the latter were tied by a string fastened to the falconer's saddle, the horse galloping to give it motion. The hawk was then unhooded, with the cry "Back with the greyhounds, back with the greyhounds!" and rewarded when it struck the prey. It was then tried with a wounded leveret, and taught to surrender it at the shout of "Back, back!" when the dogs came up.

In flying at the partridge or pheasant, the hawk was trained to take rest in a tree or bush, and to come to the lure when the falconer cried, "Ho, bird, ho! hey ho, bird, hey ho!" If the hawk offered to carry off its game instead of striking it to the ground, its talons were blunted and clipped.

The crane was generally pursued before sunrise, as it was a sluggish flyer; the hawks were aided by greyhounds in this flight, which was seldom practised more than once a day; but of other flights, a falcon could make ten in a single hawking. Hawks were made eager for the chase by being fed early in the morning.

It was held of great importance to recover a bird's courage if it had been depressed by a wound or failed in a flight; this was done by allowing her to kill some easy

victim, and then to gorge its full. The goshawk required the sun in its back as it flew.

Another way of training a hawk was to put a bird in a hole in the field, and then to cover it over with a small board to which a string was tied; the dogs were soon loosed, the hawk unhooded, and the bird released, as if the spaniels had sprung it, the hawk being allowed to feed upon it as soon as it was struck. It was held necessary to feed a hawk more when it struck a cock than a hen, and to allow no new tame falcon to kill any but old birds.

For the hawk the keeper would turn a wild duck on the water, near a spot where some bushes might afford covert for his falcon. As soon as the hawk saw the duck the falconer beat a drum to frighten the bird up, and prevent its diving.

In flying at the hare it was requisite to furnish the bird with some safeguard against the hare's struggles. A falconer always carried some live thing in his pouch to reward his bird, in case it missed its prey; sometimes training it by turning out live birds before it with meat tied to their backs.

A falconer's duties were endless: if he was training a young bird he had to rise early, and, taking it for two hours on his fist to tap and stroke its wings that it might

learn to plume itself and stand upright on the hand*; he was to put the hood on and off gently, then to expose the bird in the sun for half an hour, and teach it to come for its food in answer to its master's chirps and whistles; the hawk was then bathed, practised to come to the lure on horseback, and, lastly, flown at the game.

The food of the hawk was a question of great importance: the sparrow-hawk was fed with sheep's, pigs', and lambs' hearts, the thighs of pullets and martlets, and it was held dangerous to give them two sorts of meat at the same meal.

Amongst the unwholesome meats were reckoned wolves' flesh, cats' flesh, goose flesh, mutton, carrion, crows', wagtails' and storks' flesh. Amongst the wholesome were hares', dogs', fox, duck, and heron flesh, but particularly that of partridges and doves.

If hawks had a habit of snapping at the falconer, they were cured by giving them a bulb of garlic, or a stick of aloes to bite. If a hawk soared too high, or was too apt to fly at checks, heavier bells were put on its legs; if it refused to rise, the falconer drove it up, or lured it to a high flight by letting fly a duck with its eyes sewn up, that it might soar the higher. It was usual to accustom a river-

* Turberville, p. 134.

hawk to fly first at dab-chicks, for fear that the stronger birds might escape and discourage it, and in order that it might be taught to abandon all uncertain prey. The cries on this occasion were, "Hey gar! gar, gar!" this was when the hawk first left the fist, and "Why loo, why loo!" and "Whist!"* was the note of recall.

The triumph of a good hawker was to be able to stop a falcon almost in its full flight, and make it return to the lure by whooping and whirling the hawker's glove round the head.

Among other precautions taken by the prudent falconer it was necessary to dry a hawk after its bathing, and to pull out some of its larger feathers to make the molt quicker, giving it water very seldom, not more than once a fortnight.

Hawks were subject to many diseases†, required great watchfulness, and, according to their colour, were treated with different medicines: the black falcons, being considered melancholic, had hot and moist medicines, as aloes, pepper, cocks' flesh, and pigeons; white falcons, as phlegmatic, had hot and dry medicines, as spices and goats' flesh; russet falcons, as choleric, with cold medicines, as tamarinds, vinegar, &c. These pet birds were subject to

* Turberville, p. 151. † Ibid. p. 215.

agues, epilepsy, apoplexy, giddiness, cataract, pip, worms, disease of the liver, corns, cold, cancers, and gout.

In cases of severe wounds the falconer used his buttons and cauterising tools, which he always carried in the case which held his knives and scissors.

Hawks frequently received dreadful injuries from the heron's beak, were bruised against a bush, or even by being shaken in the falconer's bag: the common remedy was hot oil. Extraordinary care was taken to prevent the loss of a feather, and barley-corns, or small pellets of lard, were placed in the holes to prevent their closing till new feathers appeared. Sometimes aqua vitæ was poured on the root of the quill and closed in with wax, to bring away the root of the old feather; broken plumes in the wing were mended with feathers from other birds, which were gummed into the hollow of the lost ones. Sometimes the real and false feathers were sewn together by the quill, —sometimes supported by a thin slip of light wood, while occasionally a small needle was used as the support.

Not unfrequently a hawk over matched was completely spiked and driven to the ground, bleeding and unfeathered.* On these occasions, when the tail was lost, the falconer substituted the feathers of a jay, which were carefully

* Turberville, p. 205.

inserted in the quills of the old plumes, and gummed on with the yolk of egg.

Turberville much insists on a falconer being always provided with imping-needles, to serve his own turn, or to lend to his companions; so, says the writer on Venerie, with honest earnestness, "it shall redound to his credit greatly: by means thereof he shall be accounted a gallant gentleman and good fellow."

We must now hasten on to nobler game, and proceed to consider the laws of stag-hunting.

The white hounds, or greffiers*, came from Normandy; the fallow hounds were red, and swifter and hotter in the chase than white dogs, but could not endure heat so well. The dun hounds were the favourite dogs of France, but could not wind or turn. The St. Hubert dogs were generally black, but often of other colours; they were not swift, but very good of scent, and feared neither water nor cold.

The test of a good dog was that he had a long head, nostrils wide, and large ears; the haunches large, the tail tapering, straight hams, and thick legs.

A huntsman's first duty in a morning after he had cleaned out his kennel was to call his hounds together

* Turberville's Noble Art of Venerie (1611), p. 5.

with his horn, and lead them out for exercise, carrying a budget of food at his girdle; he then had to teach them to come to his call of hallo, "how, now! that's he, that's he, that's he!" for a deer; and, "how, now! that, that! there, there!" for a hare; rewarding them with food when they obeyed, and making them break off eating at the cry, "Trot, hallo! hyke, hallo! list, list, list!" The dog had then to be taught to know the gallopers and prickers, and to pursue the hart in preference to the hind; their rewards were the fore feet and part of the neck of the deer.

The hunter who was searching for a hart had to be up long before day, in order to discover its track in the wood, or its dung, by which he generally knew its age and breed.

By the slot, or foot-print, an experienced huntsman could tell if it was a hart or hind, and if it was strong and old: the old hart's slot was broad and long; the hind's sharp and small. The slot differed, however, in different counties: in sandy districts the hart's slot was heavier at the heel; in rocky places heavier at the toe.

The deer could also be tracked by the boughs that they had browsed on: the hart nipping the shoot crisply; the hind cropping round and greedily, like an ox. The place where the hart fed could be discovered from the *fewmets* (dung): the largest were those left by the strongest deer.

Another means of tracking them was by the "breach," or boughs which their horns had torn down; but this could not be done in the mewing season, from March to June. The width and height of the openings they made in the wood frequently gave the age and height of the deer.

The step was another indication, and long steps between the slots augured well for the day's hunt.

If a huntsman could discover an opening where a deer had passed he could tell, by the height of the brake and ferns he had torn down, the height of the animal's body; the frayings or marks of a deer's horn upon a tree trunk were also infallible signs to the practised eye.

At different seasons of the year * the deer had to be sought in very different places. After the rutting season they were found browsing the heather, especially when the sun grew hot; in December they withdrew in herds into the woods to escape the cold and feed on the elder trees and brambles which still remained green, and if they failed, on moss and bark.

In January they drew into small companies and betook themselves to the young cornfields and the old winter pastures; in February or March to the colewort patches or to the young saplings in the meadows, and in April or May

* Turberville's Venerie, p. 73.

they hid themselves in the thickets, generally near some spring, occasionally feeding among the open pease or tares.

In June, July, and August they frequented the copses and cornfields (except the rye and barley), but in the rutting season they had no certain haunt.

The huntsman's duty commenced the night before the hunt. Immediately after supper he went to his master's chamber, or to the Master of the Games if he were the King's servant, and learnt in what direction he wished to hunt on the morrow, going soon to bed that he might rise early. When he woke he drank a good draught of wine and fed his dogs; then, filling his own bottle, he washed his dog's nostrils with vinegar to improve his scent.

To meet a hare or partridge was thought an evil sign *, since such timid creatures would have fled before the deer; but to meet a fox or raven was held a good omen. It was necessary to take care not to get to the spring too soon, for fear the deer might be alarmed and go elsewhere.

When the huntsman found a slot he began to beat the thicket, holding his dogs back, observing if the tracks were fresh and the dew was still on them — not caring

* Turberville's Venerie, p. 76.

if there were cobwebs over them, or if they were full of water, since that might be the work of a few minutes. Hounds of the keenest nose were not used, being too impatient for the dull scent of the morning. When the pricker had discovered a hart and harboured him, he marked the place by breaking down twigs; he then beat round the covert in ring walks, to be sure the hart had not escaped; then searched for his fewmarts and marked all his doublings and subtleties to be prepared for the real chase, knowing the deer would repeat them. The huntsman always made sure before he left of the deer's freshest place of exit and entrance, because old harts were crafty and full of stratagem.

A careless huntsman satisfied himself with the merest slot, and trusted too much to his hound.

If a woodsman wished to find a hart by the eye, he marked the tracks over night, rose two hours before day, and, approaching the covert, left his dog with his boy, crept to the spring, and hid behind a tree—marking the hart come to drink, and observing his size and horns; he then observed the place and, waiting half an hour, went for his dog and traced the lair, always carrying home some of the fewmarts in his horn. In going towards the lair, if he heard the pies or jays, he hid himself again, as that was a sign the deer was still a-foot.

Sometimes an old deer would hide himself in a small copse within a forest, only coming out about every four days for water or to visit the herd, and returning three hours before light. Occasionally the harts only came to such places to bask in the morning sun, retiring to the shadier and thicker forest about nine, to avoid the gadflies, and coming out at six o'clock to feed. The huntsman in this case sought out his lair in the adjoining thicket, counterfeiting the voice of the shepherd or playing on a pipe to encourage him, and then making the ring to find the slot. If the place was so thick with grass that the slot could not be well seen, the huntsman knelt down and measured it with his hand — if it was a hart it measured four fingers broad, and if a young deer but three. When the hart fed in the fields the huntsman had to rise still earlier, before the villagers had driven out their cows, which would destroy the tracks.

When a hound had been lost in the chase the huntsmen sought him again the following morning, each one pursuing a different track and blowing his horn for his brethren when he found the slot.

The dung of every animal had its particular name. The open pastures where the deer fed they called fells; the inner copses and springs, the firths; the beaten tracks were ways; the smaller paths, trenches; the broken

boughs were called blemishes; the cry to the dogs was, "There, boy, there! to him, to him, to him!" The true huntsman was particular to mark the colour of the hart's coat, whether sallow, brown, black, or dun. A hart bellowed; a buck always "belled;" when a deer took to the water, he was said to take soil; and when he came out, to break water. A hart was flayed, and a hare stripped.

On all occasions of great hunting relays of horses and men were sent to various parts of the wood before daylight, every man with his horn round his neck and his flask at his pommel; these horsemen had to prevent checks, and separate the deer if more than one was pursued by the hounds; while the pricker on horseback carried hunting poles to beat back the boughs. They then surrounded the covert, sending in the huntsman with a dog in leash to course the deer, and if when he came to the lair it were empty, he laid his cheek or hand to it to find if it was still warm, crying to his hound if it began to whimper, "Back, back! soft, soft!" or "That's my boy! to him knave!" or "Look ware, look ware, ware, ware!" or, blowing for the hounds, shouted, "Come near, come near with the hounds!"

Old deer were full of subtleties, lying down in their lairs with their feet drawn under them, and often escaping the notice of the hounds even at a foot distance; some-

times they turned and doubled, and many went always in pairs that they might, if pursued, divide and distract the attention of the pursuers; at other times they would join the herd and betake themselves to a high road, where the scent would be lost; their last hope was to fly to a river that they might break the line of scent, and there they often perished at bay.

When the scent was lost, the huntsman gave his whole attention to the oldest and most trusty hounds, and as soon as one gave tongue he blew his horn and set on the hunt, crying, "Hyke a Talbot!" or, "Hyke a Beaumont! to him, to him!" if there was a counter, he cried, "To him, boys! a counter, to him, to him!" The deer, it was found, seldom ran so well in a northern and southerly wind as in an east or westerly.

Old deer often pretended to be exhausted; but the true signs of a failing deer were when he held his head low and his legs reeled, his mouth grew black, and his tongue hung out dry and without foam.

A hart at bay was always dangerous; but particularly at the rutting season, when his horns were thought to be poisonous, according to the huntsman's old adage:

"If thou be hurt with hart it brings thee to thy bier,
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal; thereof then never fear."

When a horse took to the water, the huntsman got a

boat and killed him where he met him, or else allowing him to come on land cut at him with his sword as he leapt on the bank: the bay, if there was any covert near, was not dangerous, as in that event the woodman stole behind a tree and cut the creature's throat.

The breaking up the dead deer * was a ceremony of great importance: the huntsmen present at the fall blew the horn and whooped the dead mort, to call the hounds and summon their companions: the chief hunter having arrived, the dogs were allowed to tear at the buck for a moment, and were then coupled off till the reward came; green boughs were then cut, and the stag laid upon them with his four feet in the air, and the chief hunter kneeling down cut off the right fore foot, and presented it to the king or the chief noble present; next, drawing his hunting knife, the huntsman slit the dead animal from his throat to his belly, and, cutting off the hoofs, removed all the skin, leaving only the head, ears, and tail. Before this, a bowl of wine was called for, it being a wide-spread tradition among the lovers of venerie, that if a forester broke up a deer before he had taken a draught of wine the venison never kept long.

In royal huntings a chafing dish was lit, and the choicest

* Turberville, p. 132.

pieces at once carbanadoed for the king, and seasoned with wine and spices, the monarch rewarding the best huntsmen and hounds with his own hands.

The hunter next cut a hazel pole, and hung upon it the deer's tongue, the sweet pudding, &c.; every joint had its peculiar master; the right shoulder and brisket belonged to the harbourer, and the left to the huntsmen; the neck went to the varlet of the kennel; the chine to the pricker with the dogs; the humbles to the keepers; the haunches, sides, and chitterlings for the king, while the little bit of gristle in the spoon of the brisket was thrown to the ravens, and called the ravens' morsel.*

Nor were the well-deserving dogs forgotten: the bloodhound that harboured the deer was first rewarded with the trimmings of the head and the heart: the huntsmen's work now done, they fell to drink, while the varlets attended to the dogs.

Sometimes, especially in France, they took the skin and slashing it with their knives, threw it to the dogs; this was the hot reward; the cold reward, consisted in a pan of bread and cheese, cold deer's blood, and warm milk given in the kennel when they got home: the huntsman, setting the deer's head on a pole, made the dogs bay, and

* Turberville, p. 135.

with a blast of horns concluded by throwing it to the pack, with a cry of, "Here again, boys! here again! now, now!" ending by turning the cold deer's skin upon them.

This, however, was the French manner: the English huntsman always began when the deer fell by handing his wood-knife to the chief person present to take, what was called, the assay, which consisted in slitting the brisket to see the depth of the fat; the assayer then cut off the stag's head, to try the goodness of his hunting sword and the strength of his arm; there were forfeitures for all clumsy cuts. *

The royal huntings were attended with certain pic nic dinners, which were conducted by strict rule.

They generally selected a shady spot † by the side of some spring, that, if it was not seen, could be heard trickling through the wood; here the butler, bringing his mules or carts with pasties, barrels, and sand, and camphor to cool the wine, carefully placed their flagons in the adjacent water; he then spread his cloth upon the banks, which the cook covered with cold capons, pigeon-pies, hams, meats, tongues.

The banquet done, the huntsmen came forward, and kneeling presented the fewmarts out of their horns on

* Turberville, p. 134. † Ibid. p. 92.

leaves, the king then choosing which deer he would hunt that morning.

The report of a huntsman on such an occasion as we have described, will give some idea of the hunting language of that day.

"Here are fewmets of a hart of ten, my lord, that I have harboured: I went this morning on the quest, and my hound soon scenting some beast, I held him short and drew after him, when I saw the hart feeding hard by; and 'ifakins but his head was high and large, and well palmed; he bore eight and ten, and he seemed well fed; then I harboured him, and found these fewmets and the slot; the toes were large; the joint bones round and short; the shin bones great; the dew claws close and the foot hollow."

Wonderful things were reported of the hart: it was said to have a bone in its heart, good for tremor cordis; the flesh of its head was a cure for the bites of serpents; the burnt horn cured worms, while the grease was a remedy for the gout.

Turberville tells many reliable stories of the hart's sagacity; he had seen deer hunted which were killed by fishermen ten miles at sea; they were said to shun a copse if the huntsman merely spit on a leaf; they were fiercest about the rutting time, and in the middle of September.

They shed their horns in February and March, and by the middle of June the new antler ceased to grow. During the mewing season they hid themselves in thickets, but appeared again about the end of July, and began to burnish their horns by rubbing them against trees and clay banks.

The age of a deer was known by its horn: at the end of the second year it had its first head, at the third year six branches, at the fourth ten, at the fifth twelve, at the sixth fourteen, and at the seventh the full beamed head. Every fresh spike of the horn had its own peculiar name.*

The old hare hunting lasted from September to April, when the wild flowers began to destroy the scent.

The ceremony at the death of the hare was not so imposing as that at the death of a stag: the huntsman first cut hazel wands to keep off the dogs, and blew the death call to summon the field, crying all the while "Dead, dead," stroking the best hounds, and showing them the hare; he then skinned the hare, and hung the gall and the fur in a tree, that the pack might not eat it, dipped bread in the hare's blood, and fed the dogs; and, lastly, tying a cord to the body to prevent any one hound seizing all,

* Turberville, p. 53.

flung it to the pack, encouraging them by blowing the horn.

Country gentlemen were also fond of taking badgers with purse nets and with ferrets, or "chopping" them with small dogs.

Foxes were dug out and baited.

There were many superstitions about the hare, it being a beast whose form was so often assumed by witches, merely, we suppose, because it was a shy and wary animal. The blood was thought to cure ringworm, a bone in the hind leg was good for cramp, its skin burnt to powder stanched blood, and it was supposed to have taught men the medicinal properties of the succory plant. It needed no wizard to tell our forefathers that its flesh was excellent eating.

Turberville, an experienced huntsman, relates some marvellous stories of the hare's cunning — or should we not call it wisdom? — Of one that when it heard a horn swam always into a pool and hid itself in a rush bed; of another that would creep into a sheepcote; of a third that climbed a wall, and hid itself in a hole; and of a fourth that swam a brook twenty times in one hour.

Hunting the hare in Elizabeth's days was a private

* Turberville, p. 163.

amusement practised by not more than two or three huntsmen, one whipping up the hound, and another seeking the form. If they had young hounds, they carried with them wallets of food for reward — the cries were, "Here now, here now!" or, "Covert, covert, hyke in, hyke in!" or, "Here she sat, here she sat, to her again!" Our present hard-riding, fence-splintering, dare-devil hunting was quite unknown.

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